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MAXIM



May 2006

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Jamie Lynn Sigler

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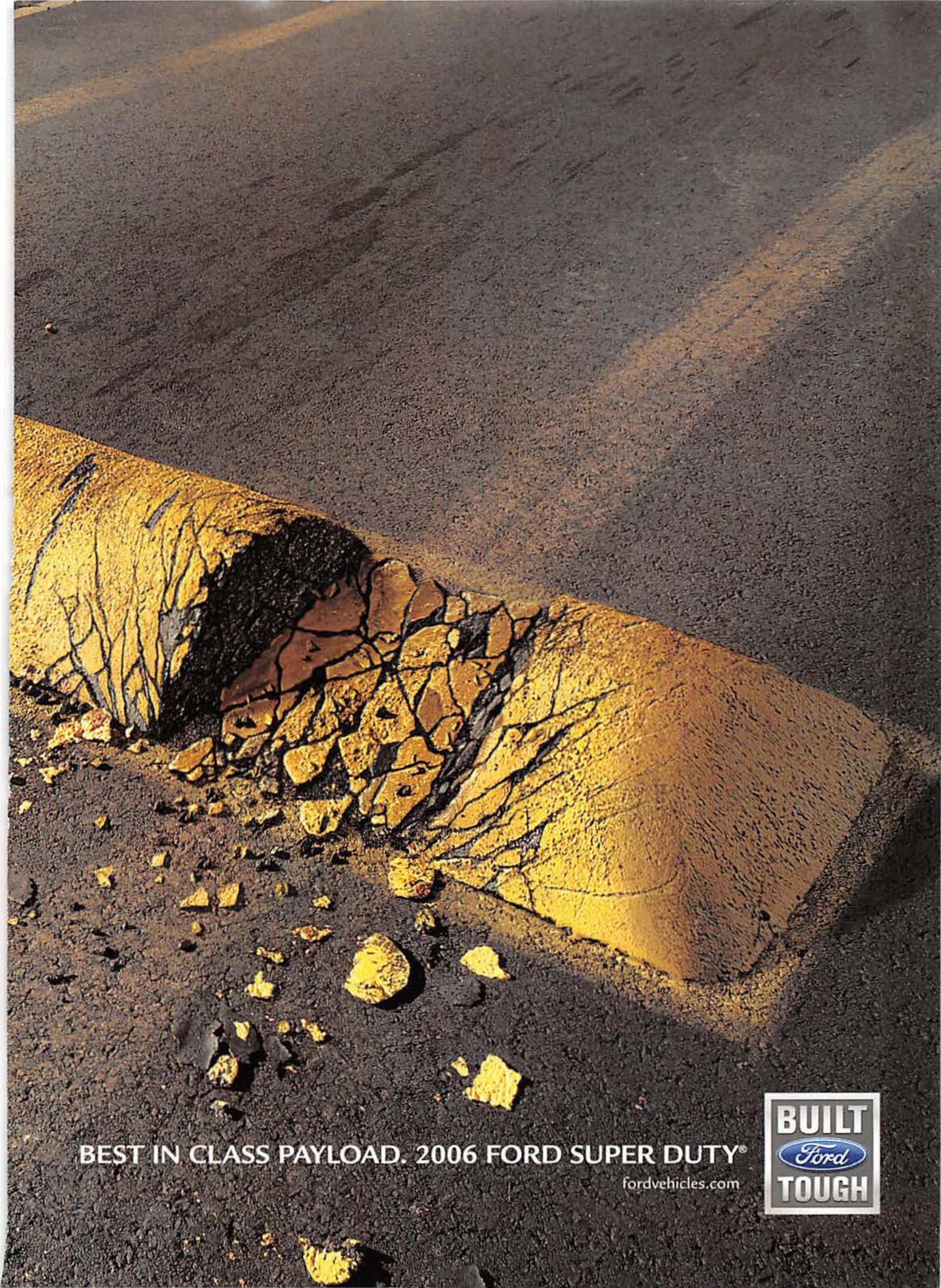
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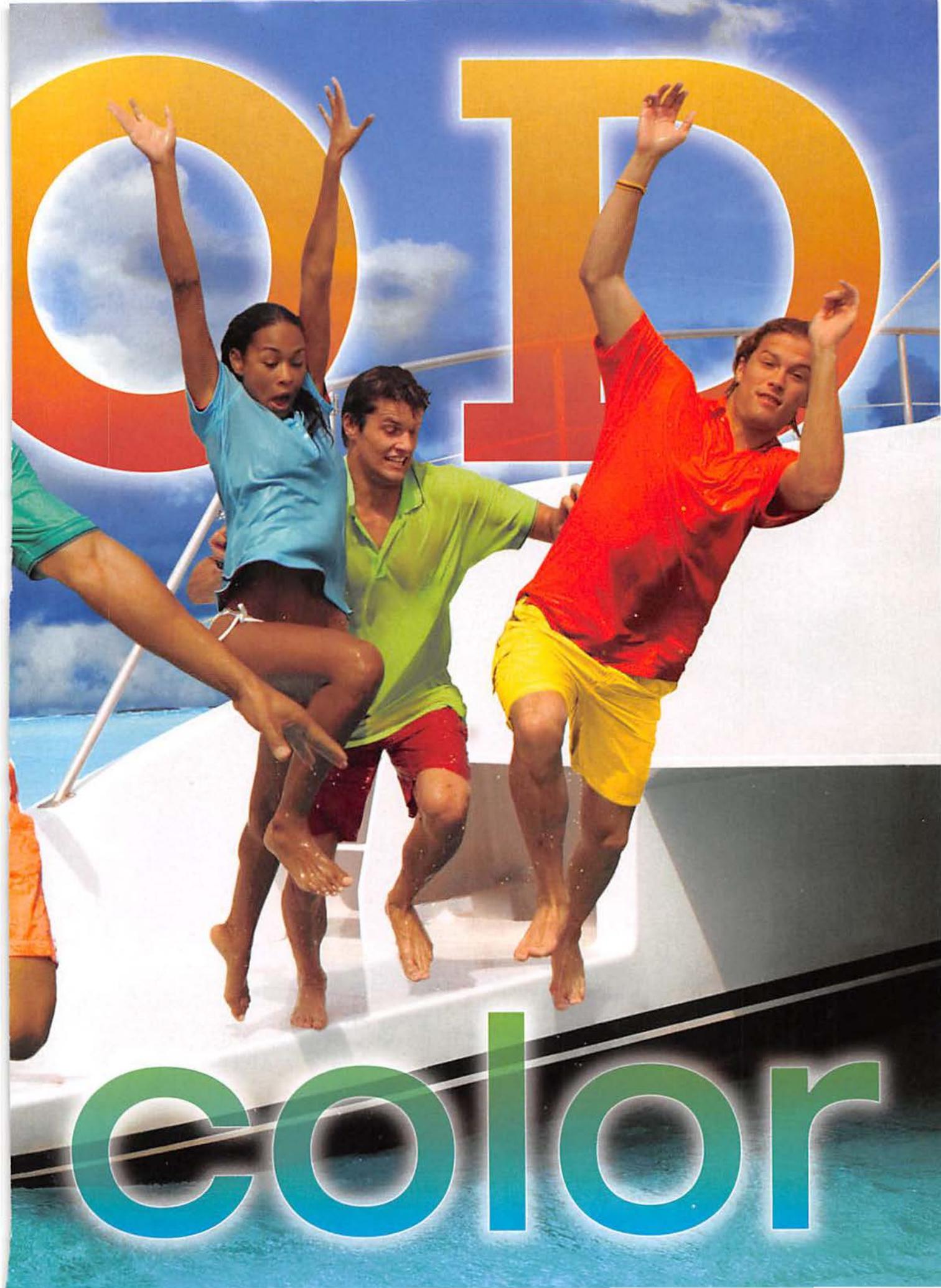
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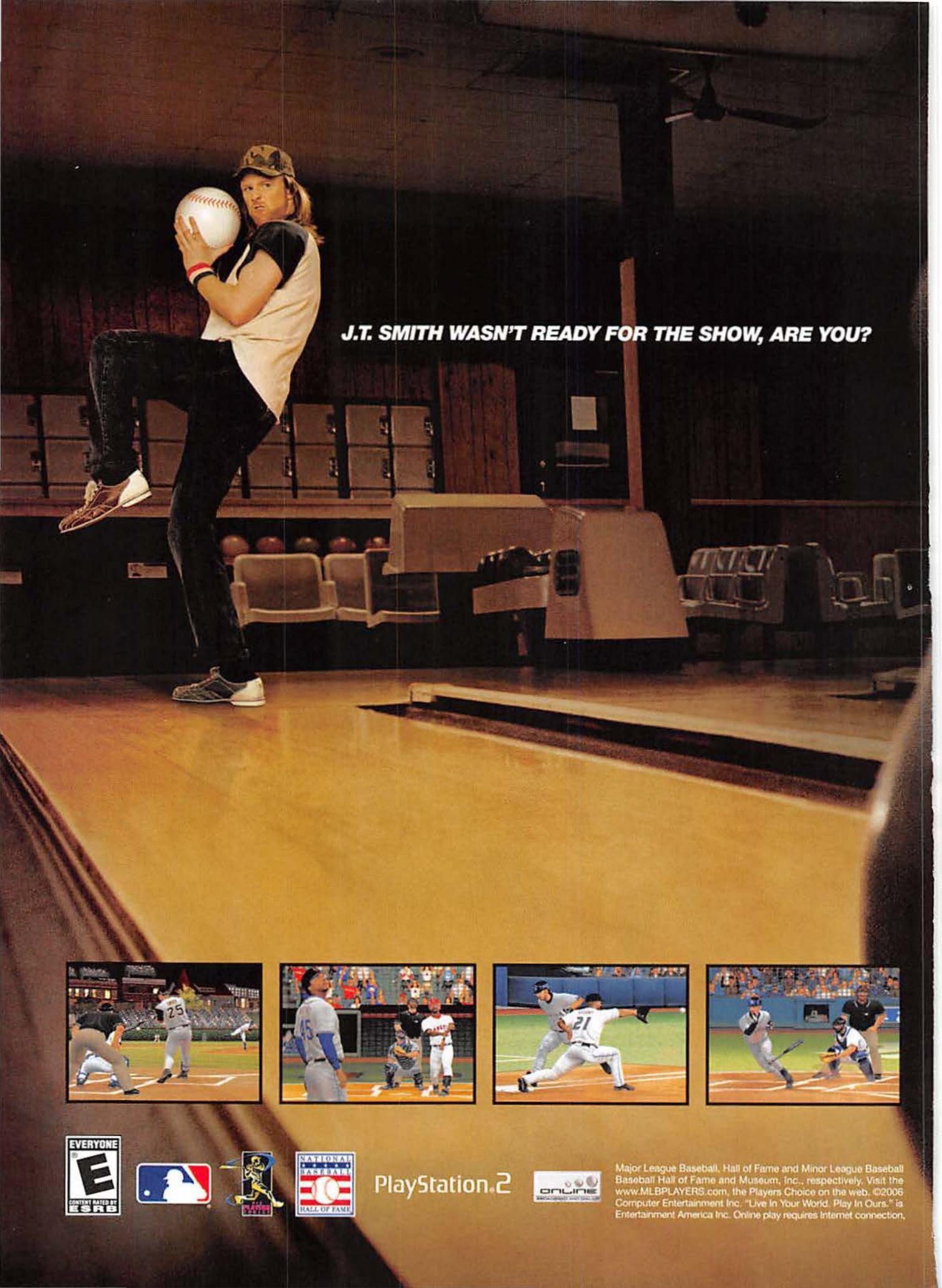


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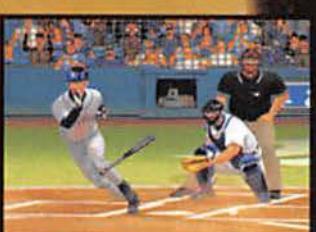




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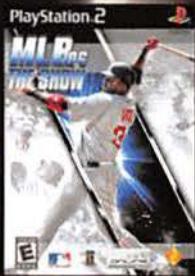
J.T. SMITH WASN'T READY FOR THE SHOW, ARE YOU?



PlayStation.2



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Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Inc., respectively. Visit the
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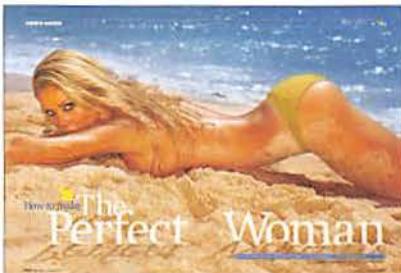
LIVE IN YOUR WXRLD.
PLAY IN OURS.™

MLB 06
THE SHOW

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**112****KELSEY GRAMMER**

He's the Beast in *X-Men 3*. We knew *Frasier* had it in him.

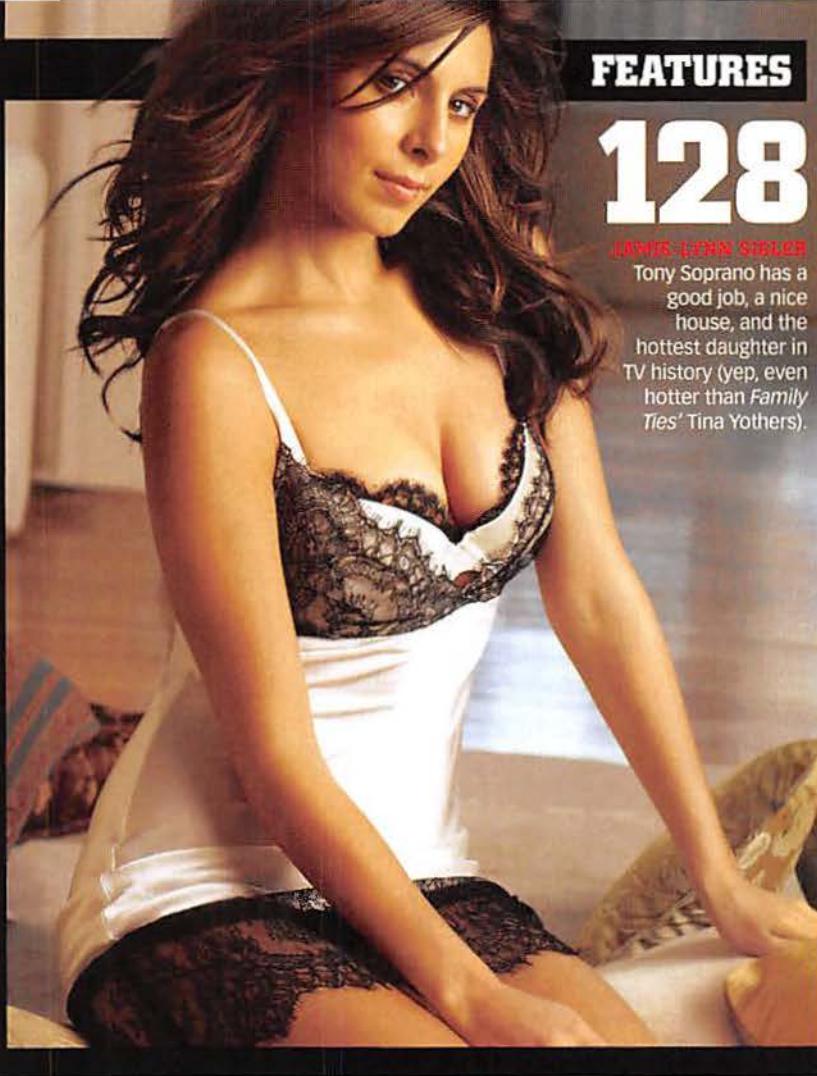
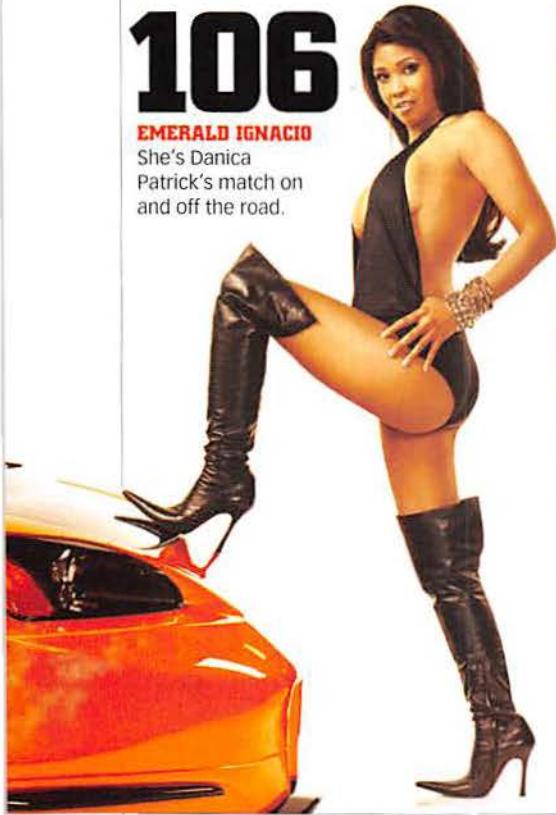
**92****MONICA HANSEN**

See the best of two nations. You go, melting pots!

106

EMERALD IGNACIO

She's Danica Patrick's match on and off the road.



FEATURES

128**JENNIFER LYNNE STILES**

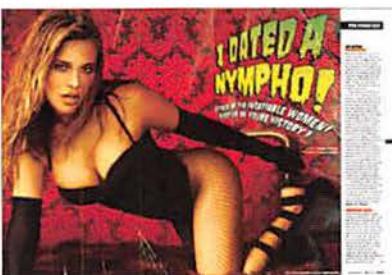
Tony Soprano has a good job, a nice house, and the hottest daughter in TV history (yep, even hotter than *Family Ties'* Tina Yothers).

**98****YOU'VE BEEN SCAMMED!**

Magician Penn Jillette exposes the tricks behind the hustles.

**100****IT'S GO TIME!**

Women. Booze. Adventure. We score the travel hat trick.

**114****I DATED A NYMPHO!**

These women can't get enough (yet you can't get any).

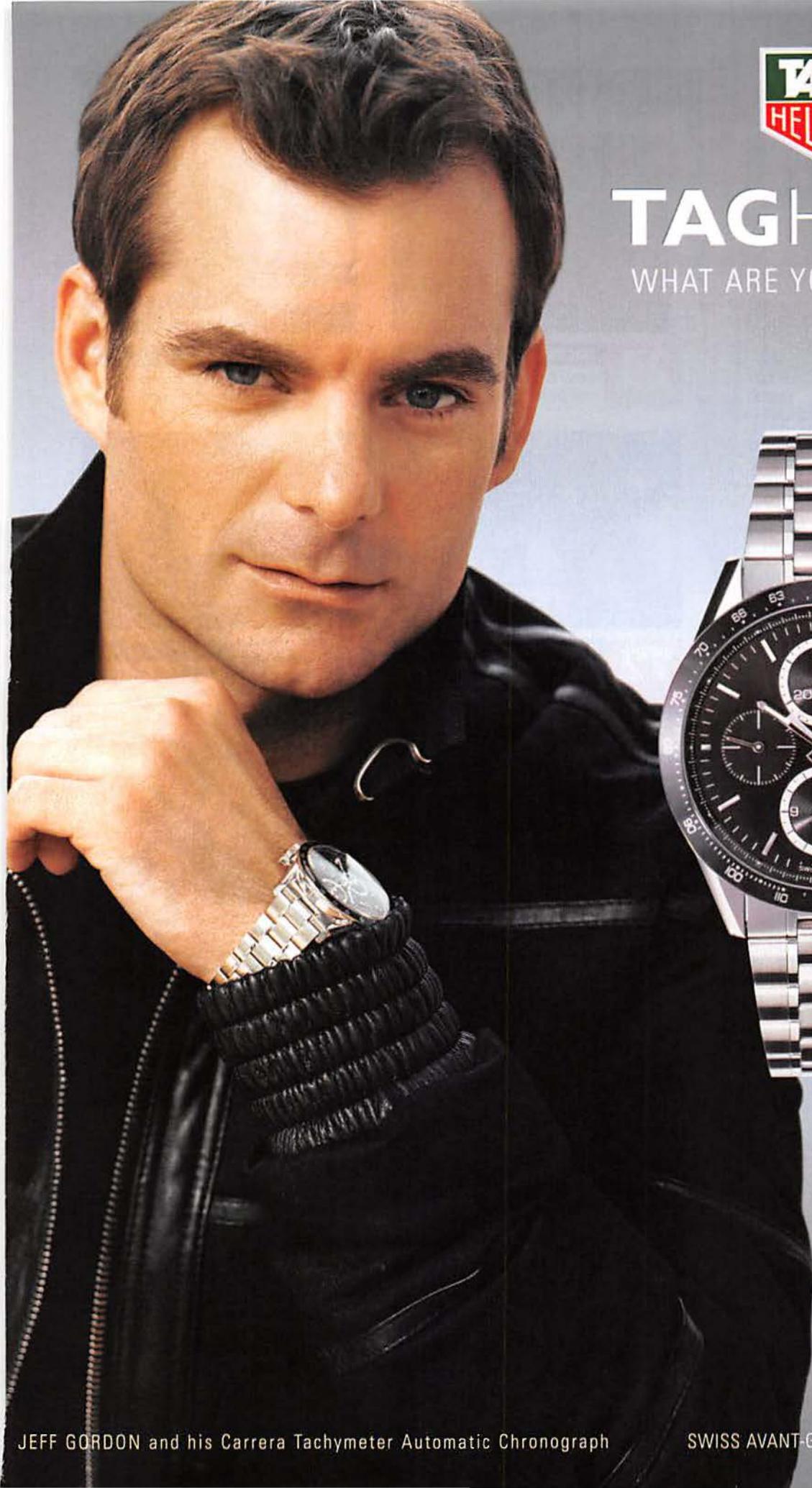
**120****SORE LOSERS**

Saddam's son Uday puts Bobby Knight in perspective.



TAGHeuer

WHAT ARE YOU MADE OF ?



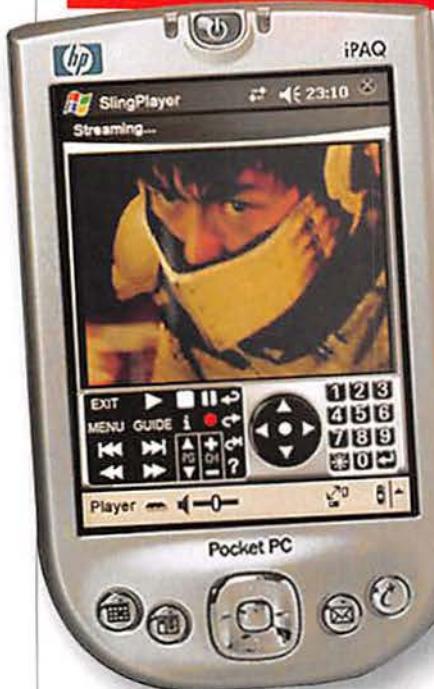
JEFF GORDON and his Carrera Tachymeter Automatic Chronograph

SWISS AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1860

FOR AUTHORIZED DEALERS IN THE US AND CANADA, CALL 1-866-260-9460 WWW.TAGHEUER.COM

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Japan is under assault, this time by 400-pound jellyfish.

**48****LOAVER**

VH1 kicks out the jams with the ultimate rock band.

**72****HELL ON ICE!**

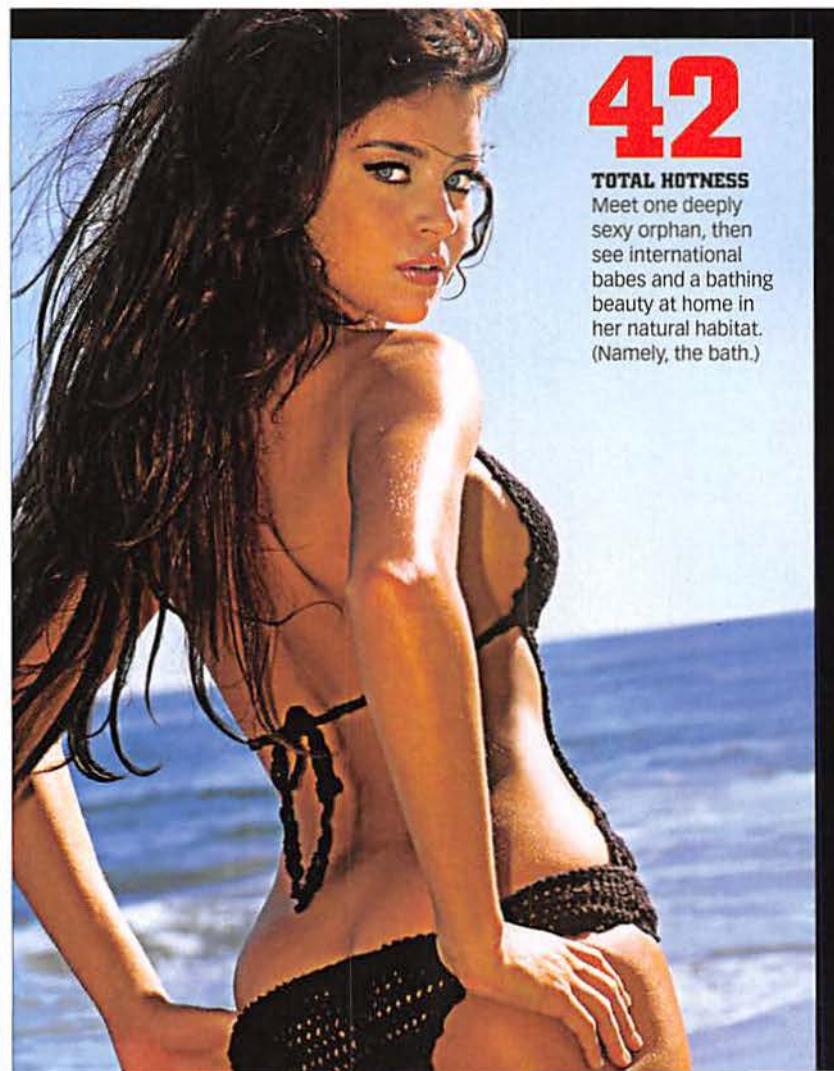
He leads the NHL in penalties. Plus, he dates Elisha Cuthbert.

**145****FASHION**

Dress like a Tiger (even if you can't play like one).

137**UPGRADE**

Learn 50 things you didn't know you could do with your cell phone, ignoramus.

**42****TOTAL HOTNESS**

Meet one deeply sexy orphan, then see international babes and a bathing beauty at home in her natural habitat. (Namely, the bath.)

**80****EXPERT**

What's better than motocross? Supermoto.

PLUS!

14 The Eye

Our contests reward your smarts and mock the stupidity of everyone else, while our jokes section pays tribute to the lighter side of crotch splinters.

76 Heidi Fleiss

Our new columnist/world's favorite madam solves your sexual hang-ups (we know you have 'em).

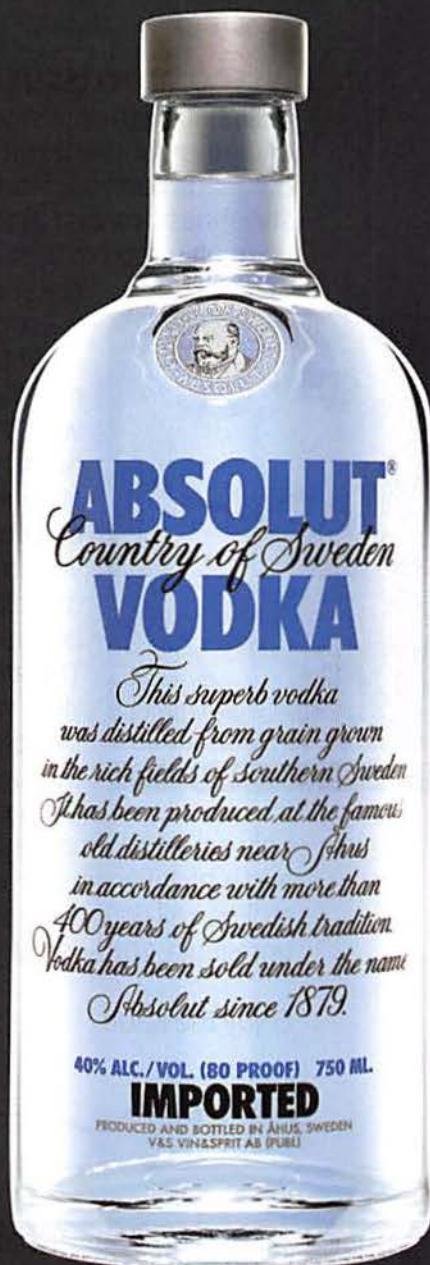
162 Across the USA

Morons everywhere, it's our pleasure to announce that your 15 minutes of fame have arrived. But enjoy 'em quickly; the clock is ticking.



HOT NEW
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THE



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EDITOR'S LETTER



WELCOME TO ISSUE 101 and our elegant new look, designed to transport you even more swiftly to the facts and entertainment your information-addicted brain demands each month. Hopefully you will gasp at its stylishness, marvel at the ease of navigation, yet find yourself forced to admit that the essential ingredients are still as exquisite as ever.



[EDITOR-IN-CHIEF]

In other news, this is also the inaugural *Maxim* Mobile issue. As many people now have a more intense relationship with their cell phones than with other human beings, we have decided to get all mobile this month. Whether you're so cellularly advanced you have to remix your ring tone hourly, or if your phone is merely a link to your bookie, you're bound to find something new in our "50 Things You Didn't Know You Could Do With Your Cell Phone!" Look out for this symbol to identify the mobile content throughout the magazine. You can now even share those brilliant insights that

only emerge late at night, often after a couple of drinks, and which vanish by the morning. When inspiration strikes, tell your cell phone. Unlike your out-of-date, unreliable, 20th-century brain, it won't let you down.

Enjoy the issue.

H. N.



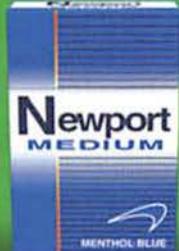
[THIS MONTH IN MAXIM]

Total cost, in dollars, of complete thrift store hipster outfit (p.88)	62
Total cost, in dollars, of former "staffer" Matt Christensen's entire wardrobe	9.25
Length, in hours, of this year's Grammy Awards	3
Number of beers consumed during it by attending editor Eric Gillin	11
Female staffers who hooked up with one of the guys in Supergroup (p.48)	1
Male staffers who hooked up with one of the guys in Supergroup (p.48)	0
Female Mizzou journalism students who showed up at <i>Maxim</i> 's local bar to booze	5
Editors who were able to take advantage of the situation	0
Minutes blown discussing Monica Hansen's tortoises (p.92) by turtle-loving writer	15

[ON THE COVER JAMIE-LYNN SIGLER]

PHOTOGRAPH Russell James STYLING Erin Turon HAIR Thomas McKiver at artistsbytimothypiano.com MAKEUP Nick Barose for Exclusive Artists SET DESIGN Matthew Engelbert CLOTHING White shirt by Jean Paul Gaultier, Black bra by La Perla

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THE SPAM FILTER

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HIGH ON VOLTAGE

In response to "Shock Cop" [Across the U.S.A., March], not many people truly appreciate the agony that comes from a Taser. When I was Tasered, I dropped to the ground and each muscle in my body spastically twitched. As I violently shook, a whimpering noise came out—it was the sound of my inner child bursting from my chest. When it finally ended, I had a newfound appreciation for life. I'll never do anything that gets me Tasered again.

J. Mullen

Burnsville, MN

Yep, it's about time you graduated to tear gas.

CONSPIRACY THEORIES

Thanks for spotlighting the 9/11 Truth Movement ("What Really Brought Down the Towers?" March). Though David Icke loses people with the whole reptilian debate, he is well-informed.

Dave Cahill

Via e-mail

We do our best to stay on the cutting edge of crazy talk.

YANK THE TANK

What kind of frat douchebag decided Frank "the Tank" was more of a drinker than Bluto ("Bottoms Up!" March)? While Will Ferrell is hilarious, his rendition of the burnout boozier can't even stand on the same stage as Belushi's Bluto.

Andrew H.

Via e-mail

Er, both guys were in fraternities. So we don't get the douchebag-ery of your complaint.

RACE WARS

You guys cater way too much to the mullet-sporting hillbilly NASCAR crowd. How about taking a look at a real motor sport like Formula One? I'd like to see Nascar ever touch it.

Jeff Kimble

Via e-mail

Sure thing. Mind handing us that F1 schedule from your calfskin man-purse?

[TROPHY WINNER]

DROPPIN' DEUCE

In the Kelly Brook pictorial [March], you once again dis Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo. Every issue mentions what a piece of crap you think the movie is. As cowriter of the film, I would like to say: I agree completely!

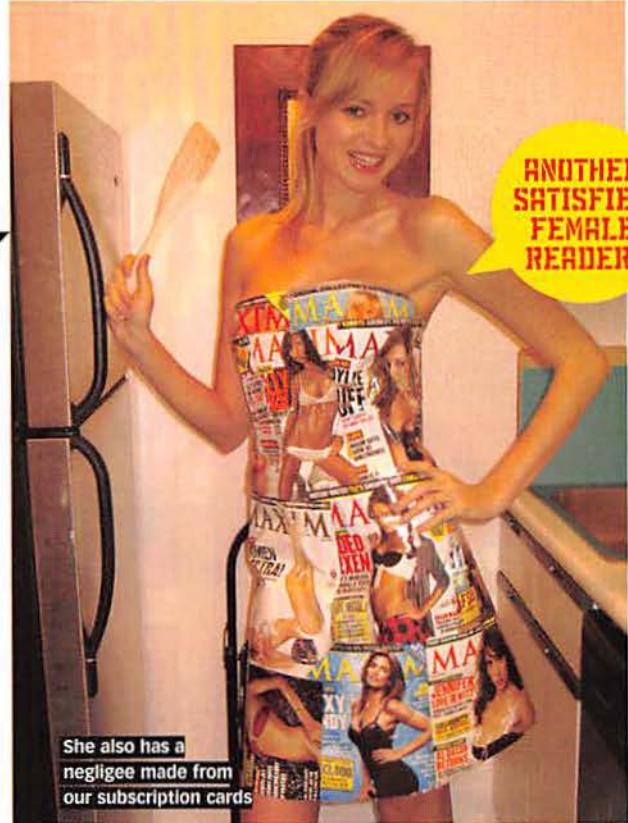
David Garrett
Hollywood, CA

We never actually saw Bigalow, so thanks for the confirmation.



FOR YOU!

See your letter? Then we'll be sending you MX vs. ATV for your PSP!



ANOTHER SATISFIED FEMALE READER!

She also has a negligee made from our subscription cards

DRESSED TO KILL

After watching *Project Runway*, my girlfriend pieced this dress together from all my *Maxim* covers. This picture is proof that women can be hot and have a sense of humor.

André Parry
Los Angeles, CA

We sure hope she's using that spatula to make pancakes.

[SHOULDA KEPT IT SHUT]

MOUTH WATCH

When smart people say stupid things.

"Fast food isn't bad for you if you eat it all the time. Your body becomes accustomed to it."—Heard at a Wendy's in Tulsa, OK

"I meet so many people. I don't even know some of my friends' names."—Paris Hilton, in her deposition to lawyers for an heiress suing Paris for slander

"Oh, Pat Boone. He's a singer, too? Wasn't he an explorer like Danny Crockett?"

—Woman listening to the radio, Durham, CT

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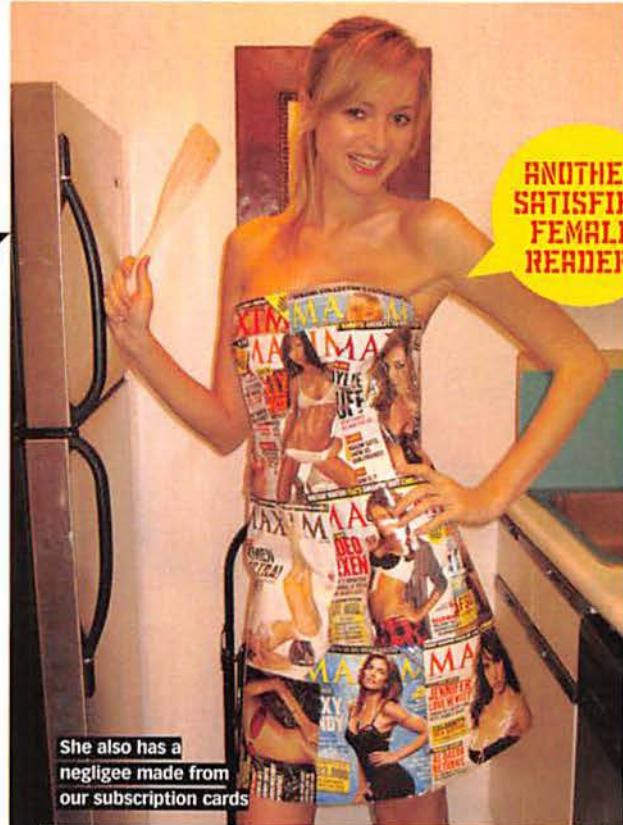
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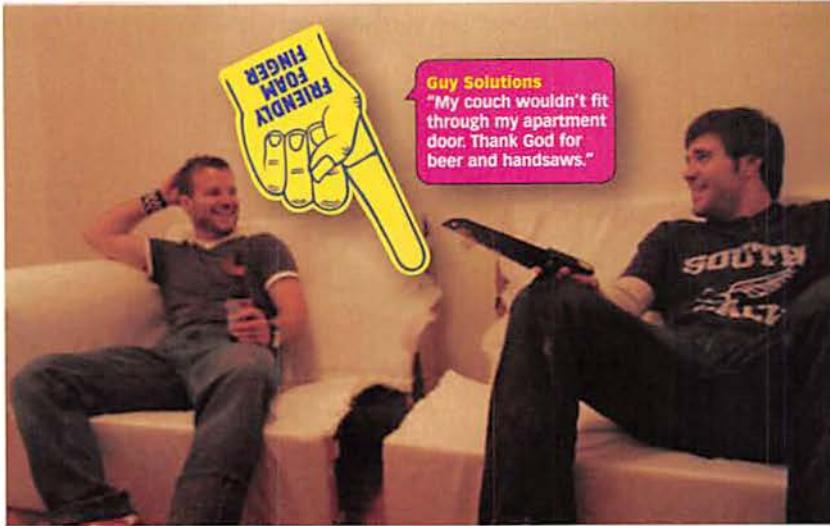
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>>> AND ALL MY FRIENDS SAID I'D NEVER GET THE COUCH THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. ERIC ZIMMERMANN, LINCROFT, NJ

Guy Solutions
"My couch wouldn't fit through my apartment door. Thank God for beer and handsaws."



>>> IT'S FAST-FOOD HORSESHOES! P.J. SMITH, LOS ANGELES, CA

UPLOAD COMPLETE

Your cell phone isn't just a communication device or traffic accident facilitator. It's also a powerful tool of mindless entertainment.



>>> HE TOOK THE TORTOISE LOSS VERY HARD. LIZZ SIGLER, SUMMIT, NJ



>>> WHO SAID SHRINKS' OFFICES ARE DULL? KEVIN DRIGGS, CLEVELAND, OH



>>> YOU SHOULD SEE THEM IN A THREE-LEGGED RACE. D. LEWIS, TUCSON, AZ



>>> HE NEVER MOCKED HER MEAT LOAF AGAIN. ERIC HRTZ, CORAL SPRINGS, FL

[WORDS OF WISDOM]

LATE-NIGHT THEORIES

You call us after a few cocktails. Occasionally, you actually make sense.



"IF YOU'RE GOING TO BANG A MARRIED WOMAN, MAKE SURE SHE LIVES ON THE FIRST FLOOR." >>> "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS STEAL ROADBLOCK SIGNS, BECAUSE YOU CAN PUT THEM IN FRONT OF YOUR PROFESSOR'S DOOR, AND THEN THEY CAN'T HAVE CLASS, MAN." >>> "IT WAS THE NFL'S PEOPLE WHO DUG UP THE WAYNE GRETZKY GAMBLING SCANDAL, TO PUT A BLACK MARK ON THE NHL. AFTER A PLAYOFFS REMEMBERED MOSTLY FOR OFFICIATING ATROCITIES, THE LAST THING THE NFL NEEDED WAS TO HAVE A NEWLY POPULAR NHL CUT INTO ITS MERCHANDISING HEGEMONY." >>> "A THREESOME IS NOT CHEATING, BECAUSE THE TWO GIRLS CANCEL EACH OTHER OUT." >>> "THE BEST-LOOKING MODELS YOU NEVER HEARD OF ARE ON THE BOXES OF WOMEN'S HAIR COLORING. CRUISE DOWN THAT AISLE AT THE STORE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF." >>> "IN ANY JOB INTERVIEW, THE PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER WILL BE LYING 10 TIMES MORE THAN THE APPLICANT. KEEP THAT IN MIND NEXT TIME YOU'RE FEELING GUILTY ABOUT PADDING YOUR RESUME." >>> "NEVER DATE SOMEONE THAT YOU HAVE TO PAY A TOLL TO SEE."

[RAD SCHWAG]



You WIN CHAMP!

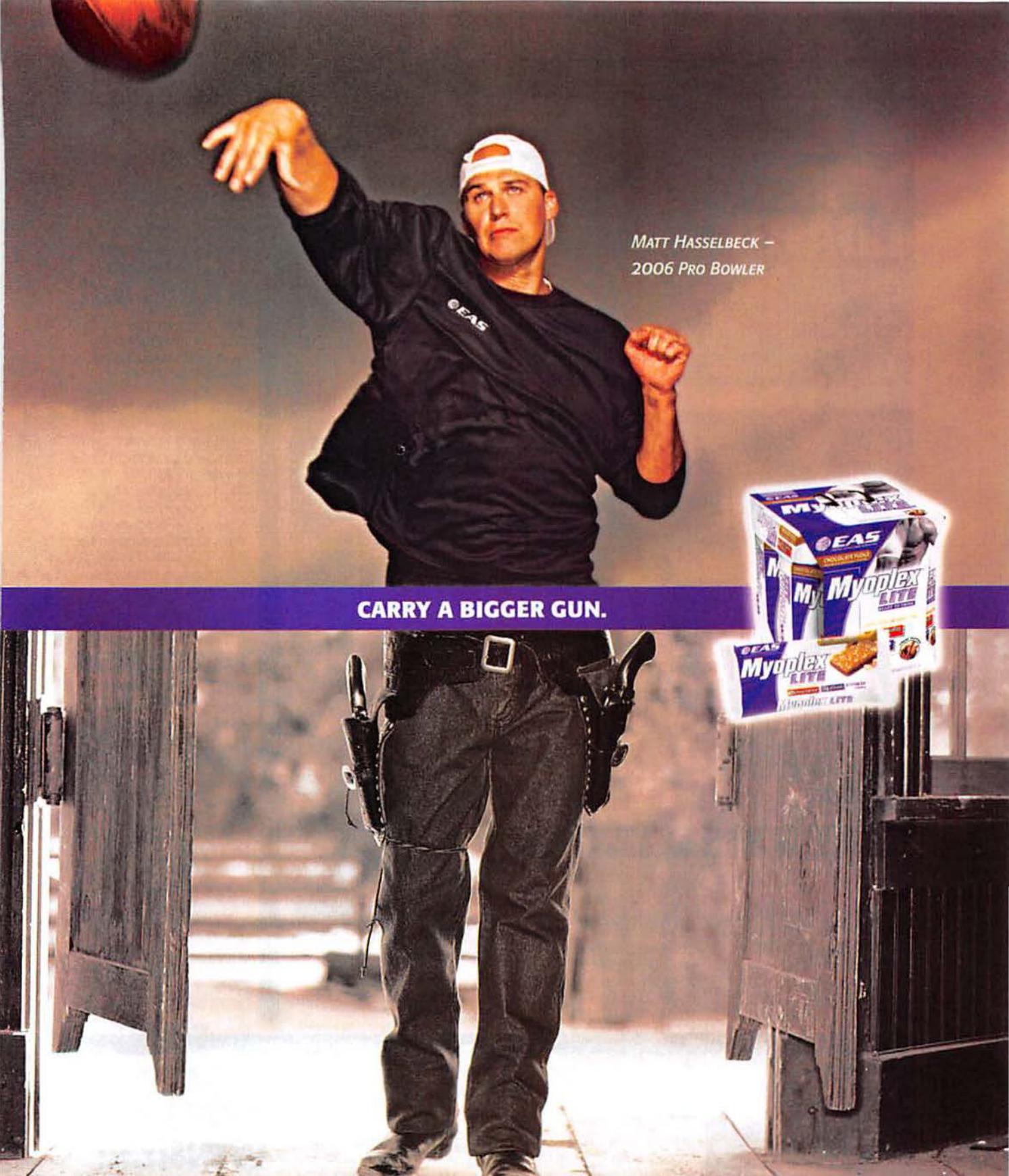
We've got *Maxim* T-shirts; you've got the digital junk we crave. Wanna trade? E-mail pics to cellpix@maximmag.com. Call 212-372-8633 to leave a theory, or text us (see below).

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Slurring your words? Text your brilliant late-night theory to 62946*, starting your message with the word "theories," and we'll share 'em with the guys!



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"That explains the giant chicken!"

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

Can you count to three? Then you could win an arsenal of Comedy Central DVDs.

1. Pen a winning caption at maximonline.com/contests.
2. Whoever makes us cough out our spleen the farthest will get a Comedy Central DVD Gift Pack, which includes *South*

Park Seasons 1–7 as well as *Chappelle's Show* Seasons 1 and 2 Uncensored.

3. Peep the July issue to find out if you're as funny as you think you are. Good luck!



WIN!
STUFF!

[HOT JOCKEY]

MAXIM SEEKS FEMALE RADIO DJ!

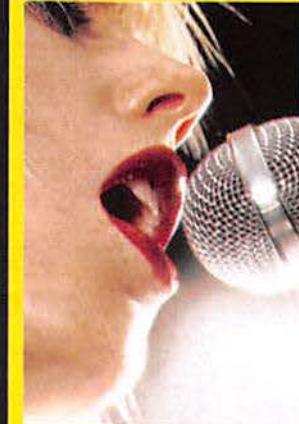
Are you entertaining and witty? Do guys like talking to you more than ogling your cleavage? Maxim Radio (a.k.a. the greatest channel on Sirius) wants to find America's finest undiscovered female air talent. Send us a CD no more than three minutes in length showing us why you should be yakking away on our airwaves. Send submissions to: **Make Me a Maxim Host**, Maxim Radio, Sirius 108, 1220 Avenue of the Americas, 36th floor, New York, NY 10020.

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[MARCH'S WINNER!]



Extreme Makeover: China.
—Mark Kahapea, via Maxim Online



[HAIKU CONTEST]



The prize for January's bachelor party contest: a weekend at the Palms' Hardwood Suite

DID YOU WIN?

Not if you see your genius below—psych!

Two girls go at it./Did you see her ping-pong trick?/Dude, that's my girlfriend!—David Tran

Hear this, groom-to-be:/major difference between/"accused," "convicted."—Dennis Weaver

Wife has slept with nine./Why am I only at six?/Leave Vegas equals.—David Pickett

Why did she wear that?/How do you get glitter off?/Damn stupid stripper.—Shawn Cyr

The party stops as/My father-in-law calls dibs/On sloppy seconds.—Jordan Upton

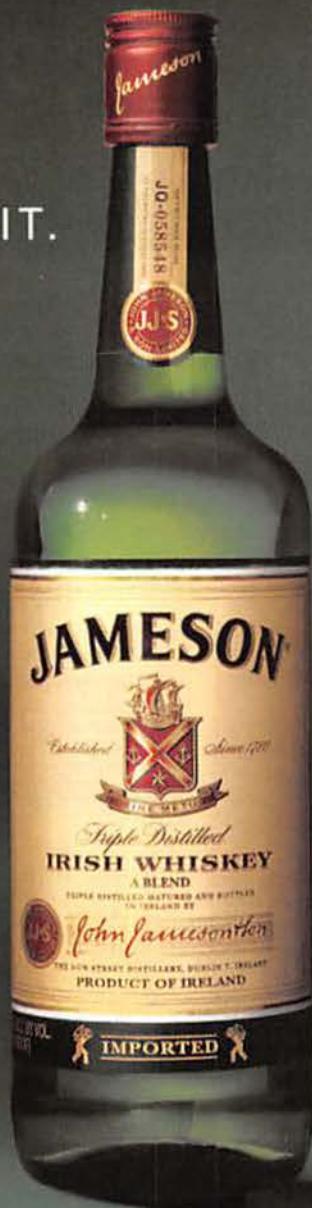
Spent, loud older men./Topless girls politely grin./God, we're such assholes!—Bryan Frank

ALMOST-HITCHED WINNER!

When the knees of men/Touch during a free lap dance/Erections are lost.

—Andrew Rentschler
Towson, Maryland

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE
NOSTRADAMUS DRANK IT.
OR PREDICTED IT.
OR PREDICTED HE'D DRINK IT.
THEN AGAIN...



IT COULD JUST BE THE TASTE.™



LAUGH OUT LOUD

Wanna make us laugh? Submit your favorite knee-slappers to jokes@maximmag.com. If yours is the funniest, we'll print it!

CUTTING IT CLOSE

A guy sticks his head in a barbershop and asks, "How long before I can get a haircut?"

The barber replies, "About two hours," and the guy leaves.

A week later the guy pops in and asks the same question.

"Two hours," replies the barber. Again the guy leaves.

The barber has his friend follow him. Ten minutes later the friend returns.

"Where did he go?" demands the barber.

"To your house."

STUMPY

Q: What do you call a dog with no legs?

A: Doesn't matter. He won't come to you.

TRUE CONFESSIONS

A teenage boy is confessing to his priest that he has had impure thoughts about his sister. "Is this a sin, Father?" he asks.

The priest nods. "Yes, indeed, it is a sin. Just look at the two beautiful brothers you have!"

MATING MAMMALS

Q: Why does a walrus go to Tupperware parties?

A: To find a tight seal.

COMING UP SHORT

Two dwarfs pick up a couple of women and take them to their separate hotel rooms. The first dwarf is unable to get an erection. He is further humiliated when he hears his little friend shouting in the next room. "Here I come again! One, two, three, uhhh!"

The next morning the second dwarf asks his friend how things went.

"It was so embarrassing," he mutters. "I simply couldn't get it up."

"You think that's embarrassing?" states the second dwarf. "I couldn't even get on the bed."

MATCHING MANNERS

Q: How can you tell if a redneck is married?

A: There are tobacco spit stains on both sides of his truck.

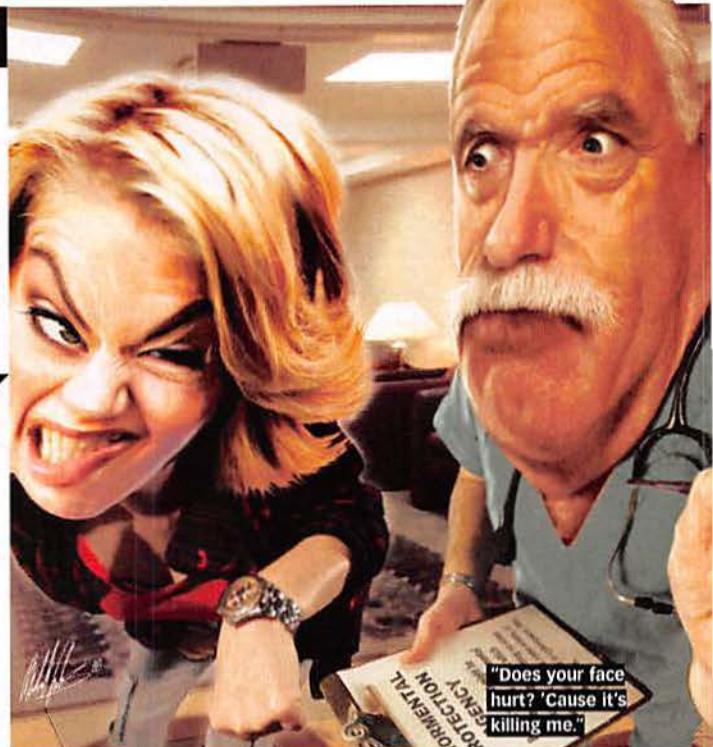
ORAL CHECKUP

One night a man is coming on to his wife.

"Not tonight," she says. "I'm seeing my gynecologist tomorrow, and I need to be fresh."

The man turns over to sleep. Then he asks, "Do you have a dentist appointment, too?"

TIP FOR MURDERERS
Need to dispose of a body? Package it up and mail it to yourself. You won't see it again.



[JOKE OF THE MONTH]

HIPPIE CHICKS

A tree-hugging, antihunting woman climbs a large tree to protect it from logging. Suddenly she slips and slides down the tree, getting many splinters in her crotch. She hurries to the doctor in considerable pain.

At the hospital the woman explains how she came to get all the splinters. The doctor listens to her story and says, "I'm sure I can help. Take a seat in the waiting room."

Three hours later he returns.

"What took so long?" demands the angry woman.

He smirks and tells her, "Well, I have to get permits from the Environmental Protection Agency, the Forest Service, and the Bureau of Land Management before I can remove old-growth timber from a recreational area."

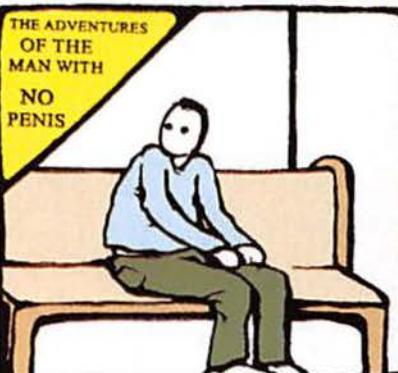
—Matt Joyner, State College, PA

THE \$200 JOKE!

"What is it?" asks a third.

"You mount your lady from behind, reach around and grab her breasts, and whisper in her ear, 'These feel just like your sister's,' and then try to hold on for eight seconds."

[THE PERRY BIBLE FELLOWSHIP, BY NICHOLAS GUREWITCH]





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It's not always about who's first.
OK, it's always about who's first.

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KAWASAKI CARES: Always wear a helmet, eye protection and proper apparel. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol. Adhere to the maintenance schedule in your owner's manual. Professional rider shown on a closed course. ©2006 Kawasaki Motors Corp., U.S.A.

JARGON

PREPARE TO STARE!

400 POUNDS OF GOO

Watch who you're tickling, Aquaman. These (jellyfish) aren't your standard beach land mines. They're six feet wide, 400 pounds, and sting like hell. Another Pacific jellyfish, the sea wasp, isn't so huggable. It has enough venom to kill up to 60 adults in less than three minutes.

INVASION OF THE ANGRY JELLYFISH

Bored of swimming with dolphins? Then get in with these ugly sumbitches!

IT USED TO BE the only thing Japanese fishermen had to worry about was snagging giant lizard-like metaphors for radiation sickness. Now they have to fret over an influx of thousands of enormous jellyfish known as *Echizen kurage* that are getting snared in fishnets, crushing the regular catch. Scientists blame global warming for the creatures' mass migration, but many dismiss the theories of these enviro-fruitcakes, claiming the worst thing global warming has done is give us a sunburn and maybe Hurricane Katrina.

DEATH PASTA!

Jellyfish deliver their venom with long tentacles that launch microscopic barbs into whatever is unfortunate enough to swim too close. Contrary to popular belief, urinating on a pal's jellyfish sting does nothing except create awkwardness between the two of you.



STUPID FREAKS OF NATURE!

Jellyfish were creeping out the dinosaurs millions of years ago—or last century, if you're a creationist. There are more than 200 different species, and they all share basic characteristics, such as having no brain, bones, or sensory organs—much like us when we slithered out of that West Side strip club last week at 2 A.M. Thanks, "Amethyst."

6

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, EAT 'EM!

Industrious fishermen are turning lemons into lemonade, converting the surplus of stinking jellyfish corpses into "delicious" ice cream, tofu, and...um...fertilizer. These edible snotballs have yet to catch on with Hiroki Q. Public. Go figure.



TURN THE PAGE
TO MEET YOUR
NEW GIRLFRIEND



"DUMP YOUR GIRLFRIEND FOR ME!"

Meet 21-year-old Vanessa, a bumping-and-grinding Beantown beauty.

VANESSA'S OFFERINGS	YOUR GIRL
1 SHE SHAKES IT! "I platform-dance at clubs wearing little shirts and booty shorts."	 
2 SHE'LL PUT YOU #1! "I'm there for my man, no matter what. I put my man first."	 
3 SHE'S A GUY'S GAL! "My ideal date is watching baseball, drinking beers, eating hot dogs."	 
4 SHE'S LOW-TECH! "All you have to do to get me in the mood is kiss me. That's all."	 

1
SHE SHAKES IT!
"I platform-dance at clubs wearing little shirts and booty shorts."

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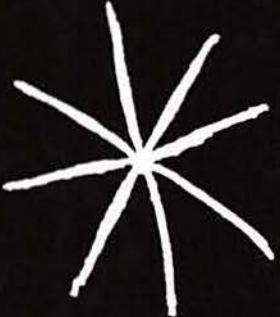
4
SHE'S LOW-TECH!
"All you have to do to get me in the mood is kiss me. That's all."

GET VANESSA ON YOUR CELL!



Is Vanessa your new love? If so, text dygf4vanessa to 52525 for free sexy wallpaper!*

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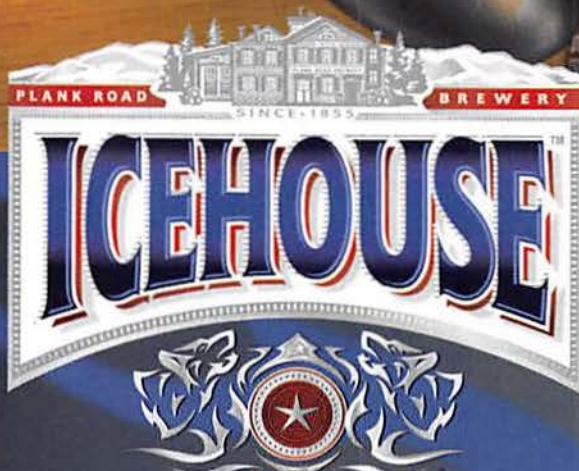
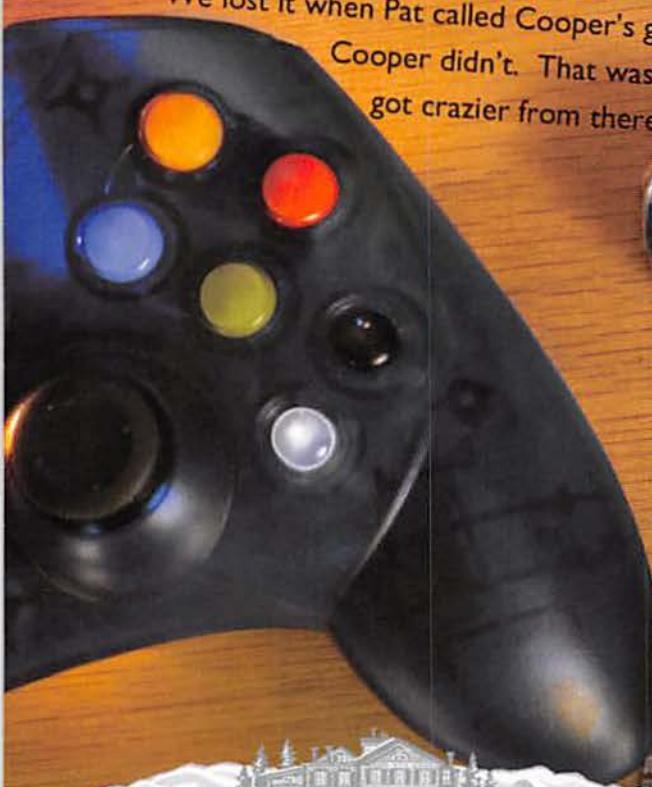


GETTING THE PARTY STARTED IN CHARLOTTE
We lost it when Pat called Cooper, too.

WE LOST IT WHEN PAT CALLED COOPERATION

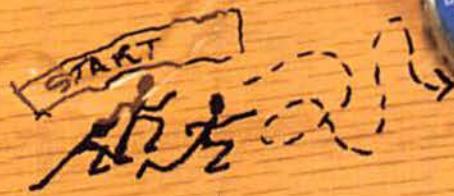
...that called Cooper's girlfriend, "Business Class." Cooper didn't. That

That was our cue to leave, and it only got crazier from there.





ATLANTA: PRE-PARTYING BEFORE WE HIT BUCKHEAD
4:39 pm- Rolled out of bed.
4:45 pm- S!@. Shower. Shave.
4:49 pm- The guys show up.
5:01 pm- First round of Icehouse... popped the tops.
5:02 pm- We crank it up.



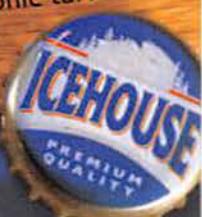
ROOFTOP ON OPENING DAY IN CHI-TOWN

Opening day only comes once a year.
Or in other words, about as often as
Terry gets working digits.



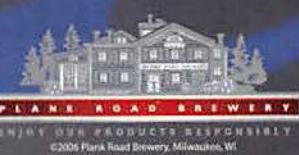
STARTING EARLY IN BIG D

Busted out the controllers and laid down a 66-3
whooping on Braden. Your boy actually had the
cojones to blame it on his broken pinky toe
(or torn hammy, black eye, torn ACL, chronic turf
toe, fact he's color blind...).



ICEHOUSE IS BREWED COLDER AND LONGER FOR THE PREMIUM
QUALITY AND TASTE YOU NEED WHEN YOU'RE CRANKING IT UP A
NOTCH WITH THE GUYS.

TO FIND OUT HOW YOUR BOYS CAN SCORE YOUR PRE-PARTY PICS
AND STORIES IN MAXIM, **GO TO ICEHOUSE.COM** FOR DETAILS.



©2006 Plank Road Brewery, Milwaukee, WI

FOUND PORN

Somebody actually thought this stuff was innocent.

↓ FAMILY PLANNING

Yet somehow when your dad followed these rules, it still failed to prevent an accident.

—James O'Shea, Palmyra, PA



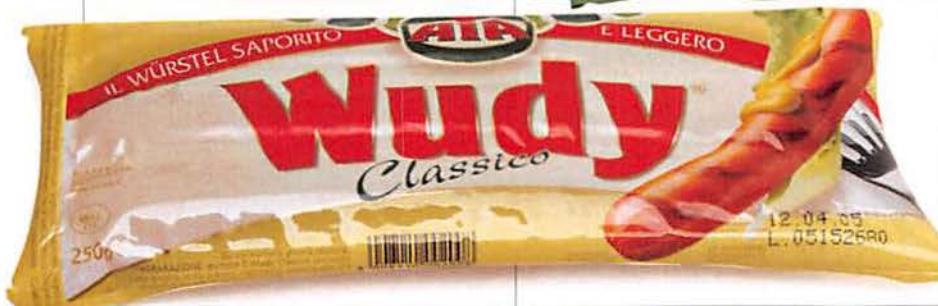
↓ ROYAL RUMBLE

And that was the moment Archie discovered that Jughead was what the rest of the gang called a "top." —Ryan Jeder, Carmel, CA



↓ LITTLE BO CREEP

"Agape" means "God's love." It also means "She's hung like a camel." —Jayme McAfee, Boise, ID



↑ HOT LINK

If you still have a craving after you're finished, it's also available in delicious smoked and German alpine flavors.

—Richard Wright, Lambertville, MI

[HEY, PERV—SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?]

If it makes our eyes bleed, we'll send you a cool \$150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Winning means never having to say, "I'm sorry for breathing."

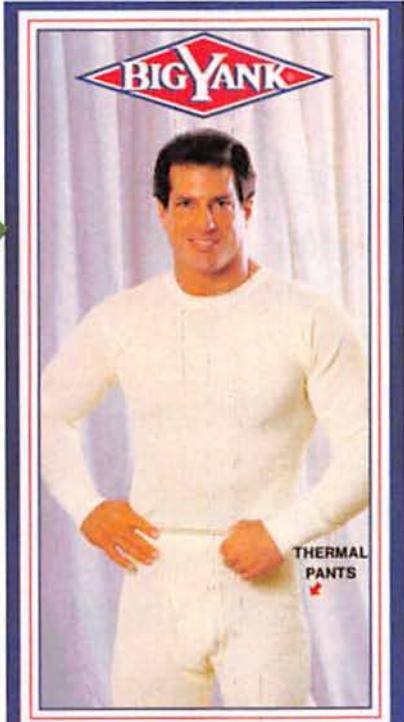
THE \$150 WINNER



THE ONE TOWER

"Yeah, Gollum—look me straight in the eyes and tell me I'm your precious."

—David Johnson, Enola, PA



↑ MAN DUVET

He looked back on his days as "Tiny Yank" with a melancholy fondness.

—Eric Olivarez, Lubbock, TX

WIN \$150

THERE'S HAVING A PLAN.

AND THEN THERE'S FOUR GUYS,
NO MAP AND A
FULL TANK OF GAS.

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CIRCUS

MECHANICAL PENIS EXTENSION!

The crotch rocket of the future will be able to haul anywhere it damn well pleases.

MOTORCYCLES EXEMPLIFY BADASS—just look at *Easy Rider*'s Captain America, or Ponch. But this one-fifth-scale concept, developed by Oliver Keller, 24, and Tilmann Schlootz, 26, of Germany, cranks the "bitchin'" knob to 11. Its tanklike tread glues the cycle to the street and gives it the off-road skills of a mountain goat. That kind of innovation made the bike a finalist in the 2006 Michelin Challenge Design competition—and leaves us thinking perhaps the time has come to throw our mopeds in the river.



SHRED FOREST AT WILL!

MUCH LIKE A FLAT-CHESTED woman, the real magic of this ride lies in its bottom half. The rubber track wraps around the engine and suspension system, creating a basic platform that can be topped off with any body design imaginable.



IT'S ALSO AN AMBULANCE!

THOUGH THIS IS just a model, the krauts have several body styles for their mix 'n' match ride—an ambulance, a fuel-cell-powered cruiser, and this desert-racing number (think Dakar rally), dubbed the Baal. The name comes from an ancient Canaanite god of thunder and, um, off-roading.

HANDLEBAR

PERFECT FOR IRAQ...OR NORWAY!

THE TREAD ITSELF isn't one big track; it's 77 small feet attached to a rope. Busted cleats can be replaced with spares, so the whole length doesn't need to be scrapped. Even better, it means ice studs, racing slicks, or, if we're lucky, a set of whitewall treads can be swapped in. Can ya dig it?

AS AGILE AS A WHEELBARROW!

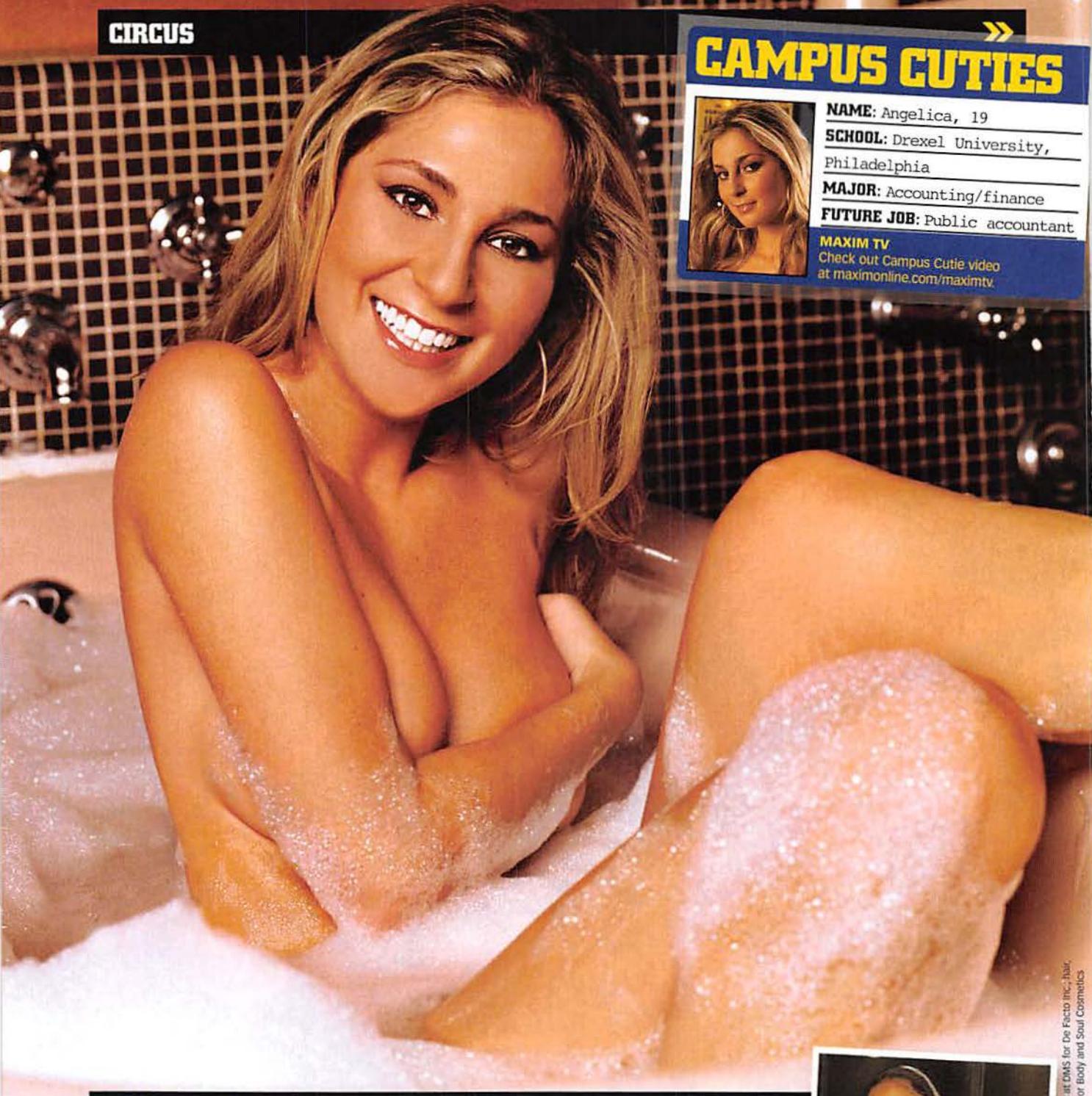
STEERING THIS BEAST is a full-body workout. Not only must riders use the handlebars, but their feet can help direct the rear section of the tread, creating one big curve. Done right, the result is a smoothly cut arc. Done wrong, the result is an asphalt tattoo.

FOOTREST



NO RUSH, BUT A
HOT COED IS ON
THE NEXT PAGE.



CIRCUS

CAMPUS CUTIES



NAME: Angelica, 19
SCHOOL: Drexel University, Philadelphia
MAJOR: Accounting/finance
FUTURE JOB: Public accountant

MAXIM TV

Check out Campus Cutie video at maximonline.com/maximtv

WILL SHE PASS THE MAXIM APTITUDE TEST?

1 What does the HD in HDTV stand for?
High-definition ✓

2 Finish this movie quote: "I love the smell of napalm in the morning."
What's that? ✗

3 Of the two sides in *Transformers*—Autobots and Decepticons—which were the bad guys?
The Decepticons ✓

4 How many balls does a batter have in a full count? **Three** ✓

5 True or false: It's OK for a man to drive a Volkswagen Cabriolet.
False ✓

6 What appliance was footballer William Perry nicknamed for?
 (a) The coffee maker
 (b) The dishwasher
 (c) The refrigerator
 (d) The toaster
 ✓

7 Name one of three guys who were the lead singers of the rock band Van Halen:
I don't know. Isn't it Van Halen? ✗

8 Glenfiddich, the Macallan, and Dewar's are all brands of what type of delicious booze?
Whiskey ✓

9 Name one of Bruce Lee's classic movies:
Are you serious? I know he's kung fu. ✗

10 What do you call it when a skateboarder pops his board up into the air while he's riding it?
An ollie ✓



Styling: Kim Johnson for Code Artists; prop styling: Mammy Norena at DMS for De Facto Inc.; hair: Kevin Woon for Jel Root Inc. and Woon Salon; makeup: Ingeborg for Body and Soul Cosmetics

NEWS
FLASH!
THE FRENCH
FEAR
DEATH!



"I'M NOT DEAD YET!"

This freaky Frenchman is so scared of being buried alive, he built this "survival coffin."

HE'S LIKE A CAT!

After an accident decades ago, Angel Hays, 87, was declared dead and hasn't trusted doctors since—hence his building of a life-preserving death carton.

HE HATES DIRT NAPS

Taphephobia is the fear of being buried alive. And it is scary: A person can hold his breath for about 90 seconds, a long time to think, *Holy shit!*

"My wife thinks I'm dead? Perfect."

IF YOU CONVINCED HER
THE PHOTOS ARE FOR YOUR
PRIVATE COLLECTION,
YOU'RE A
MITCHUM MAN.





BAD FACE DAY

Ultimate fighter Randy Couture lost a blood-slicked fight to champ Chuck Liddell. Then we asked, "Bro, what happened to your cake hole?"

BANG!

BOOM!

POW!

POW!



EXTREME HEADBANGER!

"I'M NOT WORRIED about brain damage. There are fewer sustained blows to the head than in boxing. But it's definitely a contact sport. My style of fighting is securing a dominant position and pounding the guy until he taps out or the ref steps in. Ultimate fighting is more about holds, choking, and wearing down your opponent."

A TASTE FOR PAIN!

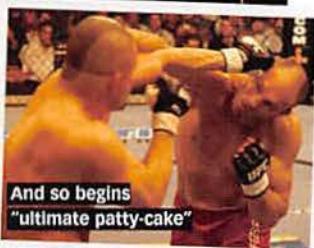
"I GOT MY FIRST bloody nose and threw my first headlock when I was 10, and have been hooked ever since. I was a wrestler in high school, college, and the army. Pro wrestling doesn't really appeal to me; it's just show acting and antics. I like the reality of a sport like ultimate fighting. It's very hard-nosed and tactical."

CRACKED EYE BONE!

"THE WORST INJURY I ever sustained was when I fractured the thin bone that separates the eye socket from the sinuses. I was fighting Ricco Rodriguez, and he was on top of me, punching me, trying to end the fight, and he landed an elbow. I knew at that moment it was severe. It's never a good thing to see your own blood."

BEATEN TO A PULP!

"I'VE USED superglue to seal up small cuts and nicks. As for my cauliflower ears, they're like armor for the sides of my head. Not that it helped with this last fight, but there's nothing I could have done differently. My guard slipped, and that gave him the opportunity to punch me. And this lip scar? I got sucker-punched in Colorado."



And so begins
"ultimate patty-cake"

MAXIM

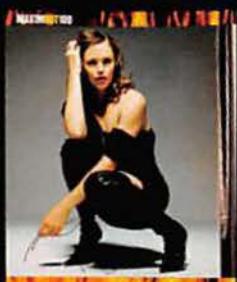
HOT 100!

COMING
NEXT
MONTH!

Free with your next issue of Maxim!



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JESSICA ALBA



#1 2002
JENNIFER GARNER



#1 2003
CHRISTINA AGUILERA



#1 2004
JESSICA SIMPSON



#1 2005
EVA LONGORIA

Who'll be number one this year?

HITS
NEWSSTANDS
MAY
18!





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SAMSUNG



Bump!

DEMI GODDESS

She's the reason men type "MILF" into Google.

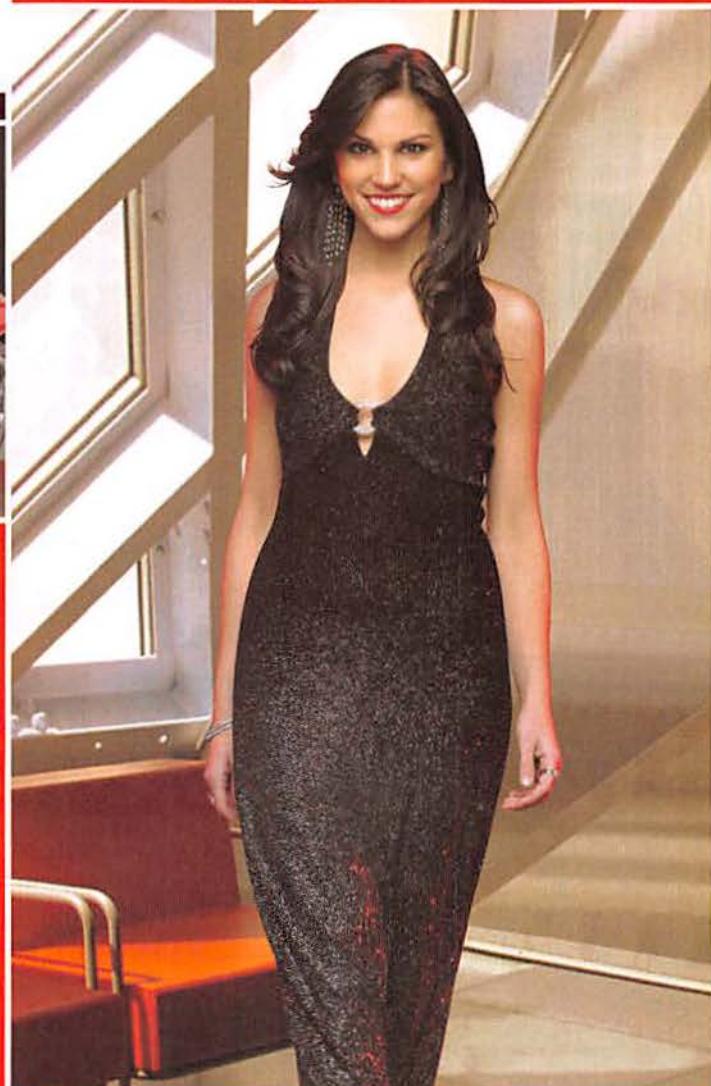
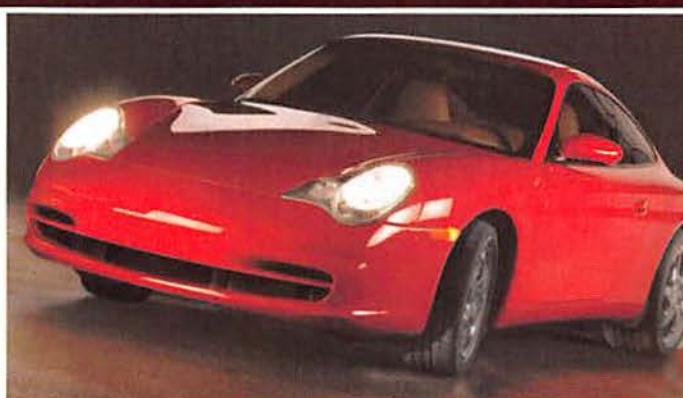
HOW DO WE love thee, Demi Moore? Let us count the ways: You're hot. You're the only actor from the '80s who has remained hot. And when we saw you on the cover of that porno mag *Vanity Fair* pregnant and nude, well, we were creeped out...until we noticed that your being ripe with the miracle of life made your breasts *huge*.

So we'll confess something: After you ditched the Bruce and his perma-smirk, we thought we had a chance. Didn't you totally get our telepathic messages? And when you started dating Ashton Kutcher, we thought, *Has she ever seen That '70s Show?* And, *Isn't he, like, Justin Timberlake's BFF?* But we don't begrudge you for marrying him. He's very pretty, and we're sure he'll make a great mom.

Ashton told her he was on the pill. Ashton lied...

Photograph by Bradford Noble

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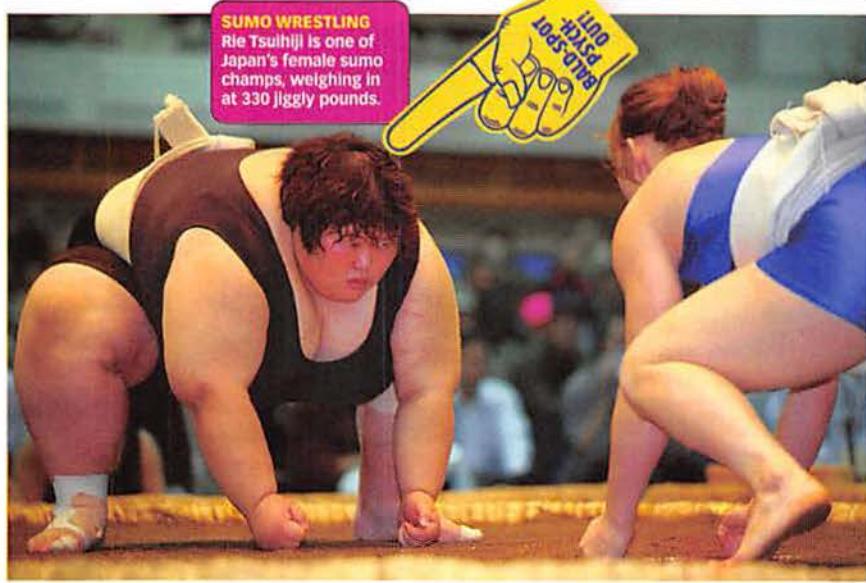
B **PASSION**
for EXCELLENCE



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CIRCUS

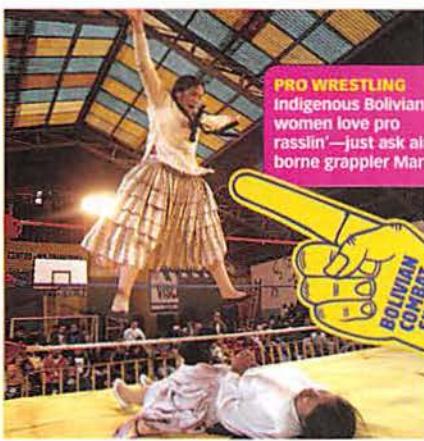
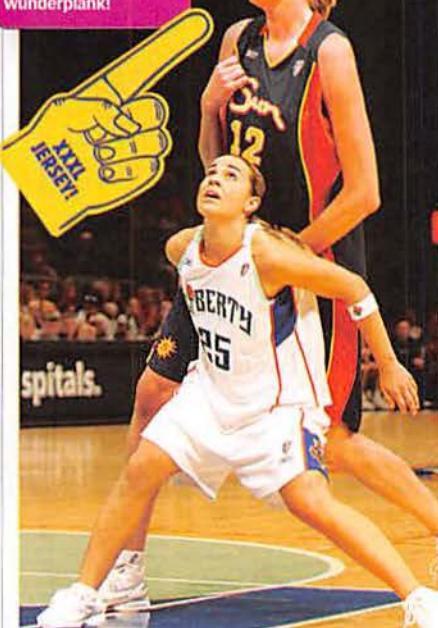


BIG MAMA ALERT!

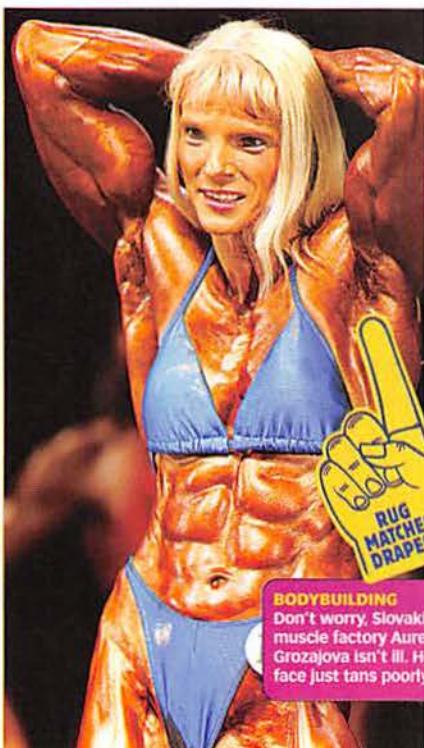


These women are faster, stronger, and tougher than the average man—which is good news, because we need help opening this jar of Cheez-Whiz.

BASKETBALL
 The Connecticut Sun's 7'2" Margo Dydek is a Polish roundball wunderplank!



PRO WRESTLING
 Indigenous Bolivian women love pro rasslin'—just ask airborne grappeller Maria!



BODYBUILDING
 Don't worry, Slovakian muscle factory Aurelia Grozajova isn't ill. Her face just tans poorly.



no
Regrets

DRINK TOO MUCH AND YOU'LL REGRET IT. SO DON'T.
KNOW WHEN TO DRAW THE LINE - DRINK RESPONSIBLY.

TOTAL HOTNESS

42

**Women
of the
World...**



Little Orphan Hottie

Charlotte Ayanna makes you bust out the Kleenex—but not for *that* reason.



WITH LOOKS THIS SMOKIN', it's hard to believe Puerto Rican-born Charlotte Ayanna spent her childhood bouncing around more than six different foster homes after an orphanage deemed her "unable to thrive." (Clearly, they haven't seen these pictures.)

It may have been a hard-knock life, but this real-life Little Orphan Annie didn't need Daddy Warbucks to bail her out. (As you'll learn below, she needed only \$38.) Charlotte wrote a memoir about her childhood when she was 19, was handpicked by Ricky Martin to appear in one of his music videos, and played Denzel Washington's smoldering mistress in *Training Day*.

Want more? The upcoming horror film *The Insatiable* will quench your thirst. Until then you'll just have to lick this page. (Sorry.)

\$37.99



That's the cost of the dress Charlotte Ayanna wore when she won the 1993 Miss Teen USA pageant. (Tell your girl that story next time she spends \$700 on stilettos.) When you look this hot in a bikini that looks like it was made from a three-dollar ball of yarn, what else do you need?

TOTAL HOTNESS



TILA TEQUILA

MySpace's most popular star is this 4'11" firecracker, who's got 800,000 pals. All the fuss resulted in a deal with three cell phone carriers that allows fans to download her racy pics. Enjoy it—that's as close as you're gonna get.

HOT
RIGHT
NOW!



BAR RAFAELI

After being dumped by Brazilian supermodel Gisele Bündchen, Leonardo DiCaprio rebounded with Bar, her Israeli doppelgänger. Because if at first you don't succeed...



BEC CARTWRIGHT

Australia's latest Gold Coast hottie is pop star and actress Bec, who is married to 10th-ranked tennis pro Lleyton Hewitt. See, you don't have to be the best to score!

THE OFFICIAL Order of The Serpentine Pledge

I will use the conscience-cleansing power of my Axe Snake Peel shower scrub to wash away shame caused by a questionable hook-up, and not as an excuse to commit acts of debauchery, like:

- Cavorting with exotic dancers with wandering eyes
- Hosting Roman style orgies
- Grinding with mother/daughter tandems
- X-rated web activity
- Anything involving paper bags
- "Trolling"
- The keeping of concubines
- Massaging "around the way girls"
- Trips to Tijuana



YOUR SIGNATURE

The Shameless One
THE SHAMELESS ONE



CLEAN BODY
CLEAN CONSCIENCE



THE ORDER OF THE SERPENTINE
WWW.ORDEROFTHESERPENTINE.COM

TOTAL HOTNESS

»

SHOW US YOUR...

Bathtub

We burst in on Leticia as she stepped out of the tub. Oops!

Leticia Cline, 27, from Gainesville, Florida, forgot to throw on a robe when *Maxim* came calling, but she did offer us a quick tour of her bathroom. "I like to take long, hot, steamy baths till I wrinkle like a prune," she reveals, pointing out her claw-footed tub. And Leticia's shower is party central. "I sing and dance in the shower—full-on routines," she says. "I even have a pole in there...just kidding." Wow, for one brief moment, we'd never felt so alive!

46

WET 'N' CLASSY

Leticia likes merlot with her ivory soap. "Once, I was so drunk I was afraid I'd fall, and I refused to get out. I had to beg my roommate to help!" She had to beg?



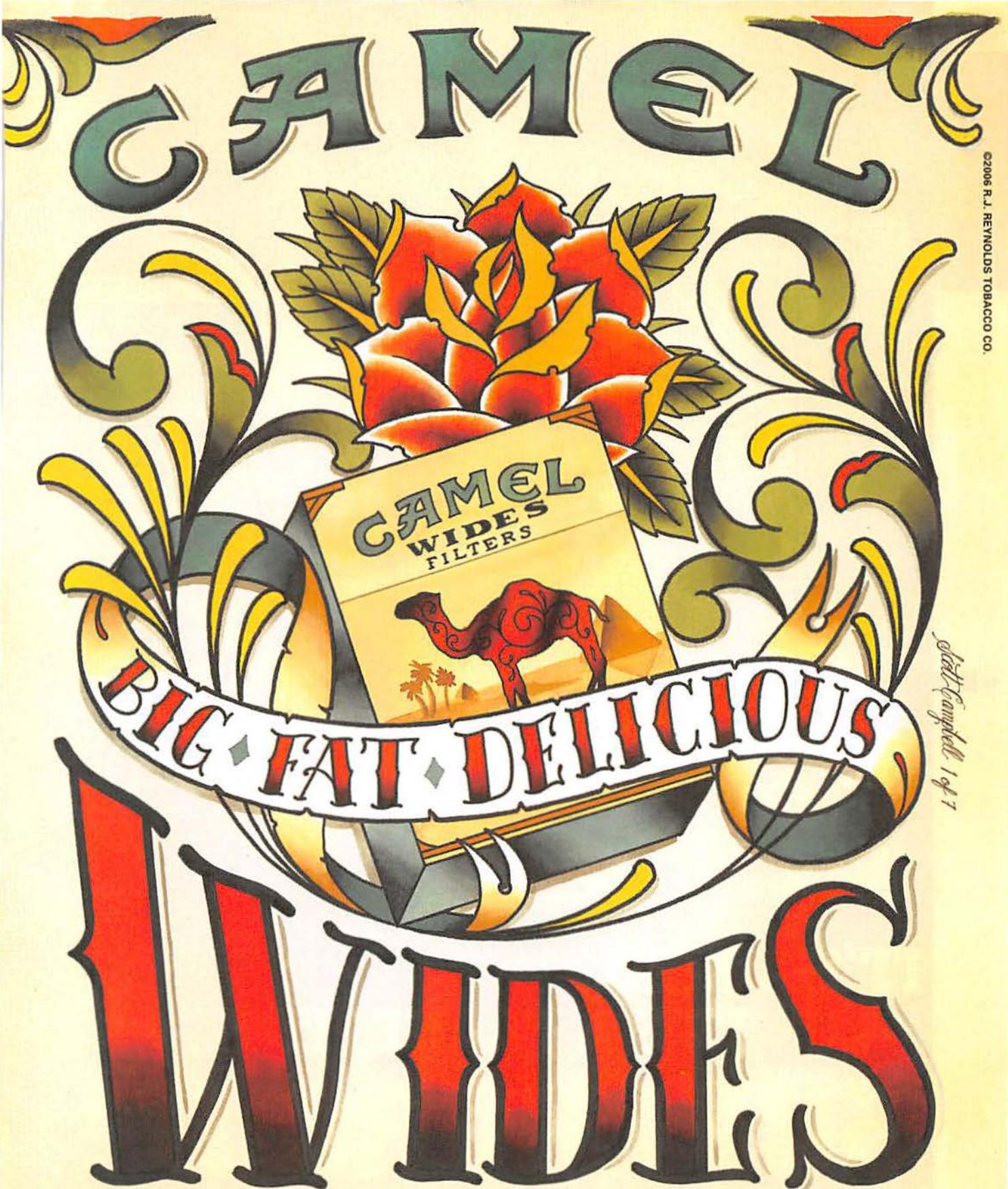
MAXIM ONLINE

Got a rose garden or fridge to show off? Send your pics to showus@maximmag.com. Revisit the bedrooms of previous babes at maximonline.com.

HELP WANTED!

You're in luck! Leticia likes a little company in the tub. "Naked, wet bodies are hot. I love to get it on in the bath." Finally, a sensible way to get your dirty mind clean.

Photograph by Stephan Wuerth



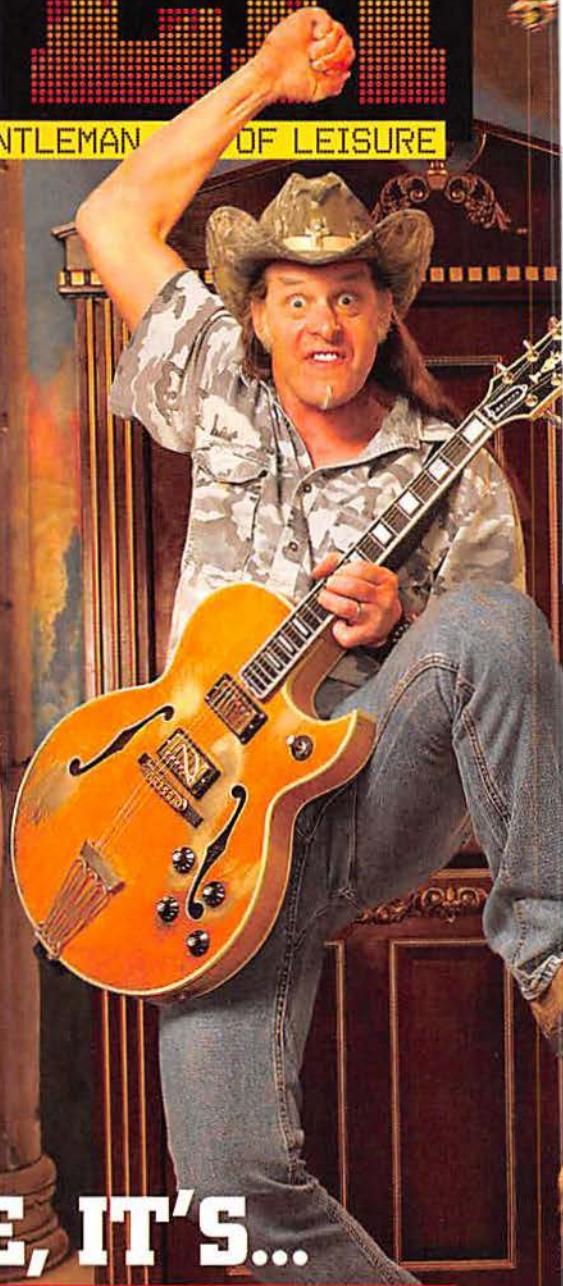
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Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

LOVE

FOR THE GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE



IT'S A BIRD,
IT'S A PLANE, IT'S...

SUPERGROUP!

Five rock legends band together to make a VH1 reality show and play a gig without pissing off their loyal fans. Good luck, boys.

By Scott Dickensheets
Photographs by Joseph Cultice



AIRS ON
VH1
MAY 18!



Describe your first reaction to your new band mates.

Bach: I was stoked when I saw Scott, because he's fucking killer. But when I saw Ted I fell right the fuck down—never in a million years could I fathom being in a band with him.

Ian: I kind of thought that Sebastian was in it, but in the back of my head I wondered, *What if it's Rob Halford?*

Seinfeld: When they said I wouldn't be singing, I thought the singer had better be pretty fucking good. And when Sebastian Bach walked in I had nothing bad to say—he was just born with a bigger gun.

Ian: I've met everybody from every metal band of the past 20 years, and I didn't recognize the guy behind the drum kit at all.

Bonham: Nobody does. I've shaved my head, and I'm, like, 40 pounds lighter.

What do you think of the name Supergroup?

Nugent: It offends me on all intellectual levels, but I'm the eternal optimist. I will find gold in your shit. I have faith in VH1...Did I just say "faith" and "VH1" in the same sentence?

Ian: From age 11 to age 15, Nugent and Kiss and Cheap Trick basically ruled my life. Those four years flew through my head as I tried to comprehend the fact I'm playing in a band and living in a house with Ted Nugent for two weeks.

Bach: Me? I don't want to say anything to Ted, because he's Ted fucking Nugent.

Seinfeld: Sebastian's such a fan he can't even function. I had to slap him the other day: *Sebastian, stop!* He wanted to do all Ted Nugent covers. He pulls me aside twice a day and says, "I'm getting better about the being-in-awe-of-Ted thing."

Nugent: Aw, that's cute. I hope our cameras are picking up on some of these Ted adorations.

Describe the sound you guys are going for.

Bach: It's gonna be loud and clear, motherfucker.

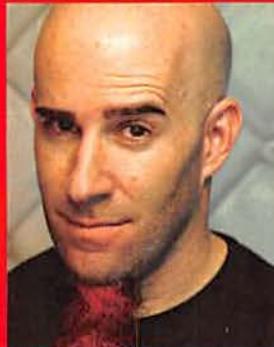
Seinfeld: Sebastian wants to make this a heavy-metal band. And I'm like, "No, dude, let's be the kind of band that, if Led Zeppelin reunited, they would want us to open for them."

Nugent: Obnoxious, guttural, voluminous, sexy.

[MAKING THE BAND]

Heavy Dudes

Too much head-banging in high school haunting your memories of these rock monsters? Here's a refresher course.



SCOTT IAN, ANTHRAX

Ian not only helped create thrash metal; his collabo with Public Enemy started rap rock. So Limp Bizkit is all his fault.



EVAN SEINFELD, BIOHAZARD

This heavily tattooed star of HBO's *Oz* is a punk and hardcore legend...and so is his wife, porn star Tera Patrick.



TED NUGENT

Famous for "Cat Scratch Fever," spending the 1970s in nothing but a loincloth, and killing many, many animals.



JASON BONHAM, AIR RACE

You might not know any of his bands, but you certainly know his daddy—legendary Led Zep drummer John Bonham.



SEBASTIAN BACH, SKID ROW

Once the quintessential hair-band frontman with the teen idol looks that drove chicks crazy. Now? Not so much.

Ian: I'm gonna have to drag Ted into my world a bit. We can't just sound like Nugent.

What's the goal of this show? You're already famous.

Bach: A concert, but we're also recording. There's no producer here, but we're doing demos.

Seinfeld: We haven't been taking that playing-a-show part very seriously. Collectively, we've all been on tour for probably 100 years—just put us up there and we'll get it done.

Nugent: We'll pull something together, but how wonderful remains to be seen. It could be dazzling or just cute as hell.

But even if it's cute as hell, how can you go wrong with that? I've built a career out of that, loincloth and all.

Are you guys getting along?

Bonham: Yeah. But that's probably not what VH1 wanted. I think they wanted us all to have a big falling-out.

Ian: My attitude going into this is that it's summer camp with guitars. If something comes out of it, that's just added to the fact that I hung out in some fucking retarded house in Vegas for two weeks on VH1's dime. It was fun to make a rider of the most over-the-top list of stuff and have them call up and say, "Everything you wanted is there."

Nugent: I can't gush enough about what Evan and Scott and Jason and Sebastian bring to this—and believe me, I don't suck dick. It sounds like I'm sucking dick, but I ain't sucking dick. They're just greaseballs of integrity. This collaboration is genuinely moving.

Dude, something has to suck.

Seinfeld: The only downside is that I've been trying to throw a rock'n'roll party every night, and Ted Nugent has dinner, burps for an hour, cleans his gun, and goes to bed at 7:30.

Bach: Last night they went out partying...I couldn't do it. I have to be on top of my game.

Seinfeld: I thought Sebastian would be the troublemaker, but I'm the guy going, "Sebastian, if you don't go with me on a strip-club crawl tonight, you're a pussy."

Nugent: When we go to topless bars, I drop them off and tell them to be in before they turn into pumpkins.

Seinfeld: I was thinking last night, I'm going to miss these guys. I bonded with fucking Ted Nugent at Bass Pro Shops. I had the best time shooting arrows with him and taking a tour of the gun room.

Bach: Yeah, on the last day of all this—and I hope there isn't a last day—I'm going to be a blubbering mess. ▀

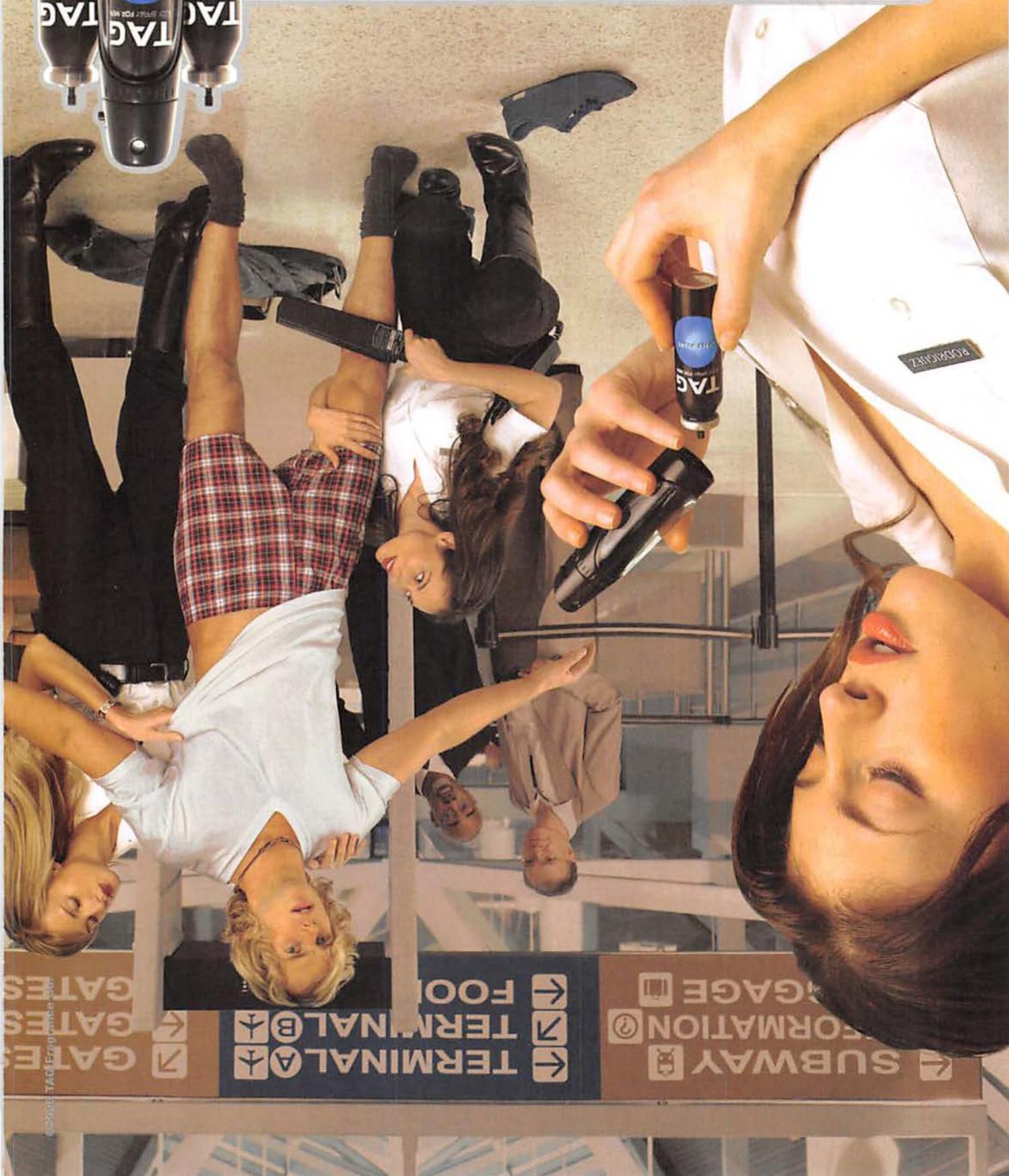
'My attitude going into this is that it's like summer camp with guitars.'



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TU

[TIVO THIS!]

THE IDIOT BOX

Check local listings for the best crap on TV.

HEAVY (VH1)

The history of heavy metal, which, sadly, still includes Winger.

**MY NAME IS EARL** (NBC)

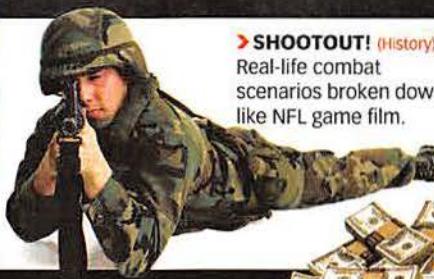
Earl's season finale is in May. Karma sucks.

I SHOULDN'T BE ALIVE

(Discovery) The CSI of near-death experiences.

**MXC** (Spike TV)

Japanese guys fall down. Go boom. Funny!

**SHOOTOUT!** (History)

Real-life combat scenarios broken down like NFL game film.

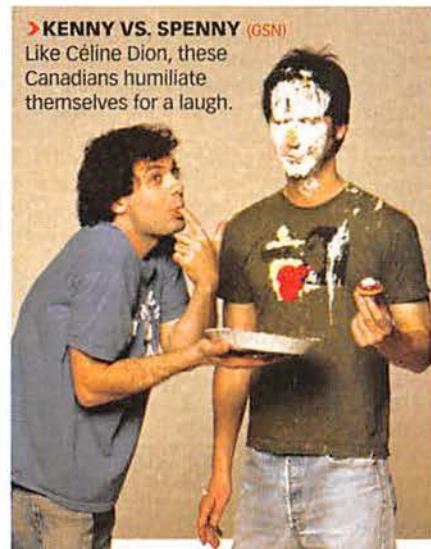
**GOOD EATS**

(Food Network)

One part Emeril, one part Mr. Wizard. Enjoy!

**HEIST** (NBC)

Like Ocean's Eleven, if it were a TV series. And no Clooney!

**PINKS** (Speed)

Two men race. One of them walks home.



FOR YOUR
LUGGAGE



FOR YOUR
POCKET



FOR YOUR
PRE-FLIGHT PAT-DOWN

CONSIDER YOURSELF
WARNED

HERE COMES THE JUDGE

King of the Hill might be all over, but Mike Judge isn't finished being stupid funny.

What's your new movie, *Idiocracy*, all about?

I got the idea thinking about how science fiction shows the future being more intelligent, but the trend seems to be going in the opposite direction. *Idiocracy* starts out as one of those movies about a guy being frozen. Luke Wilson is just an average dumb-ass, but in 1,000 years he's the smartest guy in the world. We have one shot of a Costco that's the size of the San Fernando Valley.

Sounds like a place Hank Hill would hate. This might be *King of the Hill*'s final season. You bummed?

When we were recording the episode, thinking it might be the last, it was sad. But I never regretted ending *Beavis and Butt-Head* when I did. I don't think I'll be on my deathbed wishing I'd done 20 more *King of the Hill* episodes.

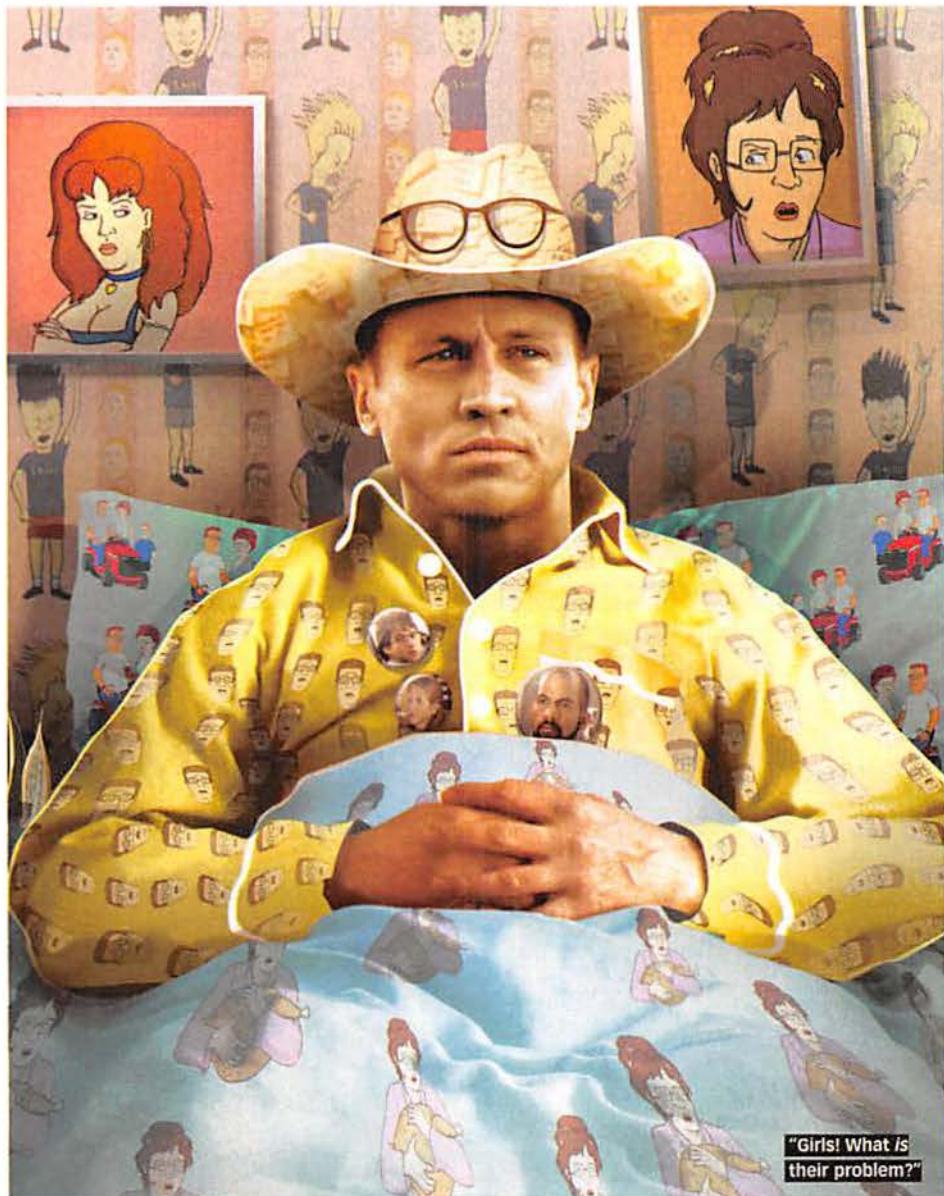
What's your favorite episode? The one where Hank hires a junkie. The last and second-to-last episodes are two of my favorites. Well, they may not be the last and second-to-last...

Johnny Depp played a yoga instructor on *King of the Hill*. Who knew he was a fan?

I know Johnny Depp through a couple of songwriters in Austin. And he told me he wanted to play Beavis if I ever did a live-action *Beavis and Butt-Head*.

Are you kidding? Who the hell would play Butt-Head?

A couple of people e-mailed me pictures of a guy who escaped



"Girls! What is their problem?"

'Johnny Depp wanted to play Beavis in a live-action movie.'

from prison in Kentucky that looked a lot like Butt-Head.

So it's an escaped convict... and Johnny Depp.

Yeah, that's a good pairing.

Did *Beavis and Butt-Head* change your life overnight?

My life was boring—I wasn't going to any wild parties. Nobody knew who I was. I remember the first time I went on *Letterman*, I thought, Now I'm going to be recognized everywhere! The next morning we were flying home, and I'm at the airport going, "OK, shhh, I'm going to keep my head down." Nobody recognized me. After a while I'm going, "Did anybody see me last night?"

Did *Office Space* pave the way for *The Office*?

Maybe. I think the British version is amazing. But they sent me DVDs when they were interested in starting the American version, and the box featured

a quote about how *The Office* succeeded where movies like *Office Space* failed. So I didn't watch the show for a while.

Well, *Office Space* did bomb at theaters, but it became a classic on DVD...

That's the sweetest success I've ever had, because no one believed in it. The studio didn't think it was funny, and when it didn't make any money, they were like, "Mike was wrong, and we were right." It's nice—now they want a sequel.

WANT TO SEE THE PERFECT WOMAN? TURN TO PAGE 92!



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As a raging meth-head in *Alpha Dog* and nice-guy Angel in *X-Men 3*, Ben Foster goes both ways.

What did you think when you heard Justin Timberlake would costar in *Alpha Dog*?

I was not enthused. I felt like the credibility would be jeopardized. But the director, Nick Cassavetes, had us all work out together for six weeks. Not shooting the movie—we were lifting weights together, outside, every day. Justin rolls in, and it's just him, no crew. By the first day of shooting, we were all great friends. There's no bullshit with him.

How did you prep to be such a head case?

Through friends I went into the meth scene—not as a participant but as a voyeur. I had to be strip-searched to show that I wasn't wearing a wire, and I had to bring DVDs to say "See? That's me on the cover!" They said, "We'll bring you in, but you gotta buy the product." It was like paying for a prostitute.

Feel dirty afterward?

More so after finishing the film. I had a hell of a time releasing this person in myself, and I had to take a vacation after *Alpha Dog*—and that vacation was *X-Men*.

Are you a comic geek?

I thought Gambit was the man. When I heard *X-Men 3* was being made, they said there are three roles coming up: Beast, Angel, and Gambit. I said, "Oh, shit, I want to throw cards." And for one reason or another, he didn't show up in this film. But once I started preparing to audition for Angel, I became obsessed. It's a man with wings.



"It's Grandpa...He's out of weed again."

What's a better way to kick ass: as a raving tweaker or a winged mutant?

That's like asking, "Do you want to be Luke Skywalker or Darth Vader?" I love both roles. Anything with conflict puts blood in my dick.

We heard you did your own stunts on *X-Men*.

A lot of them. At one point I'm

hooked up on a wire, hanging 80 feet up. The extras are all mutants, so a major section of Vancouver is just filled with mutants. And across the street is a church. It's a Sunday, church is over, and people are filing out across from all the mutants. Then a priest comes out. We make eye contact, and he nods. I'm not religious, but that knocked me out. Then, "Action!" and I'm flying. You can't fake it—it either shows on film or it doesn't, and it showed at that moment.

Do you like playing a freak?

Those who decide against social acceptance come into collision with themselves. Whether it's, "I want to light this house on fire," or, "I want to smoke crack until somebody steals my brother," it's the truth. I suppose that's what we're all after.

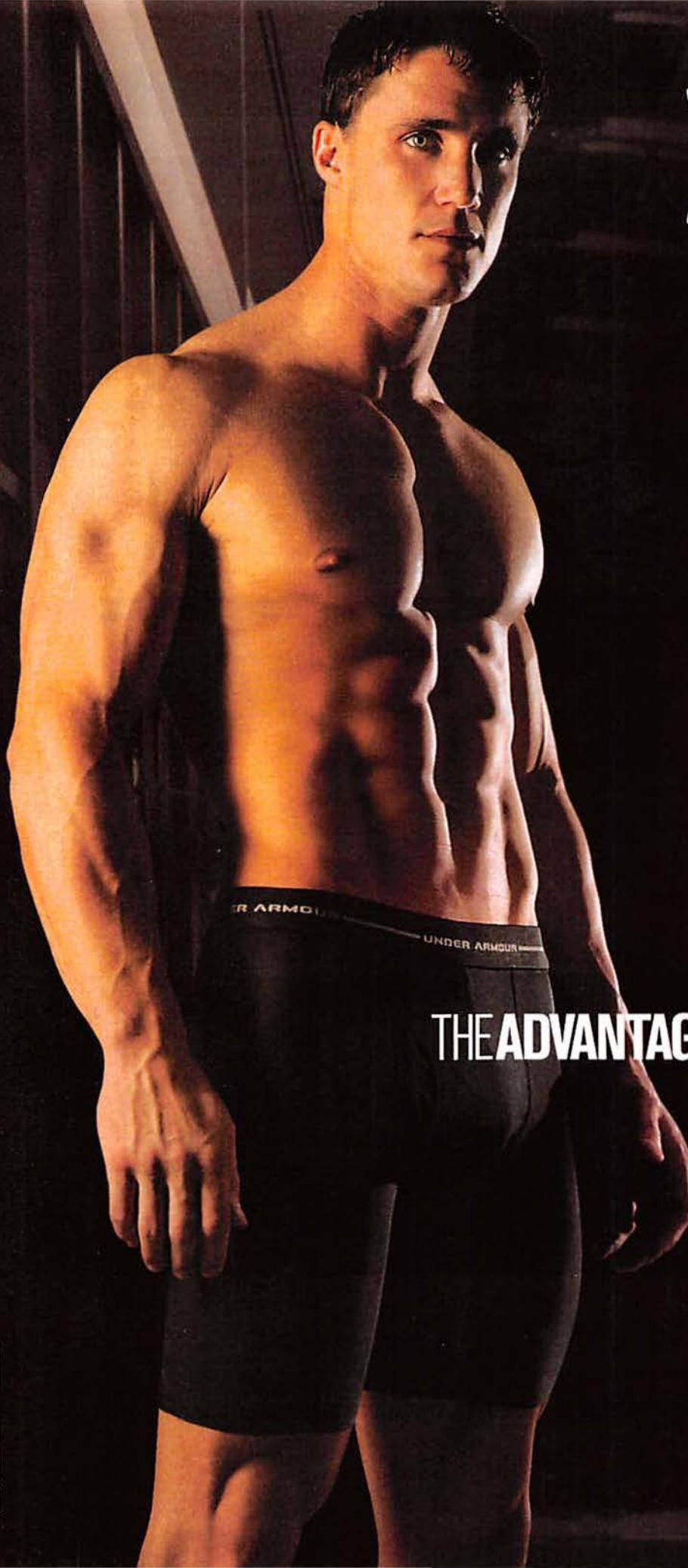
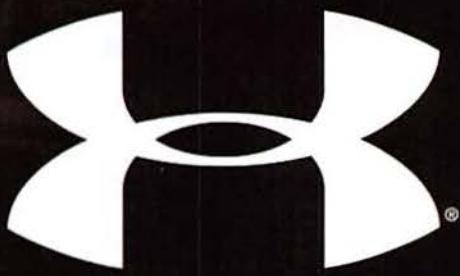


'I had to take a vacation after *Alpha Dog*.'



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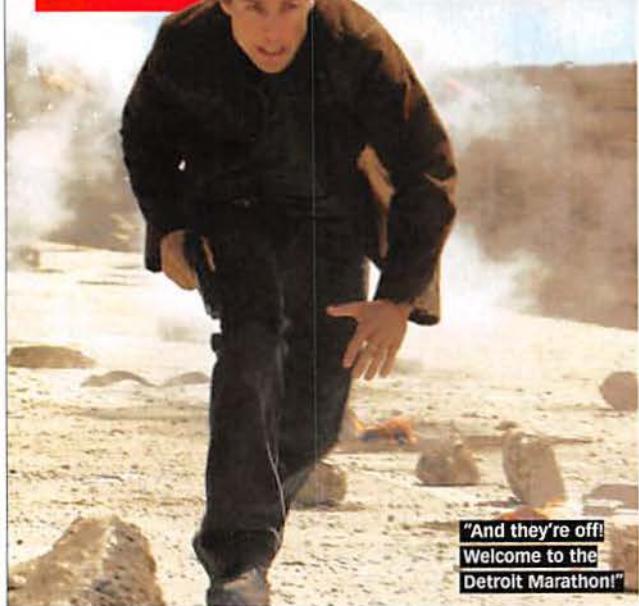
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MAKING THE IMPOSSIBLE



A billion-dollar movie franchise is hanging off the edge of a cliff, and only J.J. Abrams can save it.

J.J. Abrams picked a hell of a way to break into the movies.

The visionary behind *Lost* and *Alias* has to resurrect the rapidly aging *Mission: Impossible* franchise, which has gone through two directors in four years and more high-priced talent than Charlie Sheen after a fight with the wife. (See the sidebar below for the gory details.)

Oh, right. And this is Abrams' first time directing a feature.

LOST AND FOUND

After spending years trying to get *MI3* off the ground, Cruise turned to TV's newest wunderkind for salvation. But even Abrams was skeptical at first. "Tom asked if I wanted to direct the movie, but the script didn't really suit my abilities," Abrams says. "Tom said, 'Then let's do the version you want.' But I couldn't do it for a year because of *Lost*. So he said,

[MI3 TIME LINE]

HIT AND MISSION ↘

Getting Steve Carell laid was easy—making *MI3* wasn't.

APRIL 2002

David Fincher set to direct *MI3*. Fans ecstatic at prospect of a Tom Cruise/Ving Rhames fight club.



DECEMBER 2002

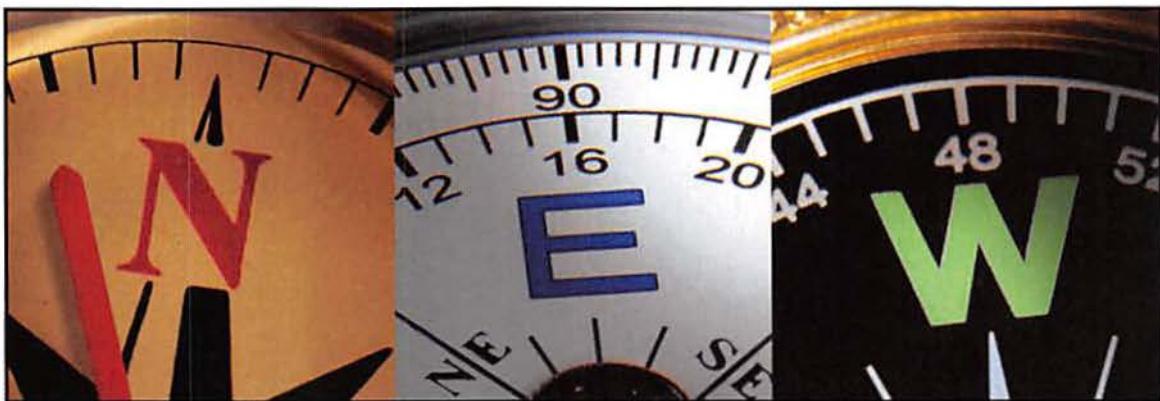
With a director in place and the cast filling out, Paramount plans for *MI3* to hit theaters in May 2004. Hooray for plans!

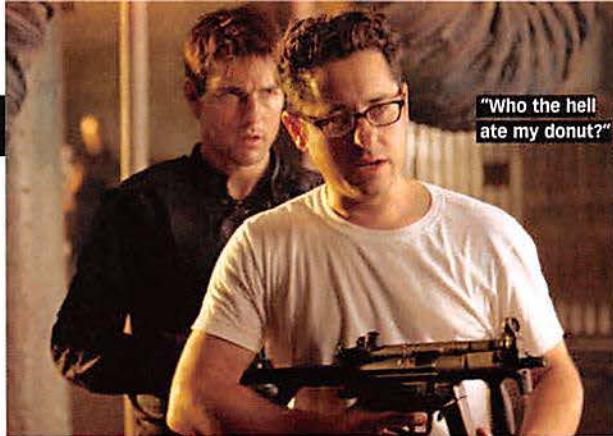
FEBRUARY 2003

That didn't take long...Fincher leaves *MI3*. Gritty crime film director Joe Carnahan (of *Narc* fame) comes aboard.

APRIL 2004

Scarlett Johansson joins Carrie-Anne Moss and Kenneth Branagh in the *MI3* cast. None of them end up in the movie.





"Who the hell
ate my donut?"



'Let's wait.' I never thought it was gonna happen."

Once production began, Abrams had to balance directing talent such as Philip Seymour Hoffman, Laurence Fishburne, Billy Crudup, and Cruise himself, and deal with his own holy-shit-what-am-I-doing-here sense of befuddlement.

"If the experience hadn't been so surreal, it would have been much more frightening."

Abrams says, "I was working with Laurence Fishburne, and he asked me what I thought of a take, and I wanted to laugh in his face and say, 'What do you think? You tell me!'"

MO' MONEY, MO' PROBLEMS

An even bigger gut check was the film's budget, estimated at \$150 million, more than 10 times the budget of *Lost*'s pilot, not to mention an egomaniacal

star hellbent on spraying his brains all over the set.

"We could have used digital stunt doubles or pasted Tom's head on a stunt man, but Tom wanted to do his own stunts," says Abrams. "There were times when I thought he'd hit something way too hard."

He's not kidding. Costar Jonathan Rhys-Meyers watched Cruise dodge a missile, a shot immortalized in the *MI3* trailer. "It's crazy," Rhys-Meyers says. "Tom was hoisted off the ground in mid-run, then smashed into a car. On film it's so fast you can't imagine his skull is still on."

Which begs the question: Why let a \$150 million investment ride on a 43-year-old

actor with a jones for thetans*? Well, when that actor is also your boss, and one of the film's producers, you can't do shit about it.

And just when Abrams had enough rope to hang himself, his wife's pregnancy took a turn for the worse. "She was on bed rest the last three months of her pregnancy," Abrams says. "The idea that I was gonna get a phone call that she was in labor hung over me every day."

But after months of watching Tom Cruise get pummeled, filming wrapped, Abrams' new kid popped out intact, and everyone emerged unscathed. The big question is, did the film?

Text: Larry Getten

JULY 2004

Less than two months before shooting begins, Carnahan leaves due to "creative differences."



AUGUST 2004

J.J. Abrams named new director after Cruise watches Jennifer Garner kick butt in leather pants.

MAY 2005

Tom Cruise goes ape-shit on Oprah's couch. Cruise's new mission? Convincing people he isn't cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs.



JULY 2005

Filming on *MI3* finally begins, a mere five years after *MI2* left the silver screen.

MAY 2006

MI3 finally hits theaters. Cruise attends premiere with incubation unit Katie and beautiful green son L. Ron Five.



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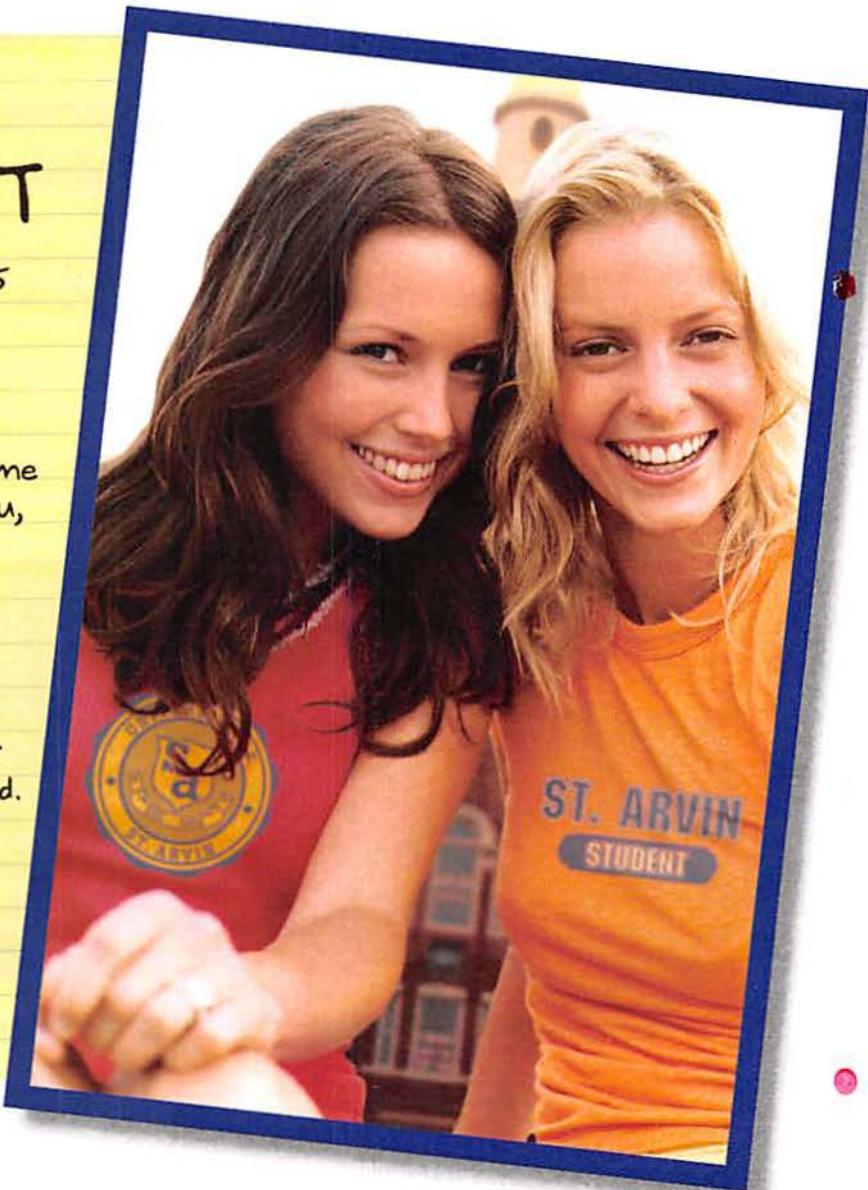
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- Apart from being hot, what else do you do?



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THE SENTINEL

It's a very bad idea to hump the first lady if you're not president.

Michael Douglas, Eva Longoria, Kiefer Sutherland, Kim Basinger

OUT: APRIL 21

With George W. wiretapping anyone who can't sing the national anthem backward, it's hard to believe a president wouldn't know that one of his Secret Service agents was screwing his wife. Still, agent Pete Garrison (Michael Douglas) spends his days looking out for the next Lee Harvey and his nights hiding out in the first lady's (Kim Basinger) grassy knoll. It turns out that the Secret Service isn't so good at keeping

secrets, and word gets out about the tryst—just as the agency learns that one of its employees is planning to off the prez. Garrison takes the blame, then hauls ass to solve the mystery before he's knocked off by his fellow human Kevlar vests (Sutherland and Longoria). But really, that whole plot thing is secondary to the godsend of seeing Eva Longoria in something we actually want to watch for a change. [●●●]

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

[RAD REMAKE]

POSEIDON

An ocean liner sinks. Sadly, Kathie Lee Gifford isn't on it.

Kurt Russell, Richard Dreyfuss, Josh Lucas, Mia Maestro, Fergie

OUT: MAY 12

When a major studio spends nine figures to redo a 34-year-old movie almost no one under 25 has seen, it can mean only one thing: Summer's finally here! Ring it in with Wolfgang Petersen's update of the campy 1972 disaster flick, *The Poseidon Adventure*, about a New Year's party on a chichi luxury liner that gets rolled by a massive wave, then starts to sink like Steve Guttenberg's career. (Of course, this film is completely different than NBC's horrible made-for-TV version of *The Poseidon Adventure* from last November, which actually featured Steve Guttenberg!) With a budget approaching \$200 million, a set that sprawled out over five giant sound stages, and key action sequences that took 16 cameras and two water tanks to film, this is the kind of movie that makes your nine-gallon bucket of popcorn seem undersized. [●●●●]



[MO' MOVIES]

OUT:
APRIL
28



RV

Road-trip comedy

If CIA interrogators need to come up with a new way to make enemy combatants spill the beans, the plot of *RV*—a family spends two weeks locked in a motor home with Robin Williams—might do the trick. [●●●]

OUT:
APRIL
21

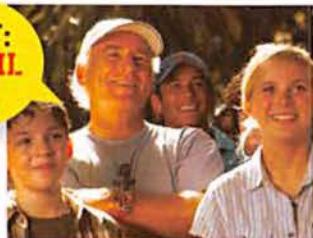


SILENT HILL

Freaky horror movie

Based on a video game so downright terrifying that people had to play with the lights on, with a screenplay by the guy who cowrote *Pulp Fiction*, this movie...probably won't be as good as either of those two things, but that's OK. [●●●●]

OUT:
APRIL
21



HOOT

Cutesy kiddie flick

Judging from the title, you're thinking, *Yes!* Finally, someone is making movies with me in mind! Then you find out it's about a kid who tries to save endangered owls, and so you decide to rent *Porky's*. Again. [●●●]

OUT:
APRIL
28



FLIGHT 93

Based on a true story

If his lens work on *The Bourne Supremacy* is any indication, director Paul Greengrass' vision of the thwarted September 11 hijacking will feature more handheld shaky cam than an episode of *America's Funniest Home Videos*. Let's roll! [●●●●]



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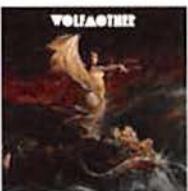
"Actually, I'm a sheep."



"The cool tees? There was a big giveaway at the men's shelter."

LIKE THIS?
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WOLFMOTHER



Wolfmother
(Modular/Interscope)
This isn't some shitty "ironic" rock record by an Australian band with a boner for Deep Purple who decided to dust off the metal-by-numbers kit. They're the second coming of Black Sabbath, a six-day rock orgy that will drag you back to the days when guitar solos terrified small-town preachers, girls tore off their tops during concerts, and people raw-dogged it on shag carpeting. With its monster guitar riffs, machine-gun drumming, and a lead singer who sounds like Robert Plant singing off the edge of a cliff to an audience of unicorns (there's even a flute solo!), you'll be banging your head so hard you'll need to use both hands to keep your face from flying off. [●●●]



Black Sabbath
Paranoid
(Warner Bros., 1971)



Led Zeppelin
Led Zeppelin II
(Atlantic, 1969)

[MO' MUSIC]



YEAH YEAH YEAHs

Show Your Bones
(Interscope)

Now that the hype has died down, we can see Yeah Yeah Yeahs for what they really are: a great rock band. *Show Your Bones* is more badass than the Yeahs' debut. Sleazetastic front-woman Karen O yelps and bellows like Debbie Harry crossed with a pissed-off bag lady, while the two dudes behind her stop trying to look cool and rock out.



PINK

I'm Not Dead
(Zomba)

Compared to her pop peers, Pink's got a decent voice—too bad she doesn't know what to do with it. On the attention-begging *I'm Not Dead*, she takes shots at President Bush and celebutantes like Paris Hilton. These aren't undeserving targets, but amid waves of unconvincing vocal snarls that are supposed to pass for attitude, it's hard to take her seriously.



DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS

A Blessing and a Curse
(New West)

After making three albums about the South and all its backward-ass beauty, Georgia rockers Drive-By Truckers ease off the grits, incest, and sweet tea on their latest. The result is some of their best songs ever (the CCR-ish "Gravity's Gone") and some of their worst (the droning title track). So it's only half bad.



THE STREETS

The Hardest Way to Make an Easy Living
(Vice)

Rappers talk plenty of shit about keeping it real, but few keep it as real as the Streets' Mike Skinner. On his third album, the pale Brit spits the truth regardless of how embarrassing or ugly it sounds. So this means sharply detailed rhymes about getting punched in the head instead of idiotic odes to shiny platinum teeth.



TAKING BACK SUNDAY

Louder Now
(Warner Bros.)

Another month, another batch of Kleenex-carrying whiners with guitars and \$5 haircuts. But these guys are good. (Really!) Amid the massive, arena-rousing choruses that fill their third album, Taking Back Sunday unleash their romantic frustrations, kicking out track after track of cathartic songs about why girls *totally suck*.



BUILT TO SPILL

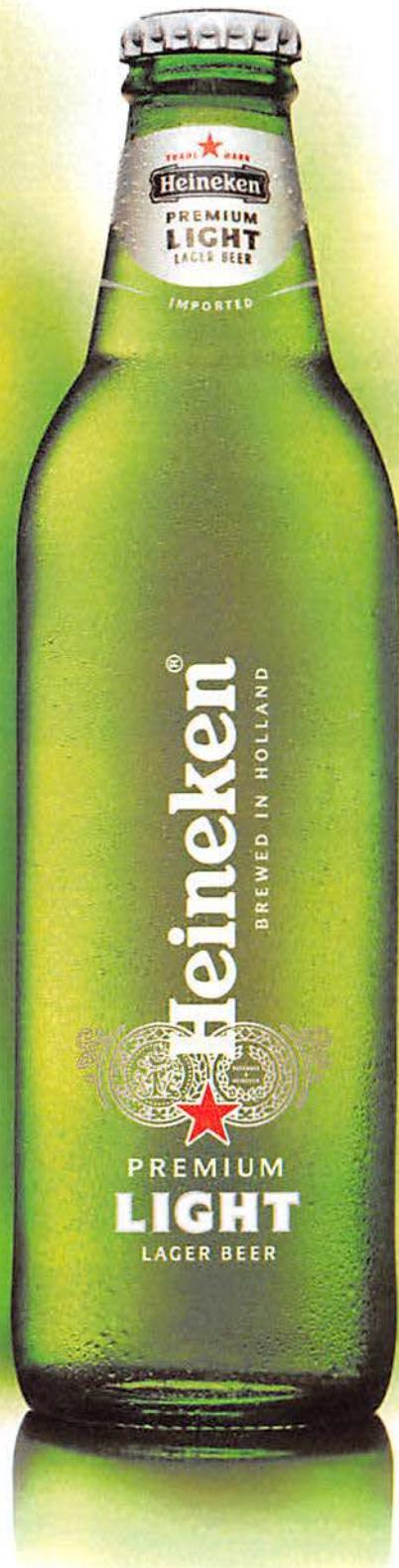
You in Reverse
(Warner Bros.)

While most indie rockers spent the '90s championing low-fi aesthetics, Built to Spill's Doug Martsch was crafting intricate guitar symphonies. This bearded Idahoan hasn't lost his taste for classic-rock majesty. Fluid guitar lines chase his chirping vocals, as Martsch gets his Neil Young on in a serious way, building epics that burnouts and geeks can agree on.

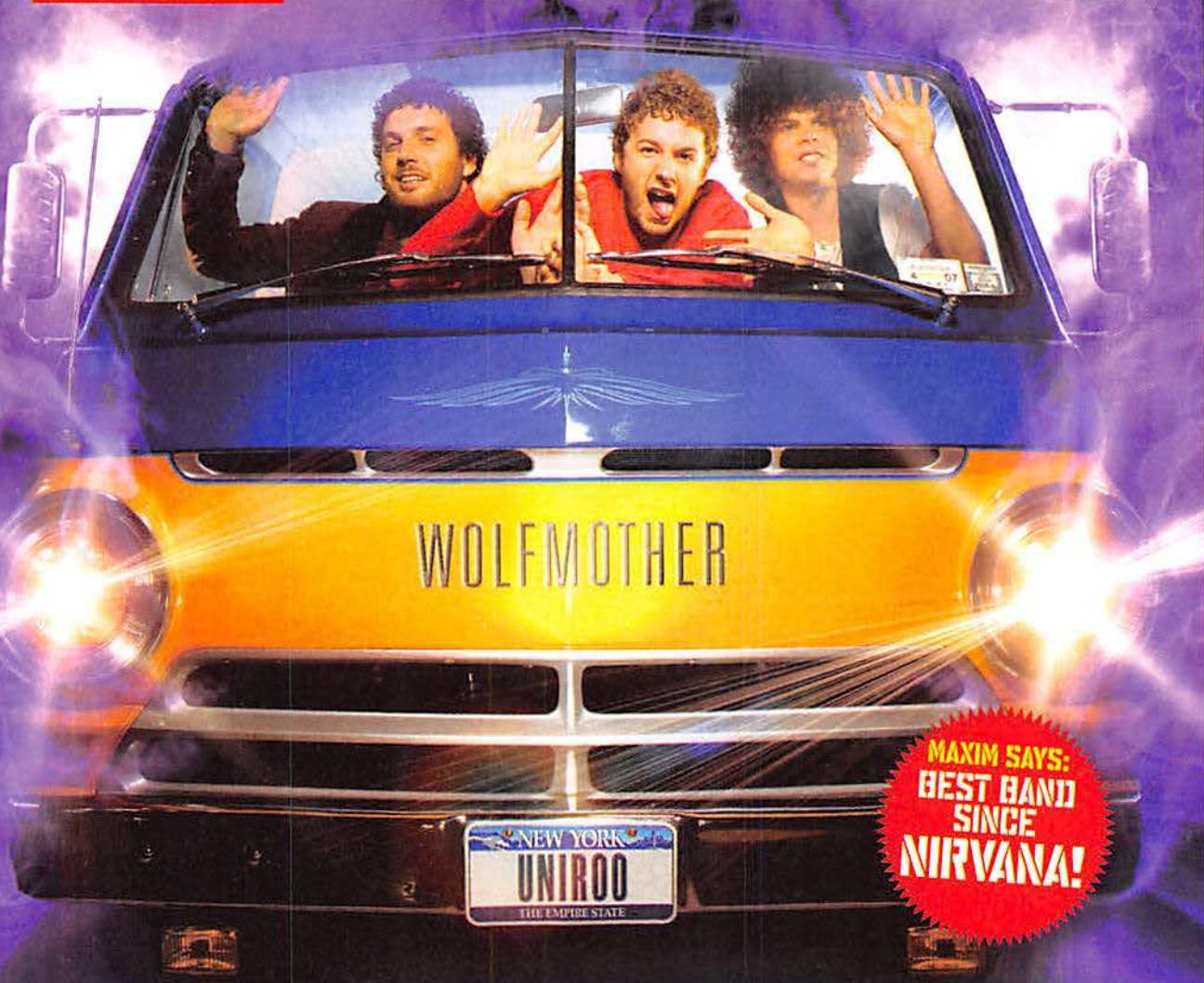


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ATTACK OF THE WOLFMOTHER

Never heard of Chris Ross, Myles Heskett, and Andrew Stockdale? That's OK. Just wait a week.

You rehearsed your record at Cherokee, where Pink Floyd recorded *The Wall*. See any flying pigs?

Andrew: Everyone was telling us we were so lucky to have this fantastic old place to jam in...but it hadn't been cleaned in 20 years. The hallway smelled like a urinal, and the rats ate all our beef jerky.

That doesn't sound like an epic Pink Floyd experience.

Andrew: It's bullshit. There was nothing epic about it.

What's it like to have record labels fight over you?

Myles: There's a lot of positive enthusiasm. We're like a glorious flower that everyone is buzzing around. That's a perfect quote for us, actually.

Who decided to put a flute solo in that song?

Andrew: That was my idea. We were talking about *Anchorman*, and I realized that there had to be a fucking flute solo on this record.

Myles: Apparently, the guy who played the flute solo on our record worked on the *Anchorman* soundtrack. He was only in the orchestra, but we like to think that he was the *Anchorman* flute guy.

What's with all the songs about gnomes and unicorns?

Andrew: Those kind of poetic, medieval descriptions just seem fresh to me. A lot of rock'n'roll is about real-life situations and girlfriends and all these problems. This is more romantic.

Is it true that Andrew's mom cried when she heard the song "White Unicorn"?

Andrew: Yeah, that's true. She hadn't realized what we were doing until she heard the song, so when the first verse kicked in she got emotional.

Chris: It's an emotional song. When I got that riff for the chorus, I thought, *If I could marry a riff, I would marry that one!* I think some of our songs are as good as sex.

Andrew: My sex doesn't last as long as any of our songs.

You don't really believe in all that fairy tale stuff, right?

Myles: What do you mean?

Unicorns.

Myles: Are you saying that unicorns don't exist?

Chris: We have unicorn kangaroos in Australia. They're a hybrid between a kangaroo and a rhino—the uniroo.

Do the chicks dig your hair?

Andrew: Last night this girl...

Chris: That wasn't a girl—that was a woman!

Andrew: Yeah, with huge tits. And she was like, "Can I touch your hair?" I wanted to say, "You're not going to let me touch what I like about you..."

'My sex doesn't last as long as any of our songs.'

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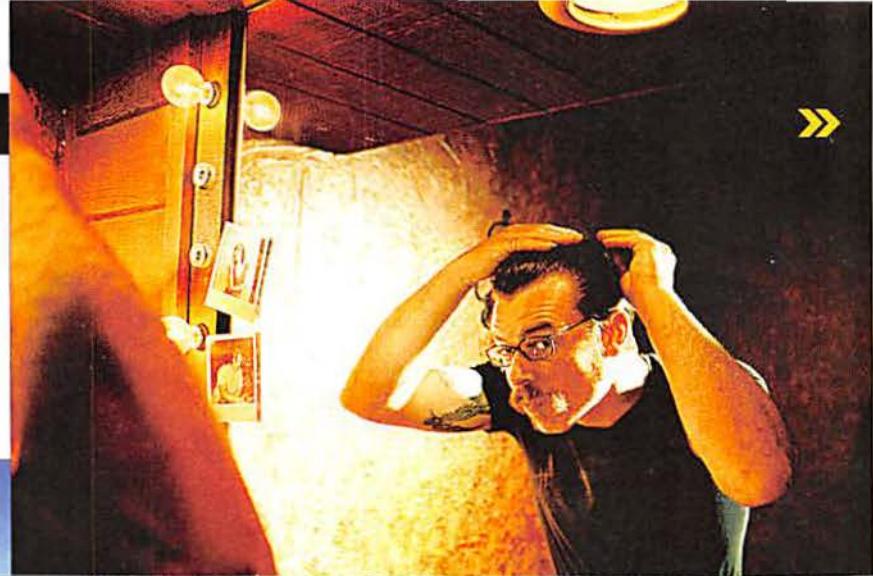
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REVIEWS IN HAIKU

Delicious 17-syllable nuggets
of music review goodness.

GRANDADDY

Just Like the Family
Cat (v2) The latest
album/From this Cali



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[ONE-ON-ONE]



NBA's new recess policy...It's fantastic!

70

BASKETBRAWL!

And 1 Streetball VS. NBA Ballers: Phenom

Both hoops titles are hard, but which one tears shit up?



AND 1 STREETBALL

Ubisoft [PS2, Xbox]

Hot Sauce. Spyda. Escalade. They're not exotic dancers—they're the trash-talking stars of *And 1's* underground streetball scene. Run on decidedly non-NBA locales like Harlem's Rucker Park, create custom moves, and play dress-up with your baller. Sure, *Streetball's* focus on acquiring clothes is kind of lame (shopping in real life sucks, too), but it's still fun to play. [●●●]

NBA BALLERS: PHENOM

Midway [PS2, Xbox]

Midway's *NBA Jam* was the king of button-mashing, arcade-style basketball chaos, until EA's *NBA Street* stole its lunch money. Now Midway makes a bid to reclaim its title with *Phenom*, filled with the kind of sloppy, get-drunk-and-play-till-you-pass-out fun this genre has sorely needed. If you take basketball as seriously as we do (which isn't very), buying this game is a slam dunk. [●●●]

[PIMP YOUR GAME!]

GET YOUR CHEAT ON!

Why play *Phenom* by the rules? Enter these codes at the versus screen by pressing ■, ▲, then ●.



Turn those big bad ballers into little baby children—just type in the code 4-3-3.



Punch in 1-3-4 to give that millionaire athlete a bigger head than he already has.

[BLIPS ON THE SCREEN]



ODAMA

Vivarium [GameCube]

Hit the big silver ball, order your troops to run, and tilt the battlefield in the best Japanese military strategy voice-activated pinball game you'll play this year. A pinball war-simulator game sound strange? You don't know the half of it. *Odama* was created by Yoot Saito, the crazed genius behind the cult smash *Seaman*, which featured a fish with a human face that ate its own babies. [●●●]



FIELD COMMANDER

Sony Online Entertainment [PSP]

Think you could be a better commander in chief than a former coke-head and baseball team owner? (Hell, you couldn't do worse.) Start power-trippin' with *Commander*, which allows you to organize large-scale military combat operations against the enemy. And you can use those strategy skills to whip your veteran uncle's Gulf War syndrome-addled ass online. (Show no mercy.) [●●●]



DEAD RISING

Capcom [Xbox 360]

If running through a Wal-Mart and smashing shoppers in the face with a two-by-four is something you could be doing in the next few weeks, go buy this game instead and release your rage on hundreds of mall-zombies. It's *Resident Evil* meets *Day of the Dead*, and it's actually funny...especially when you've gotten silly brains all over your wrinkle-free dress shirt! [●●●]

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13 SHOTS 9

MONTREAL



Hell on Ice!



Is the L.A. Kings' Sean Avery—the league leader in penalty minutes, Hollywood hookups, and outrageous quotes—the worst thing to happen to hockey since the lockout? Or the best?

Interview by Diane Hill | Photographs by Donald Miller



"Hey, asshole,
have we met?"

So what's the deal, is the penalty-minute title something you're actively pursuing? I think it just happens. I'm trying to get rid of it. At times there are things I do that I probably shouldn't. But I think when those times happen now, they're unstoppable. I think I've cleaned up my act as much as I can to this point.

Doesn't it hurt your team that you spend so much time in the penalty box?

It does, but a lot of my penalty minutes have been 10-minute misconducts at the end of games. Yelling at refs or when something really bad has happened, or we're losing and I just can't control my emotions anymore. **You're 5'9", not tall for an enforcer. Where does your mean streak come from?**

My mom. She's getting older now, but she used to be a bit of a crazy woman. In a good way.

Who's the most overrated NHLer?

Shane Doan in Phoenix, for sure.

He has more goals and assists than you, by the way.

He probably makes three million more than me, too. How many points does he have? I'm sure he doesn't have that much more than me. He's a whiner. A lot of the respect he gets is because he's just a clean-cut guy. He seems like a real yes-man to me.

Which player would you love to cross-check into the boards?

The guy I owe the most right now is Kirk Maltby from Detroit. He busted in my nose earlier this year. I was going after Chris Chelios, and there was a big pile, and it happened so quick. When people come together, they're coming from all angles. And it was more of a really, really giant bitch slap. I don't think Maltby knows how to punch, he just knows how to slap. He got me good. But I know Malt would never square off and fight me. If I dropped my gloves, he'd skate away and I'd get a penalty.

Are there other guys you get pumped to face?

There are a few guys on Anaheim I would really like to do a number on. I'm not a big fan of Andy McDonald. He's an arrogant little midget who would never back up anything he says in his life.

Anybody you're afraid of?

Uh, no. There are some pretty scary girls that work the door in L.A., at the clubs.

Are hockey players the toughest pro athletes?

Yeah, no question. A football player would never get his face busted like this [points to right eye, which is black and blue from taking a puck in the face] and finish a game. A baseball player would never even think of it. That dude would already be at the hotel eatin' [laughs].

What goes through your mind during a fight?

At the point when you actually drop your gloves and square off with a guy, everything kind of goes away. It's like watching a movie with that slow-frame motion. You just kind of zone in. It's kind of like a *Matrix* experience. You know it's loud, but you don't really hear it. It's cool. [+]

LIVE TO
SKATE,
SKATE TO
HURT!

Before a game, are there certain guys you're aiming to fight?
Yeah, sometimes it's preset. There's a guy you don't like, and you have it in your head that you just want to fight him. But a lot of the time it just happens during the game. A guy takes a cheap shot at one of your guys. It usually starts that way.

Are there nights when you think, Man, I'd really like to pound someone's face in?

Yeah. That usually happens when you've lost. And not by one or two goals, but a blowout. Pretty much every time there's a blowout, I get upset and take it out on someone.

What's up with pulling guys' shirts over their heads? Do they teach you that in junior hockey?

It just makes sense. If you pull his jersey over his head he can't see, and you can just punch away.

Seems like kind of a dishonorable way to fight.

You try to win at any expense. That's the whole point of sports.

What's made you the most hated guy in the league?

I'd say it's mostly the on-ice stuff. I talk a lot of trash. I told one guy he should let his dog lick his face, not chew it. When I really, really dislike a guy, I usually start in on the wife. I usually just say that his wife is either fat or ugly. One of the two.

Do you feel like every team has someone gunning for you?

Always. I'm so used to it now, it's just an assumption going into every game that somebody's going to be up my ass.

Ever worry that if you get traded, you're going to have to face guys you've badmouthed?

I'm sure at some point I'm going to have to look at these guys and say, "Hey, you know, no hard feelings." Hopefully everyone will be cool with it.

How did the lockout affect hockey?

It probably saved the game. The year off was the best thing that could have happened. We needed to reevaluate, and they did it and changed the rules. And our marketing is so much better now. Here in L.A., we've sold out every game.

Are shootouts good for the game, or just hockey's way of selling out to increase ratings?

They're awesome. I don't know why everyone looked upon it as this dreaded thing where we were selling out. It's a breakaway, it's a shootout. You decide regular-season games by it. It's great for the fans. We, as players, like watching it probably more than anyone.

Has there been too much hype around Sidney Crosby?

The kid has proved that he's a big-time player. Thank God for the league that it actually worked like

LeBron. He's good, the guy can play.

You've dated Rachel Hunter and

Elisha Cuthbert. What's your secret?

I must have a really good smile [laughs]. I've got a great personality as well.

So who is L.A. sports' most eligible bachelor?

I don't know. We never see any of the baseball players, so I don't think they are doing anything. Kobe is married. Luke Walton is trying to have game, but I don't think he does. Matt Leinart, maybe. These guys need to take advantage of it a little more.

You're known as a partyer. Ever show up to practice hung over?

Yeah. That's part of what being an athlete is. If you burn the candle at both ends, you gotta be able to do it at work. I'm young enough and in good enough shape. Not a lot of people work in L.A., and there are a lot of parties.

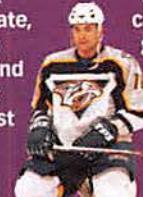
I told one guy that he should let his dog lick his face, not chew it.

[TRASH TALK]

Avery vs. the World

Plenty of guys dislike Sean Avery. Here's why.

► **On Nashville Predators forward Darcy Hordichuk:** "Hordichuk is the worst player in the NHL. He's an embarrassment. He can't even skate, he can't shoot, and he can't pass. Just look at the stats."



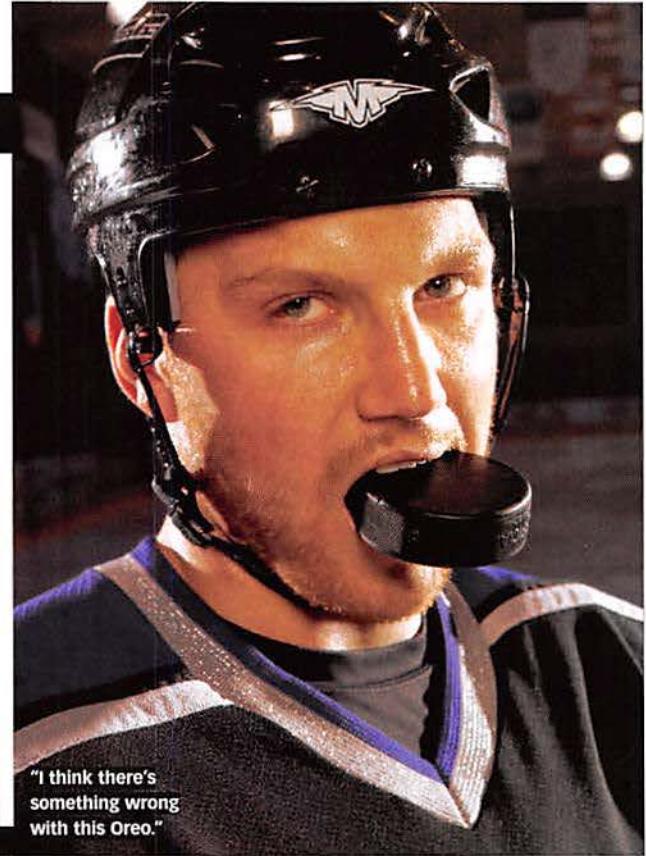
► **On the Phoenix Coyotes' Denis Gauthier:** "I think it was typical of most French guys in our league with a visor on, running around and playing tough and not backing anything up."



► **On former NHLPA head Bob Goodenow, after the lockout ended:** "We didn't get anything. We wasted an entire season. I am furious at Bob. Bob thought he was bigger than he was. Bob brainwashed players like me."



► **On Predators forward Paul Kariya, a two-time Olympian and seven-time all-star:** "He's overrated. He was good his first seven or eight years in the league. You know what? I just really don't like the guy at all. He's a diver. He dives a lot, and he gets away with it."



"I think there's something wrong with this Oreo."



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Let *Maxim*'s very own lady of the night, **Heidi Fleiss**, give you some valuable pointers.



For the man who has everything, may we suggest fine wrought iron and carpet burns?



HOT NEW COLUMN
SHE KNOWS A THING OR TWO!

WT

hich is more likely to impress a girl, the ability to last a long time before ejaculating or the ability to go at it a bunch of times?

—William, Baldwin, NY

Several short bursts is better. Nothing turns a woman on like making a guy come. "Oh, I made him come. Yes!" It makes her feel completely sexy and in control.

The more times you can do it, the more times she gets totally amped. Personally, I love it if a guy comes in one second. But then he'd better get hard again pretty soon.

I'm 36, and I'm sleeping with a 19-year-old. Does that mean I'm a scumbag? Is there a point at which the age difference between a guy and a girl becomes inappropriate?

—Kerry, Northbrook, IL

When I was 19 I had a boyfriend who was 61. Yes, he was rich and he looked like Santa Claus, but I honestly fell in love with him. The night I met him at the Monkey Bar in L.A., he told me, "I sailed on the Queen Mary before they docked it and made it a tourist attraction." I got a kick out of that, and it made me want to sleep with him. It also helped that he carried himself very well, which is one reason a lot of younger women like older guys.

I think you're fine with your 19-year-old. Age doesn't matter at all. If you hit it off with someone, you hit it off. What are you gonna do? You've got to enjoy it. But it's hard because society does judge you, and as much as you want to say you don't care what other people think of you, most of us do care to some degree. But eventually you'll get over the stress and ease into it.

'If you're a virgin at 20, you might have a real problem.'

I've tried to pick up girls at bars and parties, but I'm just not a smooth talker. How important is it to have an arsenal of opening lines and suave bullshit?—Roberto, San Antonio, TX

Pickup lines are overrated—most of them are tacky, and every woman knows it. It's really the delivery that counts. With the right delivery, a guy can use the tackiest line or even the stupidest line and still come off cool. Body language is as important as words when it comes to first impressions. Every woman wants a confident guy and a stable guy. Whether they admit it or not, every woman wants to stand next to a man who's gonna be her 911.

My friends say the more piercings and tattoos a girl has, the more adventurous she is in bed. True?—Jimmy, Cooper City, FL

Sorry, I can't help you on this one. My feeling is that tattoos are disgusting and unsanitary. Women weren't born with that shit on their bodies. And I just do not get into piercings at all. My [+] [+] [+]

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THE FIRST LADY OF SEX!

ears are pierced, and that's it. Women should have pierced ears, not men. For guys, sure, tattoos are a little sexy sometimes. I'll give you that, but not much more.

I recently got engaged, and I love my fiancée. But I'm pretty sure at some point I'm going to cheat on her. I travel a lot and have plenty of opportunities to sleep with other women. Should I just give in to the inevitable even though I know it could eventually mean trouble?—Anonymous

Don't get married. If you know you're gonna cheat, you have to tell that person early on. And it's not just to save her feelings, either. Here's what a lot of people never stop to consider about marriage: One of the biggest things your wedding does is make the state a third party in your relationship. It sounds cynical, but it's the truth. The minute you slip the ring on, the state has a say in your business. As soon as you're divorced, who gets

involved? The state, lawyers, law. Believe me, you don't want that.

We all know that when you first fall in love it's supposed to be, "You and me forever till the wheels fall off." But we're talking about human nature. You'll eventually start to look at other women. Congratulations to the two percent out there who stick with one person forever. I don't know if that's good or bad, but that's the way it is. So if you suspect you're gonna do something that could lead to divorce, don't get married in the first place.

Ever since she got a vibrator, my girlfriend has paid more attention to it than to me. Is there a fix, or should I just bail out of the relationship?—Bryce, Anchorage, AK

Don't sweat it. She'll eventually get tired of her vibrator. A lot of men are hesitant to introduce toys into their relationships because they worry about this exact thing, but here's some insight into what women think of sex toys: The second after they come, they want to throw them all out. No woman in the world wants to rinse them off and clean them and stash them away. You just want that shit to disappear as soon as you come. "Oh, my God, get rid of that evidence. It's gross. Let's put on some sweatpants and watch TV like old people." If you're really worried about it, that little window after she comes is the

best time to throw that shit in the trash forever.

'Pickup lines are overrated. It's really the delivery that counts.'

I'm a 20-year-old virgin. Do women hate sleeping with virgins, or do they consider it cool to bag one?—D.J., Athens, OH

I knew one guy, a star UCLA quarterback, who used to claim he was a virgin for religious reasons. But he used to say that to every girl. As in, "I'm a star quarterback and everybody wants me, and you get to be the first one to have me." That was his line, and it worked. In a way it was a clever strategy, because he was a well-known quarterback and he had women all over him. This really made girls feel special, to be his first. But the fact is, it was the football-player part that turned them on, and his situation was one in a million. Almost no women want to be with a virgin. Who wants to teach Sex 101 to someone? If you're a virgin at 20, you might have a real problem, like a mother complex. That goes for both men and women. And if you say you're a virgin for God, that's an even bigger turnoff. Unless you also happen to be a millionaire athlete.

Is there one sure way to know that a woman is interested in me?—Martel, Santa Barbara, CA

When women want something, we're usually pretty direct. The best way to tell if she's interested is if she asks, "Are you single?" The only reason she asks that is because she's attracted to you and wants to know if you're available. She wants you.

I've had a lot of girlfriends and a very adventurous sex life. Is it possible to freak women out by having too many former partners? What's the number beyond which they start to get nervous?—Saul, Portland, ME

I don't know what the exact number is. Who cares if you've slept with 20,000 or 10 women? It's all about how you are with the person you're with now. But if you have been with a ton of women, it's probably not something you should brag about. ☺



ASK HEIDI

Need Heidi's help? Reach out to her at heidifleiss@maximmag.com and she'll answer the best questions, free of charge.

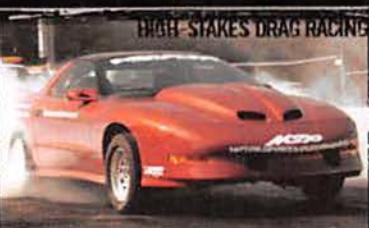
"May I take your coat, Miss Fleiss?"

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Very Heavy Metal

Did that vet down the street save 50 soldiers from certain death in the shit or just know how to shine boots? Here's how to tell.

By Charles Coxe Illustrations by 3DI Studio



MEDAL OF HONOR

1 Requiring "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of life above and beyond the call of duty," the MOH is the highest U.S. decoration. A grunt needs a commander's recommendation; two eyewitnesses to swear he went all Rambo in battle, killing enemies or saving lives; and the OK from a board of snoozing generals. The original Navy/Marine Corps one, created in 1862, features the Roman goddess Minerva kickin' ass.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

2 This medal, for "extraordinary heroism," goes to soldiers who seriously risked their tuckuses to bail out their country and fellow soldiers but weren't quite supermen like Audie Murphy. The Army version (1918) pictured here preceded the Navy (1919) and Air Force (1960) types, and the ribbon colors represent sacrifice, purity, and high purpose. Bonus: Enlisted troops who earn it get a 10 percent increase in retired pay!

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

3 Awarded for "exceptionally meritorious service," the DSM isn't as sexy as the first two, because the soldiers who earn it don't necessarily face actual bullets. It often goes to big shots far from the front lines. The first batch was given to Allied commanders after WWI. The Air Force one, created in 1960, features 13 gold rays and stars for the original colonies. The blue stone represents the "vault of the heavens." Trippy.

[HERO & ZERO]

Joe Hooper

Some guys really earn their medals...

Skinny: Vietnam War badass

Kills: At least 115 Vietcong, with 24 in one six-hour firefight.

Medal count: Thirty-seven, more than any other U.S. grunt, including a Medal of Honor, two Silver Stars, six Bronze Stars, eight Purple Hearts...plus 60 percent disability and a desk job at the VA!

Tragic fate: Struggled with PTSD and alcoholism and died of "natural causes" at age 40.

**Idi Amin**

...And some guys really don't.

Skinny: Ugandan dictator/thug

Kills: Up to 300,000...Ugandans!

Medal count: Awarded himself Britain's Victoria Cross, Military Cross, and Distinguished Service Order, plus so many other trinkets he had to have his military tunics specially tailored to fit them all. Oh, he also proclaimed himself king of Scotland.

Tragic fate: Overthrown and exiled in 1979. Died in 2003. Yes!

**SILVER STAR**

4 Pimple-size in 1918, this puppy picked up its bronze backing in 1932. To earn it you have to do something brave, but not as ballsy as the actions required for the MOH or the Cross. In 1970 Gen. Wesley Clark, then a captain, was plugged four times by a Vietcong sniper but still led a counter-attack and defeated the enemy. That's "gallantry in action," a.k.a. Star material. (But apparently not presidential material!)

LEGION OF MERIT

5 This glorified employee-of-the-year certificate is awarded for "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services and achievements." Further hampering this medal's rep is the fact that it can be pinned on foreigners who don't even serve in the U.S. military. It's been whored out to everyone from a Polish army major to former Chinese leader Chiang Kai-shek. But it'll still totally get you laid.

PURPLE HEART

6 Conceived as a "Badge of Military Merit" by Gen. George Washington (that's his noggin, and the shield is his coat of arms), only three Revolutionary War soldiers earned it. Then Gen. Douglas MacArthur brought it back in the 1930s. Its first recipient? MacArthur. Today you don't have to be brave or do anything spectacular, but you do have to be "wounded or killed." Yikes! Sadly, you can't get it for self-inflicted pain.

→ SUPERMOTO

Laugh at Death

These hardcore bikes combine the muscle of motocross with the refinement of road rides. (FYI: Not for male nurses.)



82

**SUZUKI DR-Z400SM (\$6,199)**

Looking to break your neck but don't know where to start? Sporting 17-inch rims, road-race tires, and gnarly suspension, this beast hugs curves like a horny Japanese businessman. That makes it a much radder option for your first bike than, say, a Harley-Davidson Electra Glide. (suzukicycles.com)

**HUSQVARNA SM 610 (\$7,499)**

Two unrelated problems: You're a frustrated showman, and your commute's a bitch. Enter the 610 and its 576 cc engine, 53 hp, 38.3 ft-lb of torque at 6,500 rpm, and tons of other numbers that mean little now but make all the difference when hot-dogging it down the highway median. (husqvarnausa.com)

**APRILIA SXV SUPERMOTO (\$8,399)**

First it was women, then cars. Now the fastest thing in Italy is a bike. Aprilia's SXV—an *almost* street-legal version of its world champion racer, supermoto's first-ever V-twin—has an ultralight plastic body that helps the machine rocket to a 115 mph top speed. Now that's Italian! (apriliausa.com)

[TRAVIS PASTRANA, LUNATIC]

Maxim wanted to sponsor him, but there wasn't room

Supermoto Man!

The X Games star on why he never takes the bus.

What is supermoto, exactly?

It brings all forms of racing together: dirt bikers against road racers against dirt-track and flat-track racers. The course is part pavement, part dirt. So the road racers kill us on the road, and we

kill them on the dirt. I'm sure they think, Gee, those guys suck, and I'm like, Those guys can't ride for crap.

What's the top speed in races?

About 120. But our bikes will get to 60 faster than a Porsche or Ferrari.

How are they different from a stock bike?

They're very similar. The street-legal ones are detuned a bit, and they're a little heavier.

Got an easy way to soup one up?

A pipe and silencer [exhaust system] will get you more horsepower. Other ways to make it faster will get you marginal gain with a lot of problems.

How can a guy dress to ride and not be a poseur?

That depends on the ability and stupidity of the rider. If you're at Daytona bike week, cruising five miles per hour in traffic in a full set of leathers when it's 100 degrees, you might get beat up. But if you're rolling down the highway at three times the speed limit, yeah, I'd go for the leathers.



Cuervo HOT 101

The ballots are in, and the
votes have been tallied.

Who will be crowned the Cuervo
Hot 101? Here's a hint: She's hot.
Really, really hot.

But that's as much as we can tell you. You'll
have to check back with us next month,
when we officially introduce the Cuervo
Hot 101. We're fairly sure the public will
adore her.

VIVE Cuervo



Drink responsibly.

→ LET'S GET RICH!

Wealthy, Car-Hoarding Bastard!

Aussie Matthew Reilly writes wacky adventure novels—and rakes in piles of cash for them.

DO BLAST YOUR OWN HORN

"I self-published my first novel, *Contest*—it was rejected by every publisher in Australia," says Reilly, 31, who's sold two million books worldwide. "It cost \$8,000 to produce 1,000 copies. I drove to stores to sell it for \$8 a copy. At one store it was discovered by a publishing bigwig, who offered me a deal. It wasn't about money. I just wanted to get noticed, and that's exactly what happened."

DON'T LISTEN TO THE HATERS

"When you self-publish, it's a whole other kind of rejection. People say, 'Oh, you self-published. Not only must you suck, but you're also vain!' You've got to bulldoze through that. Half the people in power don't know what they're doing and are just afraid of getting fired. The Beatles got rejected. Let rejection fire you up. Prove them wrong. And use it as a funny anecdote in speeches later."

DO WHAT YOU ACTUALLY CARE ABOUT

"I write what I like to read. I once met a poet who wrote a thriller just for the money, and the book tanked. This is why I don't write poetry or more literary fare. Enthusiasm, or lack thereof, comes up off the page. And readers will spot a fake in 10 seconds flat."

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE WEB

"It was my idea to publish my book *Hover Car Racer* online. I released it in serialized installments of 35 to 70 pages for free and got sponsors to put ads on the Web pages. It worked really, really well."

DO INVEST LIKE A MOFO

"I made \$1.5 million in 2004, but my first advance was only \$6,000. I invest in stocks and one hedge fund. If the market goes up, my portfolio does, too. If it drops, the hedge fund goes up. And I buy cars that retain value. You may as well drive around in your money."

DON'T LET MONEY BLIND YOU

"One guy I thought was a friend turned out to be a con man. He asked for money for a writing venture, and I gave it to him. But his project never materialized, and I haven't seen him since."

TOY 1
DELOREAN \$45,000



TOY 2
LOTUS \$65,000

TOY 3
PORSCHE \$125,000

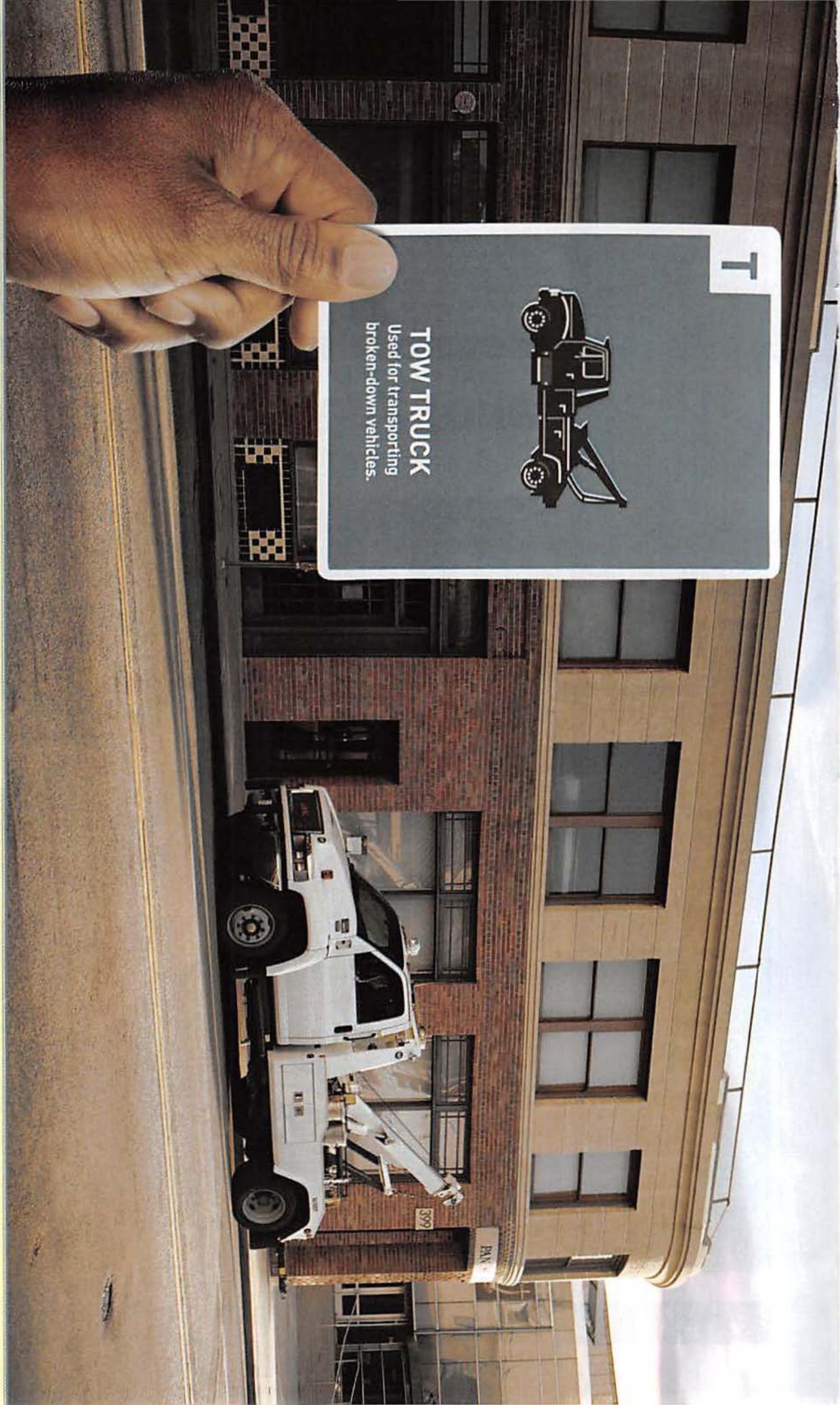


IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU'LL FORGET WHEN YOU OWN A GM CERTIFIED USED VEHICLE. All thanks to a 110+ Point

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No worries.™



CELLULAR EXPERIENCE



→ PHONE FUN

How to Make a Ring Tone

Tired of hearing Laffy Taffy every time someone calls you? Your friends are.

SELECT YOUR SOUNDS

1 Sure, you can assign standard ring tones to all your friends and enemies, so that "Taps" warns that your asswipe boss is calling. But you can also make any recordable sound into a custom tone. How to choose? Composing your noise on a Casio keyboard will testify to your creativity, while ripping a top-40 track announces your breadth of pop-culture knowledge. Or grab a "Milk was a bad choice!" sound clip and bask in your own cleverness.

EDIT YOUR BEATS

2 Wanna get fancy? You can use music studio software to tinker with songs and clips. Ringtone Media Studio (\$20, at ringtonemediastudio.com) easily turns MP3s into annoying sound bites. Programs like Acid XMC and Sound Forge Audio Studio (\$40 and \$70, both at sonymediasoftware.com) and GarageBand 3 (part of the iLife software package, \$79 at apple.com) are pricier, but they'll have you adding more cowbell in minutes.

LOAD YOUR PHONE

3 Finally got your dream "My Heart Will Go On" remix cued up and ready to go? MyPhoneFiles.com offers free software to turn your audio file into a perfectly usable ring tone. From there it's as simple as (1) select the file, (2) if necessary, convert it to a supported format (such as MP3, WAV, or OGG), and (3) transmit the tone to your phone. And that's it! (FYI: The fact that no one has called you in two months isn't our problem.)

KILLER RHYMES

[NEW KNOWLEDGE]

Pop Smarts

Our wisest sages? People on TV!

"What is a black man without his paranoia intact?"

—DAVE CHAPPELLE,
The Oprah Winfrey Show



"The only reason to wait a month for sex is if the girl is 17 years and 11 months old."

—BARNEY STINSON
(NEIL PATRICK HARRIS),
How I Met Your Mother



"I don't do oysters. If I'm going to swallow something that disgusting, there'd better be something in it for me."

—JULIE COOPER (NICHOL)
(MELINDA CLARKEN),
The OC



"New York is like Scranton on speed. No, acid."

—MICHAEL SCOTT (STEVE CARELL),
The Office



"Muslim law condemns any artistic rendering of the prophet Mohammed, kind of like the Christian commandment against using the Lord's name in vain, or Buddhism's unspoken rule: Try not to make him into a bong."

—JOHN STEWART
The Daily Show



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NASCAR EXPLOSION! FAST AND FURIOUS!

Stuff



J.LO
SEXIEST
PHOTO
SHOOT
EVER!

P.122

MIND-BLOWING!

**STACY
KEIBLER
SWEET &
VICIOUS!**

**WWE'S
REIGNING
QUEEN!**

P.84

PLUS!

KATE MOSS
ARCTIC
MONKEYS
GISELE
SEAN PAUL
ELISHA
CUTHBERT
PAUL WALL
THE NEW
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→ UNIQUE THREADS

Hobo Fabulous

Don't spend your whole check to look like a trendy bum. We got all this at thrift stores for **62** bucks!

THRIFT STORE

\$12 VINTAGE TEE

Comb the boys' department, where well-worn school, camp, and sports finds run rampant, says Gina King of thrift chain Savers (savers.com).

**\$2 BELT**

Don a fake 'stache, then find funky buckles in the women's accessory section. A bit scuffed? It'll look like you've had it since grade school. Sweet!

**\$10 SHOES**

If you can actually find a barely worn pair of white sneakers, give 'em a quick stank check and grab 'em. White Nikes go with just about everything.

ALL SALES FINAL

**\$20 BLAZER**

Look for name brands (this one's Brooks Brothers) in two places: as singles and on the suit rack. A jacket from an outdated combo can still kill.

ALL SALES FINAL

\$6 DRESS SHIRT

Avoid polyester, unless you're going to Funkytown. And check for missing buttons and wear on the cuffs before making it your goin'-out shirt.

**\$2 SUNGLASSES**

Can't go wrong with aviators. Check your look in a mirror, and aside from BluBlockers, avoid plastic frames—the lenses pop out too easily.

**\$10 JEANS**

Like Diane Lane, Levi's get better with age. Can't try 'em on? Wrap the waist around your neck. If the ends touch easily, they'll fit your gut just fine.

ALL SALES FINAL

When We Find
Bad Breath
We Kill It

NEW!

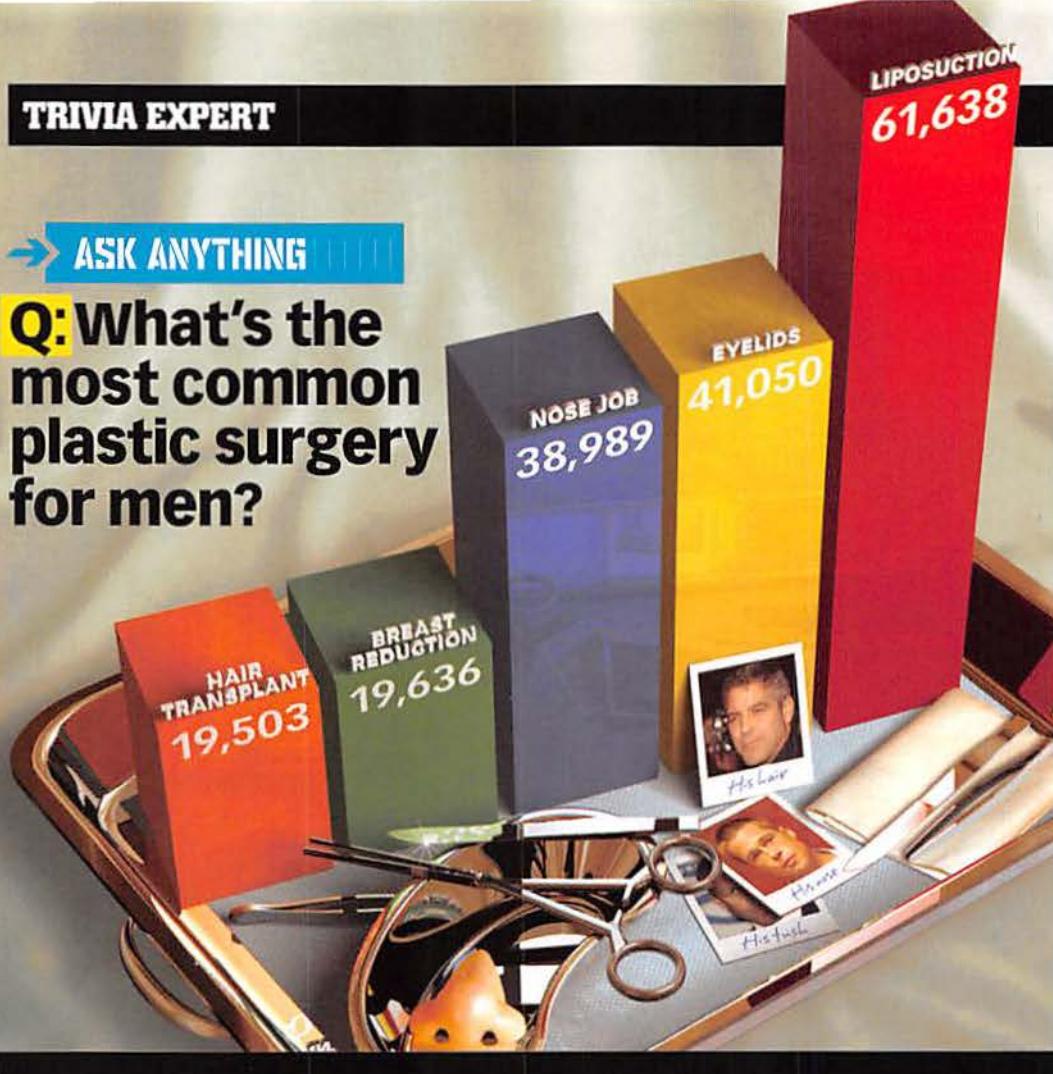
CINNAMON

eclipse
mints



ASK ANYTHING

Q: What's the most common plastic surgery for men?



Q: What's America's most protected possession?

A: Its virginity, of course. Wait, that's yours. We seal up the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Constitution in paper-friendly argon gas-filled titanium cases. But like the White House, the Capitol building, and the vault at the Federal Reserve.



Bank of New York, any ol' slob can go see 'em. Weak. The U.S. Bullion Depository (which actually isn't part of Fort Knox) holds \$6 billion in gold—chump change these days. As for nukes, "We don't acknowledge the existence of nuclear components at any specific facility, because we

like to keep the bad guys guessing," says DoD spokesman Maj. Paul Swiergosz. So it seems the best way to protect something is to act as if it's not there—making an alien wasteland our final answer. "I can't say we have guys guarding Area 51," says Swiergosz. "Because I don't even know where that is or if it exists." Right.

[STRAIGHT ANSWERS]

Did Roger Bannister break the four-minute mile in an actual race? **NO**

Did the Earl of Sandwich invent the sandwich? **NO**

If a cobra bites itself, can it die? **YES**

Is the Great Wall of China visible from the moon? **NO**



Q: What animal kills the most people each year?

A: Mosquitoes, carriers of malaria and other pathogenic microorganisms, kill the most humans worldwide—more than two million each year. But what about animals with teeth, you ask? They hog headlines, but bears, mountain lions, and sharks can't compete with the fatality rates put up by dogs and snakes. In Africa the hippo is the deadliest four-legged animal, but here in the States it's, well, friggin' deer. Vehicular collisions with animals accounted for 204 deaths in 2004, with the white-tailed deer leading the charge. "People have implied that it's 'just part of living and driving in the U.S.,'" says Keith Knapp at the University of Wisconsin's Deer-Vehicle Crash Information Clearinghouse. In other words, the deer's killing rampage is unlikely to end anytime soon. Consider it payback for the six million-plus Bambis taken out each year by hunters' hot lead.



"Bite me? Bite you."

[KNOW THIS]

It's a fact!

TO DEATH!

A champagne cork, when popped, can travel up to 100 miles per hour.

MOUTHFUL

Singer John Denver's given name was Henry John Deutschendorf Jr. Really.

CHEAP LABOR

Actors Robert Redford, Steve McQueen, and Paul Newman all turned down \$4 million offers to be Superman. Christopher Reeve took the part for \$250,000.

F THE LAW

After Prohibition went into effect on January 16, 1920, national alcohol consumption went up 11.6 percent.

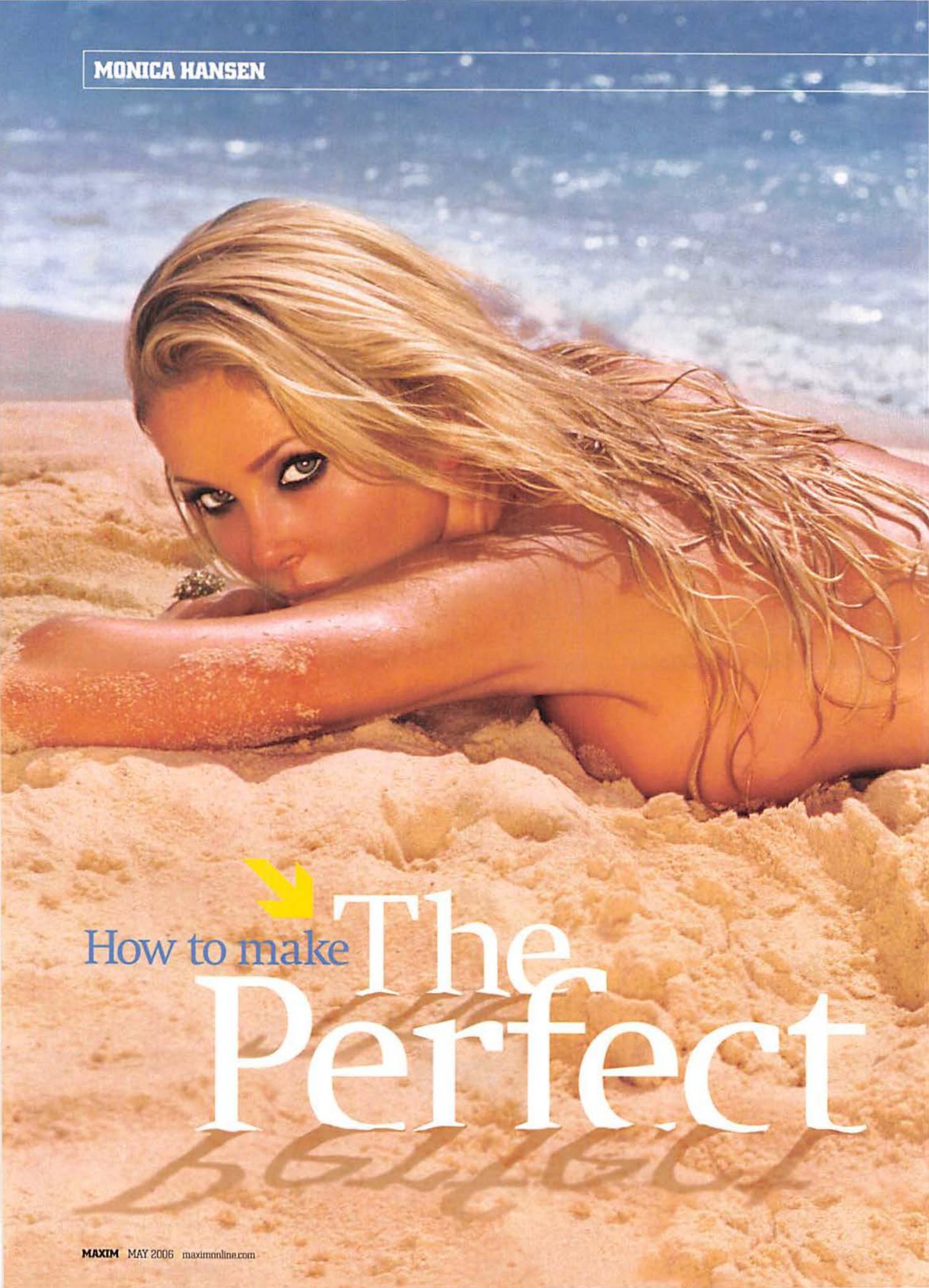
NO TYPO

In 1969 French author Georges Perec published a 300-page novel, *La Disparition*, that didn't contain a single letter e. Stranger still, the American translation, *A Void*, was also completely e-less. But it still sucked.

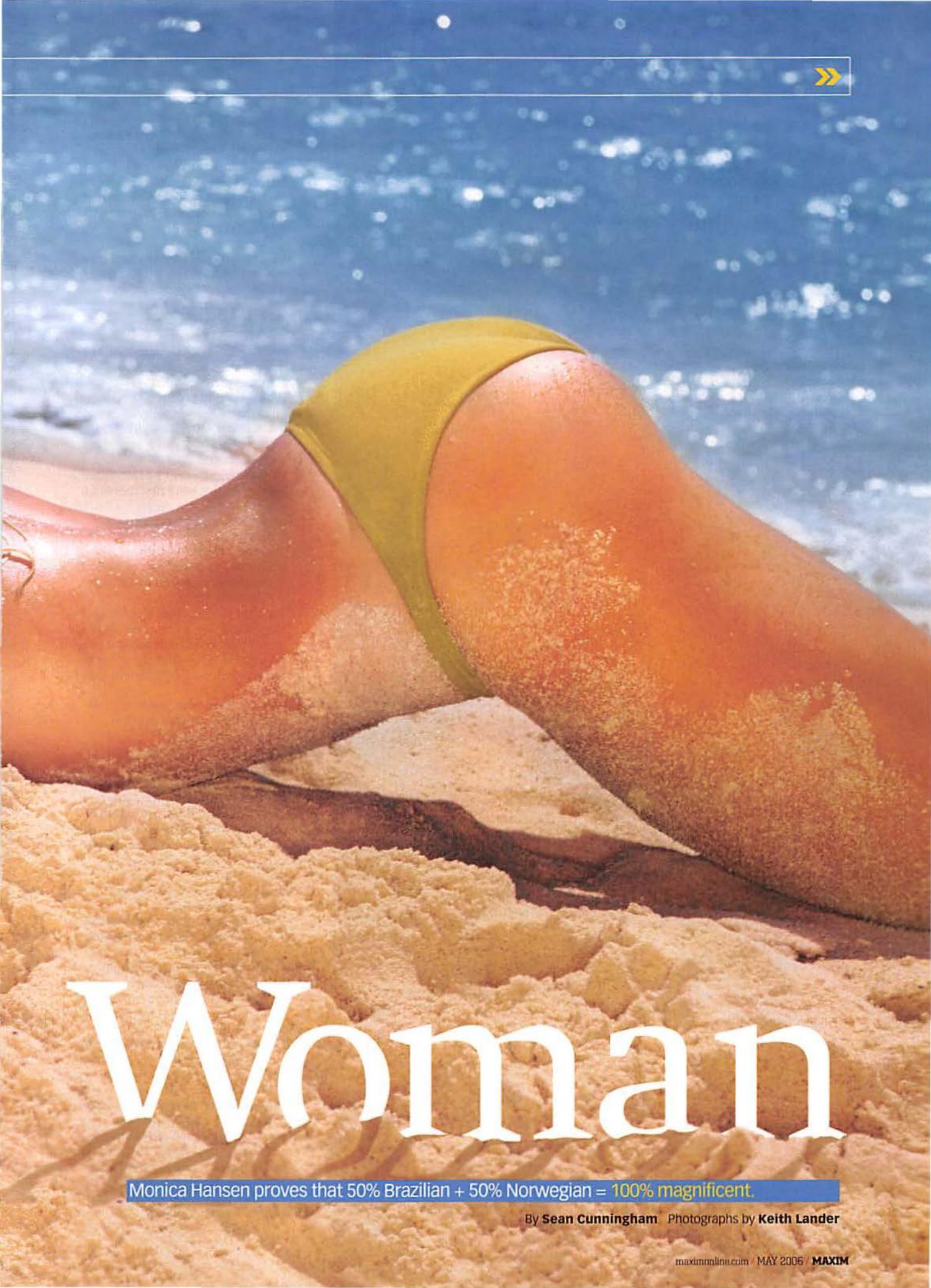


Miles Away from Ordinary

MONICA HANSEN



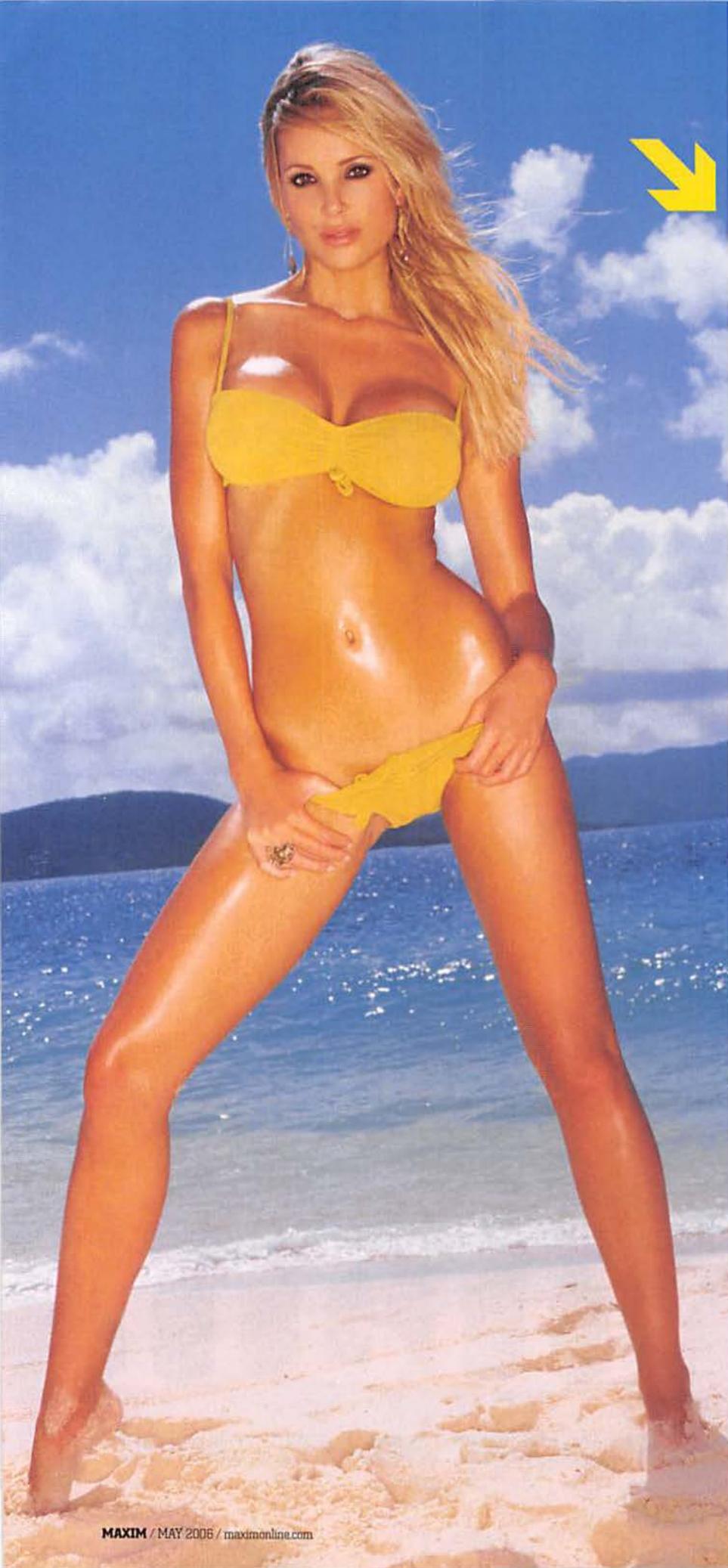
How to make **The**
Perfect



Woman

Monica Hansen proves that 50% Brazilian + 50% Norwegian = 100% magnificent.

By Sean Cunningham Photographs by Keith Lander



You're half Norwegian and half Brazilian. Which part is more responsible for your hotness?

I think I owe it to my mom. She's Brazilian, and I look like her. I get the height and the blonde hair from my father. But I've got my mother's body for sure.

You grew up in Norway and now live in Los Angeles. Do you find American fellas more aggressive than your countrymen?

Norwegians can be lazy because of the welfare. I find Americans harder working. I think American men are more masculine and European men are more metropolitan.

Which do you prefer?

I like masculinity in a guy.

U.S.A.! One American guy who reportedly liked you a whole lot was Leonardo DiCaprio.

We were friends at one point. I met him in a club when I first moved to L.A. The Norwegian media got a hold of that. It was more of a flirtation than something serious.

You can afford to be choosy with men because you're already surrounded by loved ones: your pet tortoises.

The ones I have are the third-largest kind of tortoise in the world. They can grow up to 500 pounds and live until they're 135 years old. Mine are only three months old. My kids will have to take care of them.

You made another celebrity pal when you appeared on The Howard Stern Show.

This was back in '99. I had just moved to the States, and my English wasn't as good. There was a porn star on after our segment, and Howard asked if I was in the adult industry as well. I misunderstood the question and said yes. It was very funny. My modeling agency was about to have a heart attack. They were like, "Great, Monica, now everybody's going to think you're a porn star."

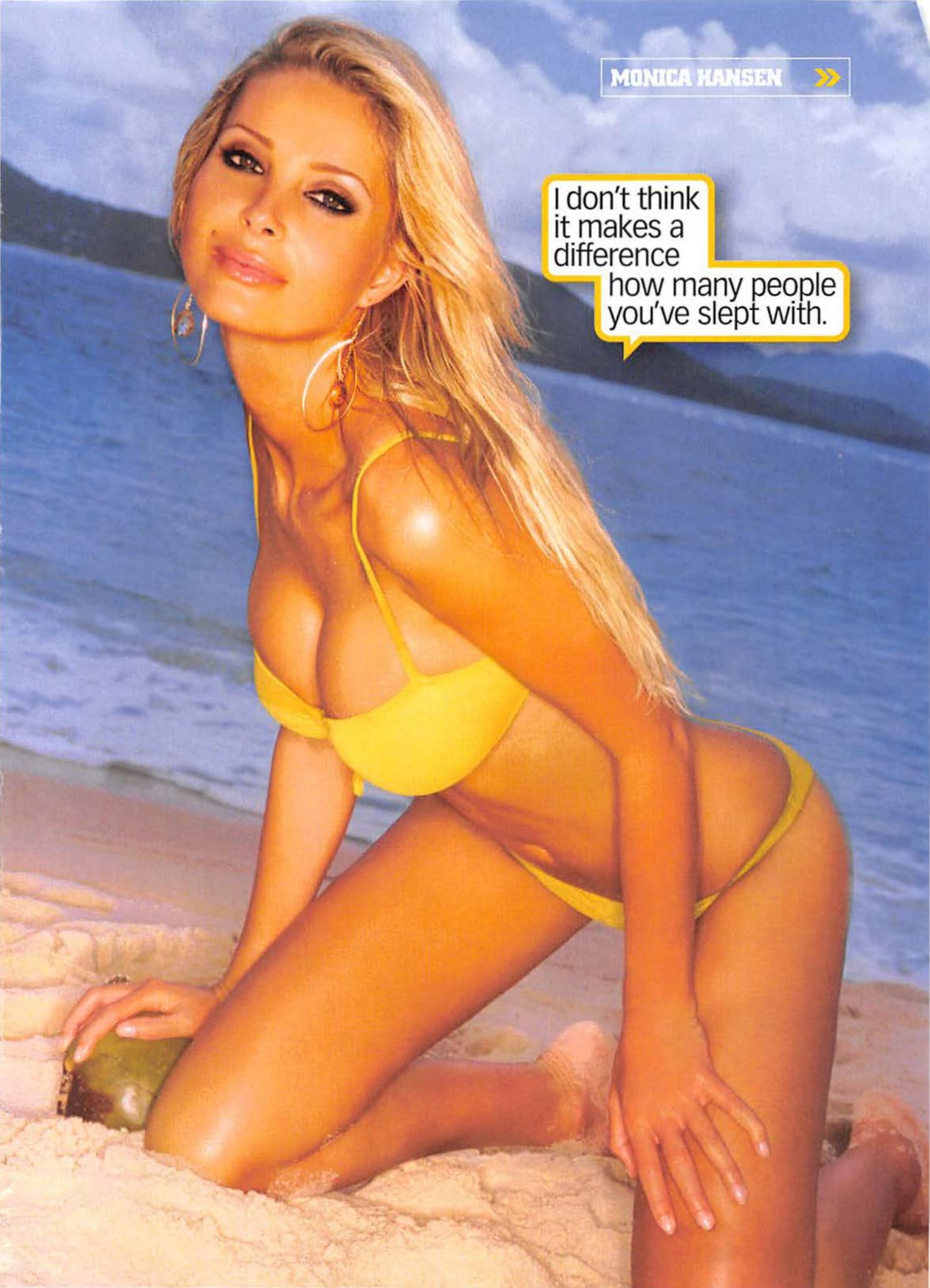
What do guys do that guarantees they will never become a notch on your bedpost?

There are certain things I would put up with when I was 18 that I won't put up with now. For instance, a guy who's totally into the club scene. Or if he's a pothead.

Cough. What's your perfect date?

Just be impulsive. If the chemistry's there, go for it. Coming from Europe, I think it's kind of weird that American guys have rules. Here you can't have sex on the first date or you're not the good girl, a girl a guy can marry. I've had sex on a first date. I don't think it makes a difference how many people you've slept with, whether you've slept with 100 or you've slept with one. **M**

I don't think
it makes a
difference
how many people
you've slept with.

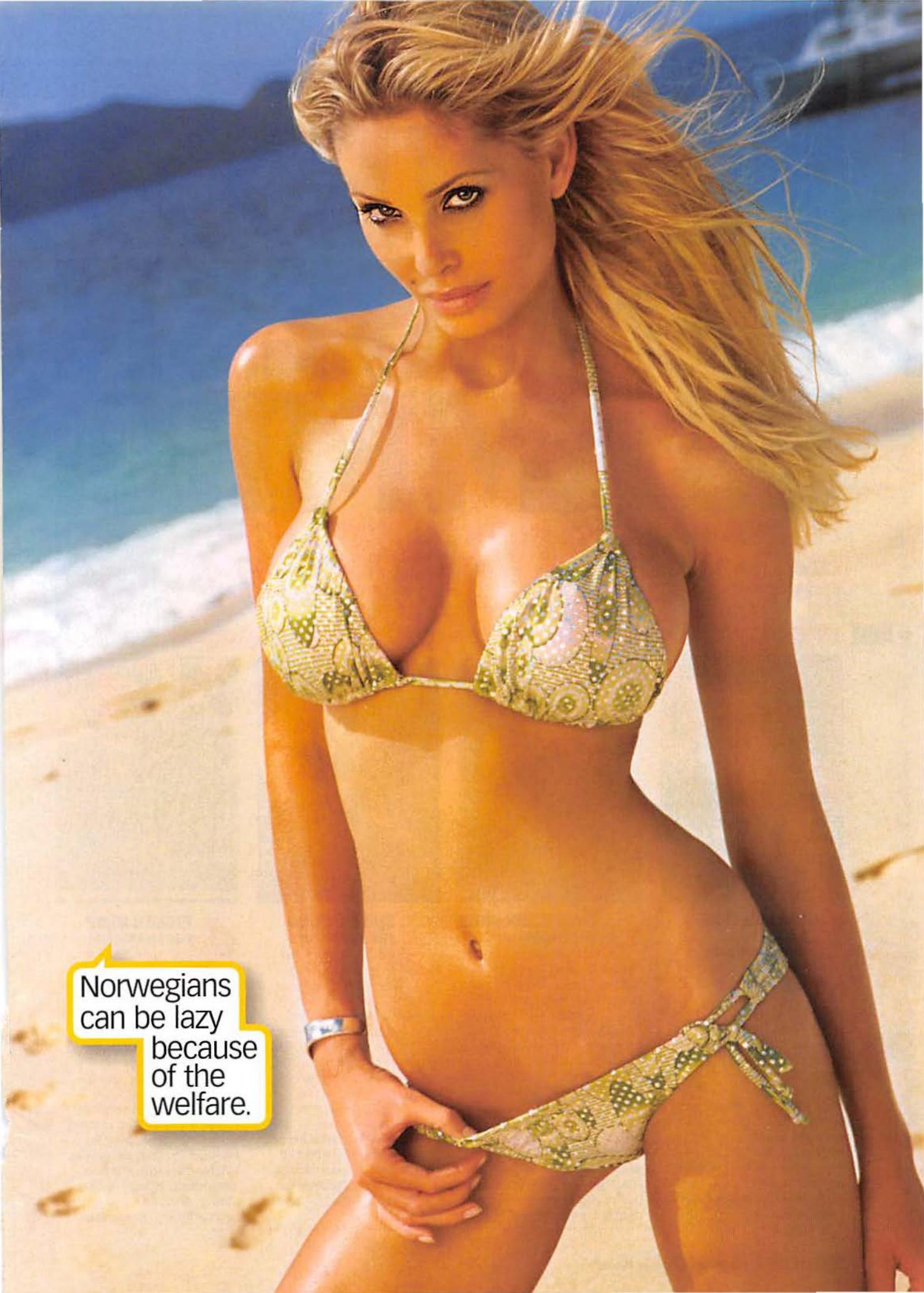




MONICA HANSEN



I've had sex on
a first date.

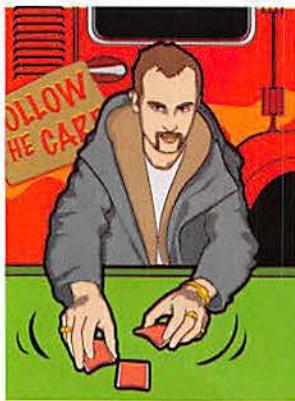


Norwegians
can be lazy
because
of the
welfare.

YOU'VE >>> BEEN SCAMMED!

10
STREET SCAMS!

PSYCHO MAGICIAN PENN JILLETTE HELPS US BREAK DOWN 10 WAYS THAT THIEVING SCUM SEPARATE YOU FROM YOUR MONEY.

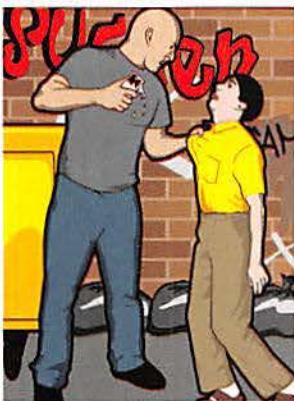


1 FOLLOW THE QUEEN

THE FRAME-UP:

Follow the queen (a.k.a. three-card monte) is all about the card toss. All you have to do is pick out the queen. It looks like the chances are one in three, but a secret move that tosses one card over the other swaps the cards before your eyes. You play, you lose.

PENN'S TAKE: "It's not just sleight of hand; there is always a minimum of five people involved in the scam. And if you were to win—let's just say hypothetically, because you can't—they'll punch you and take the money."



2 THE MELON DROP

THE FRAME-UP:

In Japan melons cost a boatload of yen, so supermarket swindlers in the U.S. dupe innocent Japanese visitors by dropping honeydews and charging suckers a high price for the fruit they allegedly squashed. That's how this scam got its name, but it can be pulled on anyone by using something more valuable than a melon, such as designer glasses.

PENN'S TAKE: "These guys are criminals. If they try it on you, say, 'I have insurance, and I can probably get you a new pair of glasses or whatever. All I need is a police report.'"



3 SOB STORIES

THE FRAME-UP:

It goes like this: A well-dressed man says he needs money to fly to see his dying son. And then he tells you his wallet was just lifted. You're a tough guy, but you've got feelings. Who are you to refuse? Of course, he doesn't have a son, but you believed him and coughed up a twenty. Now you're sobbing, and he's laughing all the way to his next shot of Wild Turkey.

PENN'S TAKE: "If this happens to you, tell the guy to fuck off and then, if you feel weird about it, go give blood. Then you can say, 'I saved somebody's life, so fuck you.'"

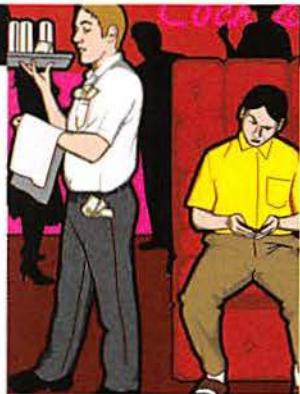


4 PIGEON DROP

THE FRAME-UP:

This scam uses at least two con artists. One "finds" some cash—maybe he's sitting next to you on the bus—and makes you think it's a lot. The straight man checks things out with his "lawyer." They want to cut you in, but first you have to pony up some collateral till the dough is "safe" to withdraw from the bank. You won't get dick.

PENN'S TAKE: "You're never going to get something for nothing. The fact that people will have sex with you is astonishing. When you find money, as my dad used to say, be a cheap and honest man."



5 FUNNY MONEY

THE FRAME-UP:

5 FUNNY MONEY
THE FRAME-UP:
Miscounting bills—"shortchanging"—is an old bartender trick. Basically, you give the barman a twenty for a \$5 Budweiser, and he gives you \$12 in change that you don't bother to count because you're too soused to do math.

PENN'S TAKE: "This one's beautiful because you don't even know you've been scammed. The people who do it can be really charming. Even at Coney Island now, if you go to the roller coaster, it's maybe \$2.50 for a ride—but you won't get the 50 cents in change unless you ask for it."



6 DIGIT SWIPERS

THE FRAME-UP:

6 DIGIT SWIPERS
THE FRAME-UP:
Identity thieves know a credit card works best with the three-digit security code. So these scumsuckers dig through your trash to find an old statement, then call you pretending to be the bank. There are strange charges on your card, the guy says, and he'll delete them if you give him your security code. Pretty soon you're buying the guy's wife a new set of ta-tas.

PENN'S TAKE: "If someone calls and asks you for something like that, look up your bank's number and call them. They'll tell you if the original call was legit."



7 PICKPOCKETS

THE FRAME-UP:

7 PICKPOCKETS
THE FRAME-UP:
These grifters frequently work in groups. Most often one guy distracts you while another "accidentally" bumps you, or maybe a "squirter" squeezes some delicious ketchup on you, then coyly swipes your wad while you're crying about your now-ruined leopard-skin coat.

PENN'S TAKE: "The only way to beat these guys is to roll your money in a tube and stick it up your asshole. Very few people can get into your asshole without your knowing. But if they can do that, they really deserve the money."



8 SELLING BRICKS

THE FRAME-UP:

8 SELLING BRICKS
THE FRAME-UP:
Most guys can't resist a bargain—and most guys don't know jack about speakers. The thugs who pull this off usually use empty speaker shells or cheopies from China. They repackage the boxes, say they cost \$1,000 each, and toss out fancy jargon like "neodymium magnets" to get you to bite. But what really bites is the sound quality.

PENN'S TAKE: "The fact of the matter is, when a guy tells you, 'I get these from a warehouse,' you should just go and tell the police. Don't believe a guy is really trying to sell you a Rolex when it says Molex."



9 THE SUIT

THE FRAME-UP:

9 THE SUIT
THE FRAME-UP:
The archetype for this scam is a man in a sharp suit with a fancy business card who approaches you at an ATM and explains that he's the president of the bank. "The money you just withdrew is counterfeit," he says. He asks you to fill out some forms and hand over the "fake" bills. Of course, you trust the guy, because you trust anyone wearing a suit, but mostly you trust him because you're a schmuck.

PENN'S TAKE: "If anybody tries to get information from you anywhere, anytime, say, 'Let's ask the police.' Stuff like that works."

10 DAME GAMES

THE FRAME-UP:

10 DAME GAMES
THE FRAME-UP:
A classic situation involves a woman who looks like she's just been into a fight. She cries and confides in you, telling you about her bad man, an asshole with a temper. Then the bad man enters. He accuses you of having an affair with her. The veins in his beefy neck begin to twitch, and soon you're paying him money so he won't press charges or kick your skinny ass.

PENN'S TAKE: "If someone comes to you all beat up, you should just call 911 instantly. Other than that, if you get a blow job, it's worth it." ■

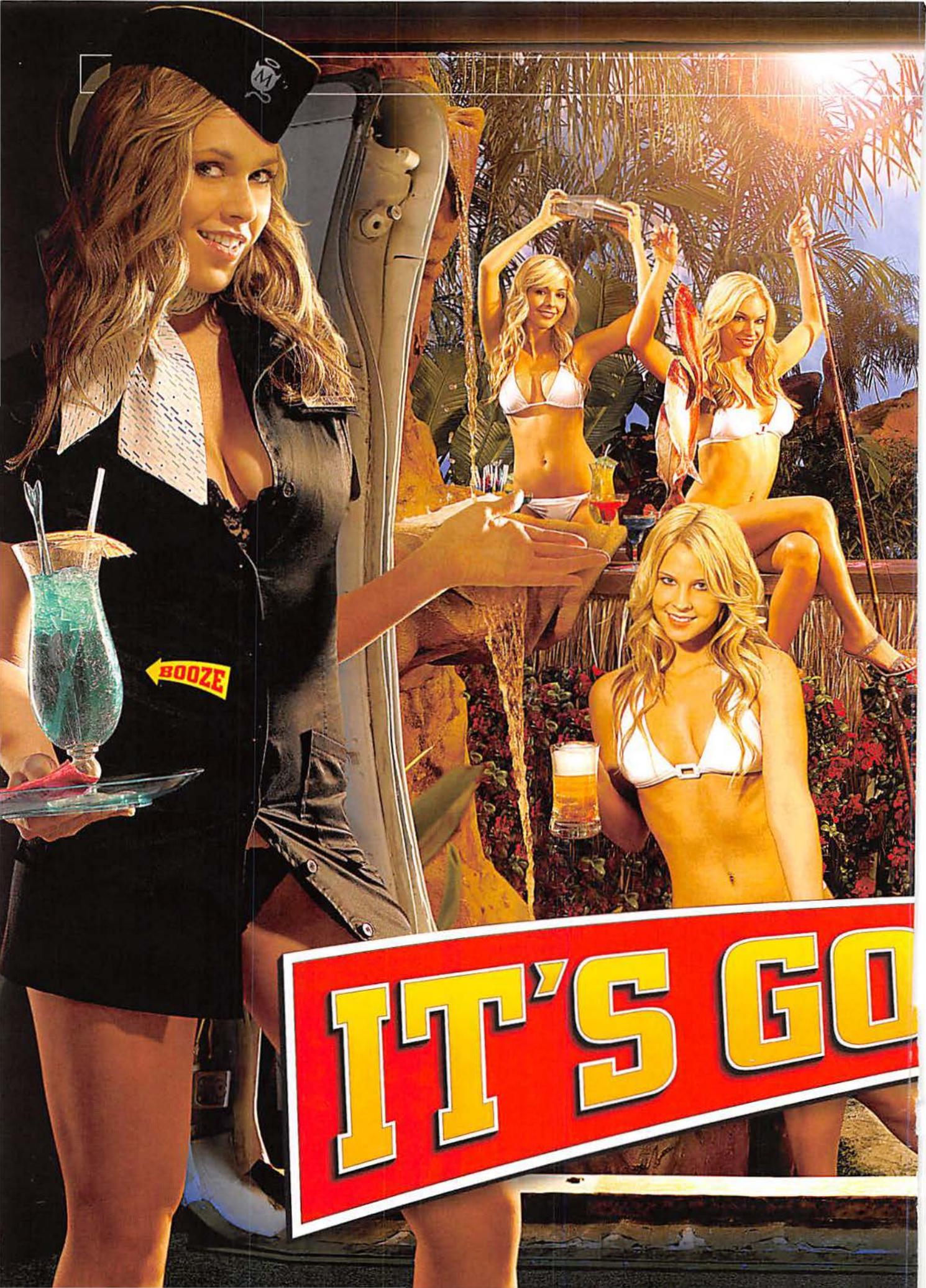
[ASK US ANYTHING]



Why do confidence artists call their potential victims marks?

A: Much like the way you were conceived, the term originated on seedy carnival midways. When a game operator noticed that a sucker had a wallet full of cash, he'd slyly tag the guy's back with chalk, thus "marking" him as bait. "It was their version of the KICK ME sign," says Duane Swierczynski, scam expert and author of *The Wheelman*. "The thinking was, if a sucker fell for one con, he'd fall for others." Carnies also call their marks pigeons, cinches, schlemiels, doormats, and boobs, proving that to make it in the freak-show biz you need to be highly deformed and have a great vocabulary. **Dan Avery**





IT'S GO

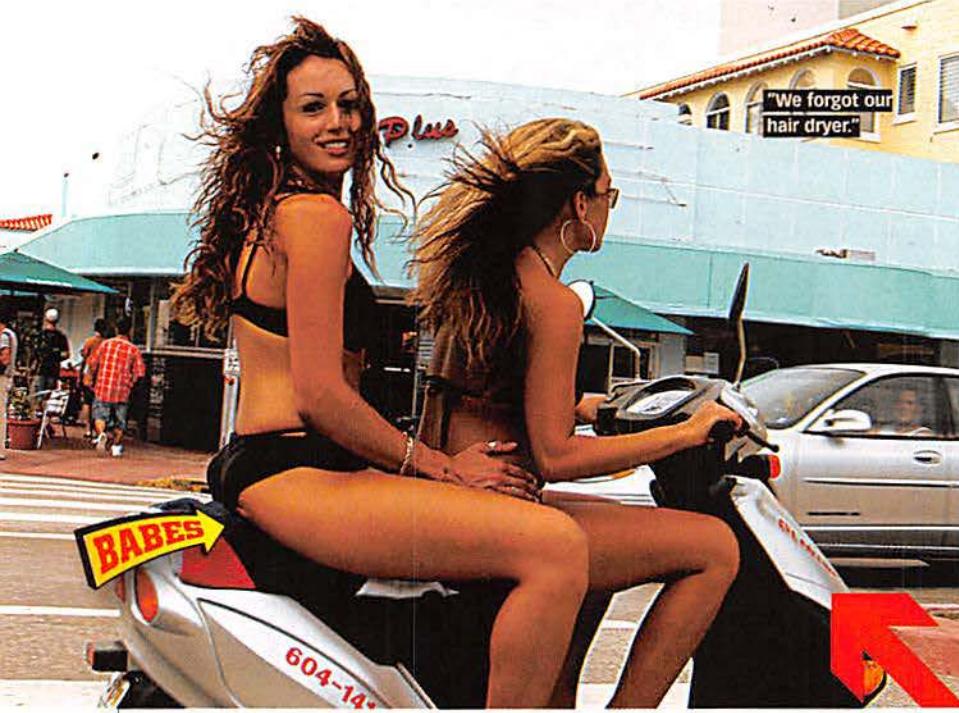
LEAVE HOME >>



TIME!

You want three things from a vacation—women, booze, and adventure. Behold, 10 places that'll deliver you to the altar of the holy trinity of travel.

By Jordan Rane Photographs by Don Miller



Miami Florida

Pam Anderson's hot in your town. Here she's an Elks club pinup.

BABES

We didn't dream of growing up to be firemen or cops. We dreamed of growing up and rubbing lotion on tomorrow's starlets as they work on their all-over tans on South Beach (SoBe). It's good to have attainable goals—and even better to cruise a beach packed with the most sizzling collection of aspiring talent this side of Hollywood.

BARS

Tobacco Road (305-374-1198) earned its best-bar status the honest way: by being open for 88 years, holding Miami's first liquor license, getting

raided by cops, and being the city's best live blues club, with cheap beer and a sick BBQ pork sandwich. If you don't stop here, just get it over with and become a Mormon.



That's one helluva lure, pal

BANZAI!

When you board a 50-foot sportfishing boat with Mark the Shark's Monster Fishing (305-759-5297), a big-ass hammerhead shark isn't the only thing you can reel in. "We get hot chicks from South Beach on the boat all the time," says Captain Mark the Shark. "The girls are into it as much as the guys these days—I've seen some guys hook up pretty good."



"OK, but no tongue!"

Bay Islands Honduras

Two islands, one party.

BABES

"Everyone's here for two reasons: getting drunk and getting laid," says D'Arcy, 34, a dive instructor on Utila Island. "You have to be seriously impaired not to get some here." According to the locals, there are three lies told every day in Honduras: "I'm leaving tomorrow," "I'll stop drinking today," and "I love you." Practice them all on the outgoing Italian hotties who pack the beaches.

BARS

Roatan Island bars like Twisted Toucan close early—but you've been chugging mango coladas since noon, and you'll be 75 feet underwater in six hours. For rum and cokes on Utila, hit Bar in the Bush.

BANZAI!

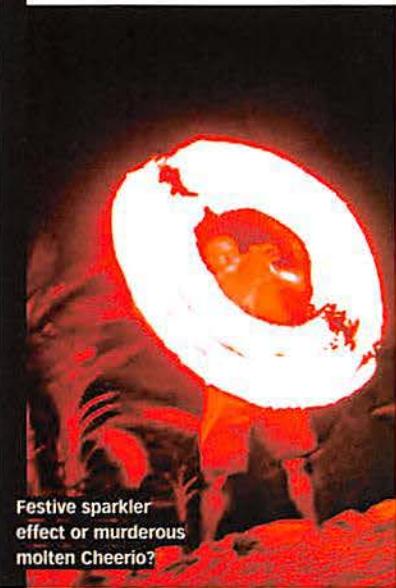
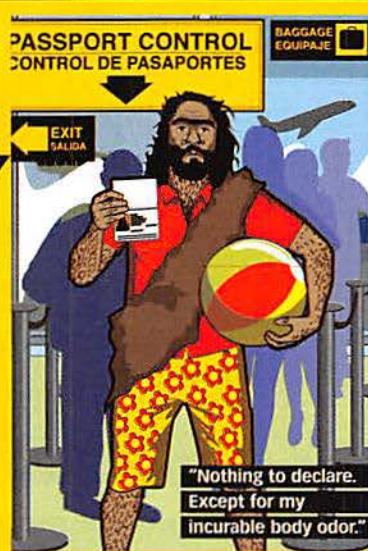
Eighty-degree, 100-foot-visibility water, and scuba certs for less than \$200 (pay with your widely accepted U.S. greenbacks) make the Bay Islands official understudy for the Great Barrier Reef. Dive (or just sleep, eat, and drink) with pros, like American-friendly Anthony's Key Resort (800-227-3483), and you might swim with a whale shark—the biggest fish in the sea, but with none of that bull-shark attitude.

[ASK US ANYTHING]

Q:

When were passports invented, and who came up with the design?

A: Though evidence suggests primitive passports were holding guys up at customs in Jesus' time, world citizens were permitted to travel more or less freely between countries until World War I. After the war nitpickers at the League of Nations came up with the standardized guidelines that determined what our current docs look like. Since 9/11, security has gone tight-shorts. Border security measures currently in development involve biometric technologies like facial and eye recognition. And you thought 1984 would never get here!





Phoenix Arizona

More than rattlers will sink into you in the Arizona desert.

BABES

In five years the cream of the sun-crissed Phoenix crop will be the bored trophy wives of the pro golfers in nearby Scottsdale. "The women are older in Scottsdale," says 29-year-old local businessman Tyler, "but they're still beautiful and loaded and desperate. You get a couple of cougars out there, but

good-looking ones." The more playful cubs swarm the Arizona State University campus in Tempe, half of whom are skipping class right now to work on their tans.



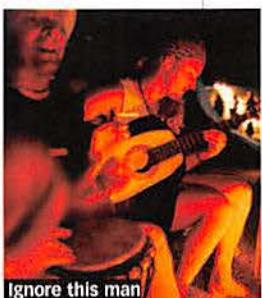
Cleavage rating: 8.5!

BARS

A few blocks off of Tempe's Mill Avenue pickup scene, McDuffy's (480-966-5600) sets the bar with 70-plus TVs, 50¢ Corona nights, off-track betting, and a built-in music venue full of future ASU bedmates. Days in Scottsdale begin with early afternoon margaritas on the patio at Dos Gringos (480-423-3800).

BANZAI!

Driven by U.S. Marines and other hard-asses, Desert Storm Hummer Tours (480-922-0020) takes you on a half-day assault through Arizona's desolate landscape. The night ride—you get to wear an ITT GEN 3 Night Vision Scope!—begins when the temps dip below 120 and the tarantulas are starting to bite.



Ignore this man

Tallinn Estonia

Say "tere" to Europe's latest party capital.

BABES

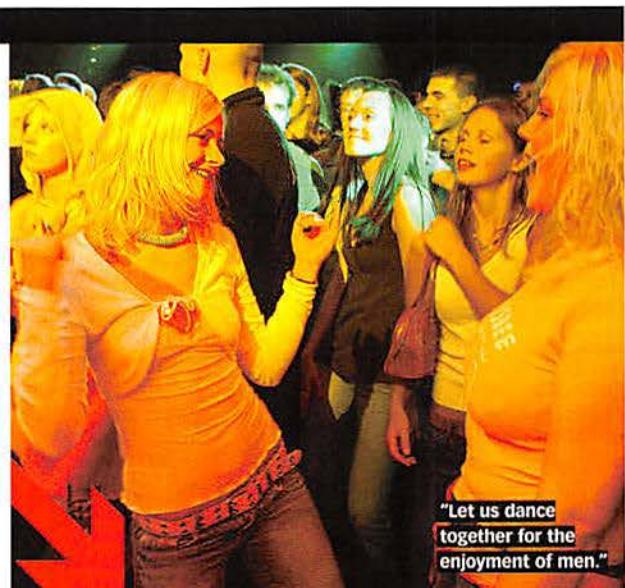
More than half a million lava-hot Scandinavian tourist women will flock to the city this year in sexy blonde hordes. You can also hunt for locals, including future Eastern European supermodels and the talent in a medieval lesbian stripper show in Tallinn's old center, Toompea. Half the fun is saying it.

BARS

Tallinn's old town is jammed with bars like Club Hollywood, filled with drunk tourists sent by Tallinn Pissup (tallinnpissup.com), a travel agency that'll point you to great local beers and the aforementioned lesbo gig, described by one guy on the company's Web site as "a 10 out of 10."

BANZAI!

Tallinn Pissup will hook you up with activities that are borderline illegal in your town, like occasional demolition derbies and firearms training at Dr. Death's Military Academy. "Between the guns, women, and nightlife, it's a weekend I'll never forget," says Ben, 24, another oddly delirious visitor.



"Let us dance together for the enjoyment of men."

Caye Caulker Belize

The other Caribbean.

BABES

A scuba and suntan haven by day, dinky Caye Caulker has Belize's best beach scene. But even the world's ultimate slack-er isle—there's a reason the phones almost never ring here—gets up and throws down after midnight. Bronzed tourist girls and bootylicious locals (an African-Maya-Creole-pirate mix) take off even more clothing at the island's only decent nightclub (just ask for "the disco"), among the coastal Caribbean's most reliable pickup spots.

BARS

On Caye Caulker, not having an open Belikin beer in hand after 9 A.M. is just rude. Later, hit I&I Bar, a lazy tree house with hammocks and the kind of kick-back atmosphere you and your buds crave whenever Peter Tosh comes on the stereo.

BANZAI!

Deep in the nearby Guatemalan jungle, the Mayan ruins of Tikal are tucked away more secretly than your ex's phone number. Hop a 45-minute flight from Caye Caulker to Tikal base camp, Flores, and it'll be you and 2,600-year-old pyramids, temples, and howler monkeys. Tropic Air flights leave daily (800-422-3435). Bunk at the Jungle Lodge (call Belize Explorer Travel, 011-501-824-3740) to catch sunrise before the "They filmed Survivor here" day-trippers move in.

"One more 'shrimp on the barby' crack and we're outta here."



Sydney Australia

Hey, they still like Americans here! (Sort of.)

BABES

They're fun. They're friendly. They're flattered you came halfway around the world just to watch them drink you under the table. They can also wrestle alligators and catch dingoes while wearing ass-hugging jean shorts, then talk about life down under with their charming accents. Don't worry, mate, you'll get used to those.

BARS

Honor the proud legacy of Sydney's founding fathers—exiled 18th-century Brit drunkards and felons—by guzzling the city's best microbrew at its oldest pub, the Lord Nelson Brewery Hotel (011-61-2-9251-4044); or refuel at Bourbon & Beefsteak Bar (011-61-2-9358-1144) in Sydney's little Amsterdam, Kings Cross.

BANZAI!

The world's best helicopter pub crawl leaves Sydney for drinking holes across the rugged New South Wales countryside. West crawls (there are also North and South options—collect all three for a free mug) hit the Comet Inn, a classic pub with a pet kangaroo named Boomer. (Sydney Helicopters, 011-61-2-9637-4455)

Montreal Canada

Finally, a reason to stop bashing the French.

BABES

Forget the "poor man's Paris" rep. This freakishly festive city dedicated to hot women and shitty sports teams is closer and has a far better temperament. Montreal's dark-haired beauties don't care what kind of car you drive—just having one's good enough. "Montreal women

are beauty minus the attitude," notes Boris, 33, a local film producer. "They exude a sexuality you don't see in the rest of Canada."



BARS

Steering east of joints filled with Boston frat boys on the Crescent strip gets you to the St-Laurent scene—where Blizzarts, A GoGo Lounge, and Boa are places to work on your Franglais pickup lines till 3 A.M., when news of after-parties spreads like brush fire.

MOSCOW Russia

The city where vodka is the tonic.

BABES

"It's absolutely true whatever stories you've heard about how many hot women there are here," says Don, a 29-year-old Moscow-based businessman. With almost as many local billionaires under 40, there's stiff competition. But nothing a 10-ruble subway ride can't solve: "Miss, could you tell me when this train stops at Preobrazhenskaya ploshchad station? And join me in paying tribute to sweet Mother Vodka when we get there?"



Best comrades

BARS

"If you look around," says Tom, 29, another lucky American in Moscow, "you won't find a single woman you wouldn't want to sleep with." Doug & Marty's Boar House (011-7-95-917-0150) is an expat shrine with absinthe and ribs on the menu, satellite games on TV, and hovering mail-order brides. The Real McCoy (011-7-95-255-4144) has a packed dance floor and barely dressed girls armed with shot-glass bandoliers and tequila bottles.



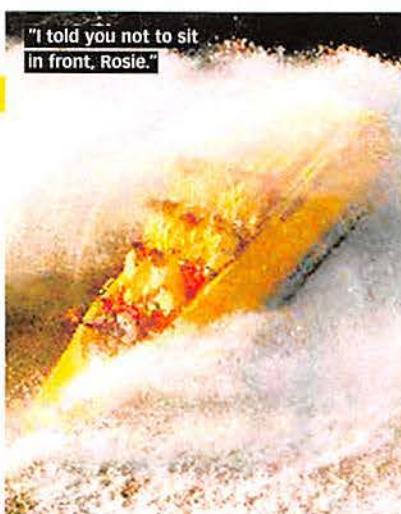
Get your drinksi on!

BANZAI!

Like an ex-president cleaning up on the speaking tour, Russia's putting its otherwise wasted supertechnology where its fattening wallet is these days. You can try your skills as Maverick's nemesis by flying a MiG 25 over the Moscow skies at 80,000 feet and Mach 2.4 speeds for a totally doable \$13,750. Too rich for your filthy capitalist blood? Half an hour in a MiG 29 goes for a prole-friendly \$10,200 (flymig.com, 888-359-6442).

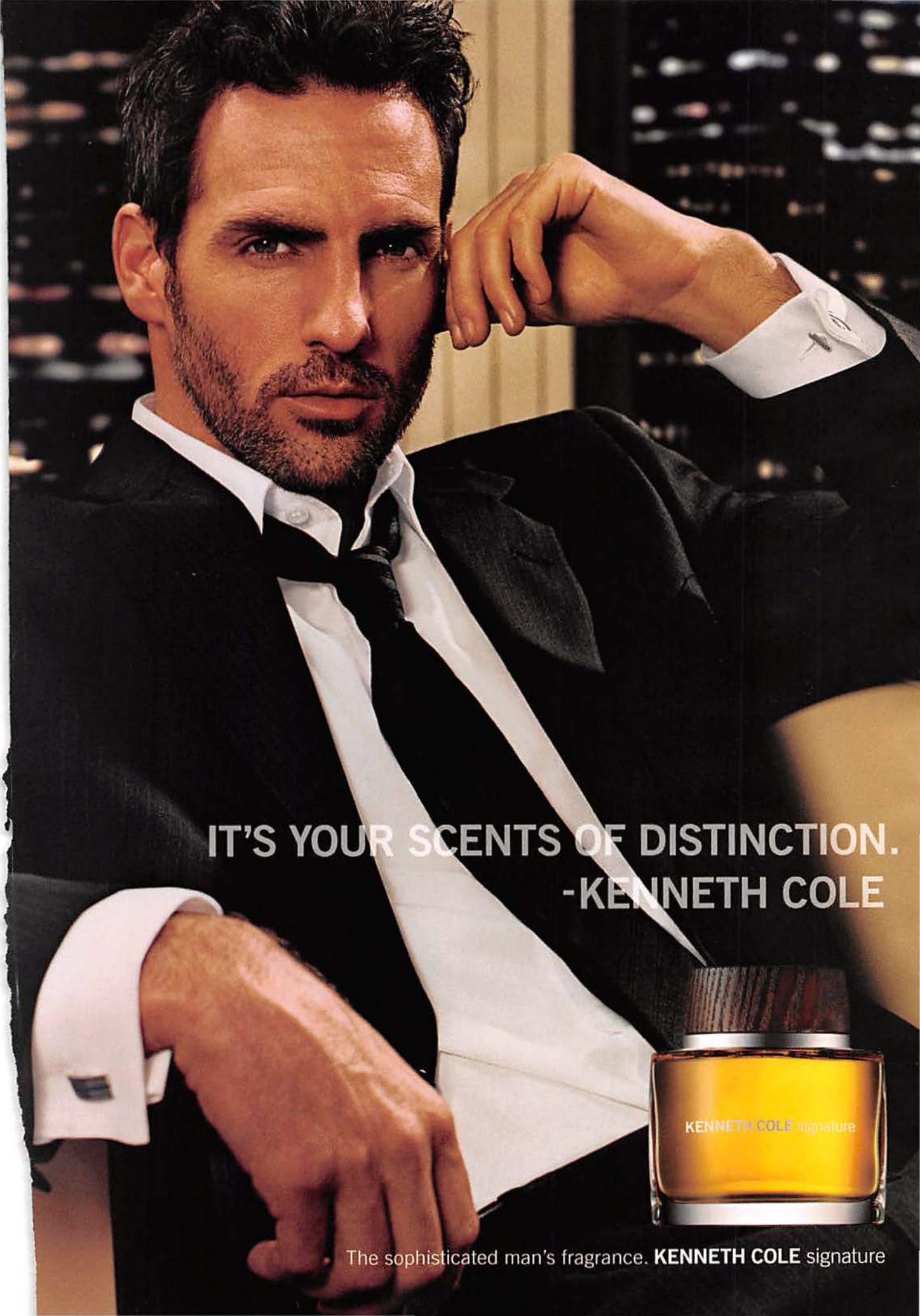


"Iceman must die!"



BANZAI!

If you like white water, just not a whole day of it with some jagoff in the stern screaming at you to paddle, try Lachine Rapids Tours (514-284-9607). For \$50 you can shoot the rapids of the St. Lawrence River on a high-powered jet boat. Just aim for the side when you toss your cookies.



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Bored, the fans did a scene from *Quest for Fire*

Barcelona Spain

And you thought the city's first three letters were a fluke.



"Hey, smelly tourists—bath time!"

BABES

It's not like we're ready to push American girls to the curb. But there's something about hangup-free señoritas who party till five in the morning that we can't get over. "It is com-

mon to have one-night stands here," notes Laia, 26, one of the first female Barcelonians we talked to. "Many young people still live with their families, so there's no place to go. Cars are very popular."

BARS

Your all-night crawl begins at Bar Marsella (011-34-93-422-7263), reputedly the city's oldest drinking joint and a must-try absinthe den. With tons of places to pound sangria, Las Ramblas, the crowded pedestrian tourist promenade, is home to a cleaner circus of trouble-seeking European women. But go to Danzatoria (011-34-93-211-6261) for a crop of angels who send sinners directly to heaven.

BANZAI!

Featuring 99,000 rabid fans at Nou Camp, Europe's most maniacal soccer grudge match—FC Barcelona vs. Real Madrid—is as frenzied in the stands as on the field. If whiny *futbol* players in knee-socks don't impress you, jump out of a plane on the Costa Brava, Europe's best skydiving training ground. Skydive Empuriabrava (011-34-972-45-0111) welcomes first-timers...with release forms.

[BAD TRIPS]

Fight Attendants

Meet the least helpful cabin crew ever.

LITTLE PILL

On a Northwest Airlines flight, the mom of a 19-month-old spotted powdery specks floating in her baby's juice. It turned out to be crushed Xanax provided by flight attendant Daniel Cunningham, sentenced to four months home confinement just for trying to help the little tyke sleep.

BOMBS AWAY

On a 2004 American Airlines flight from Dallas, flight attendant Gay Wilson found a note that read, "There is a bomb on board this flight to Boston in cargo. Live Saddam." Wilson eventually admitted she'd written the note, but didn't say why.

RUSSIAN HOSPITALITY

Two stewards on a Moscow-to-Nizhnevartovsk flight attacked a passenger for accusing them of being drunk. An exam later proved that the stewards were indeed heavily intoxicated. How anyone noticed this on a Russian airliner was never explained.

OFF DAY

An off-duty South African Airways steward got wasted on an SAA flight and was fined 100 rand for swearing at passengers, biting people on the arm, and kissing a Chinese woman. In Shanghai that's called Saturday night.

Santiago Chile

Wine, women, and snowboards.

BABES

Santiago is so secluded you'd expect a gene pool smaller than east Tennessee's. The truth is, Chile's capital is the best-looking mutt in the Americas—filled with Spanish, Italian, German, French, and Serbo-Croat goodness, and more fake blonde hair and hidden piercings than a Tokyo modeling agency. You know a city is cool with the nasty when even the espresso is served by girls dressed like porn stars. Ask directions to the nearest *café con piernas* ("coffee with legs"), legendary coffee bars where caring staffs in pumps and G-strings dispense caffeine and flirty smiles. Makes Hooters look like Chuck E. Cheese's.



BABES

BARS

After years of looking, we've finally stumbled across the best place in the world to buy feisty 18-year-olds pisco sours without getting arrested. Gyrate with your new girlfriend and South America's friendliest live-for-the-weekend locals at rows of no-name bolero-techno joints in Barrio Bellavista.

BANZAI!

Heli-skiing packages are a peso-saving bargain at Valle Nevado, one of the Southern Hemisphere's biggest ski resorts, just 40 miles from town. Or drive the extra couple of hours to world-renowned Portillo (800-829-5325), a perennial contender on those top-10 ski and snowboard resorts in the universe lists. Widow-maker 50-degree pitches here have laid claim to world speed records; seven-day, all-inclusive packages should run you a few grand. Plunked down in a bowl of towering, snow-covered peaks, the heated outdoor pool at Hotel Portillo (011-56-2-263-0606) will ease the pain of your shattered femur.



EMERALD IGNACIO

SMOKIN' HOT!

Behind the wheel, no girl is faster than drift-racing, cop-escaping Emerald Ignacio.

By Hillary Kerr Photographs by Jim Malucci





EMERALD IGNACIO



Explain drifting to those readers who are still figuring out how their minivan doors work.

You know how the back of your car will kick out when you're driving on ice? It's like that, only you're doing a controlled power slide. It's all about the steering and throttle control. When professional drifters enter a turn, they're going 90 mph and turning the wheel to kick the back end of their car out. Then they control it so they're pointed down the straightaway and spinning their tires. The first time I saw it, I was like, *What are they doing? They're just burning up their tires!*

We're guessing this is illegal...

Well, underground street drifting—which is what I do—is definitely illegal. The cops classify it as reckless driving. However, there are a few sanctioned series, like the U.S. Formula D pro drifting series and several in Japan, where drifting is huge.

What are you driving these days?

My current street weapon is a black Nissan 240SX hatchback with a welded rear differential and an imported SR20DET engine that puts out 225 horsepower.

Nice. Ever get anything sensitive caught in a fan belt?

I have a lot of war wounds! I had to get two tetanus shots in one year. One time I was cutting off a rusty fender and gashed my hand open. Another time I was on the creeper under my car and accidentally had my head up when I rolled out...which took off the top of my scalp. Head wounds are the worst—they're so bloody!

[+]

'I'VE GOT WAR WOUNDS, BUT HEAD WOUNDS ARE THE WORST—THEY'RE SO BLOODY!'

Photo: Robert Steinke for Cloutier Agency; hair: Robert Steinke for Cloutier Agency; using Matrix products; makeup: MAC Cosmetics; Digital Imaging: Eric Heintz

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'I SAW THE POLICE LIGHTS, BUT I JUST KEPT PUNCHING IT. FINALLY, THE COP GAVE UP.'

How did you learn to do all this?

Trial and error. It was very expensive. I wanted to throw in the towel a bunch of times and pay somebody to do it, but that's not my style. I'm not going to let some mechanic ass-rape me just because I don't know how to fix something.

How did you get into cars?

I was always taking things apart when I was little—my parents' VCRs, the stereos—so I guess that interest shifted to cars. Men always try to make this stuff harder than it is, but cars aren't really that complex.

Sure. Green means go. Screaming means stop. Got any great speeding stories?

You didn't hear this from me, but I was southbound on I-5 coming back from Canada on New Year's Eve in my BMW V-12, which is so fast. I saw the police lights, but I didn't slow down or stop. I just kept punching it. Finally, the cop gave up.

How fast were you going?

I think I hit about 165. And one night I was practicing drifting with a friend in a parking lot...across from a police station.

You just don't give a shit, do you?

It had fresh pavement. How could I resist? Anyway, a cop came over. I told him I was learning how to drive stick.

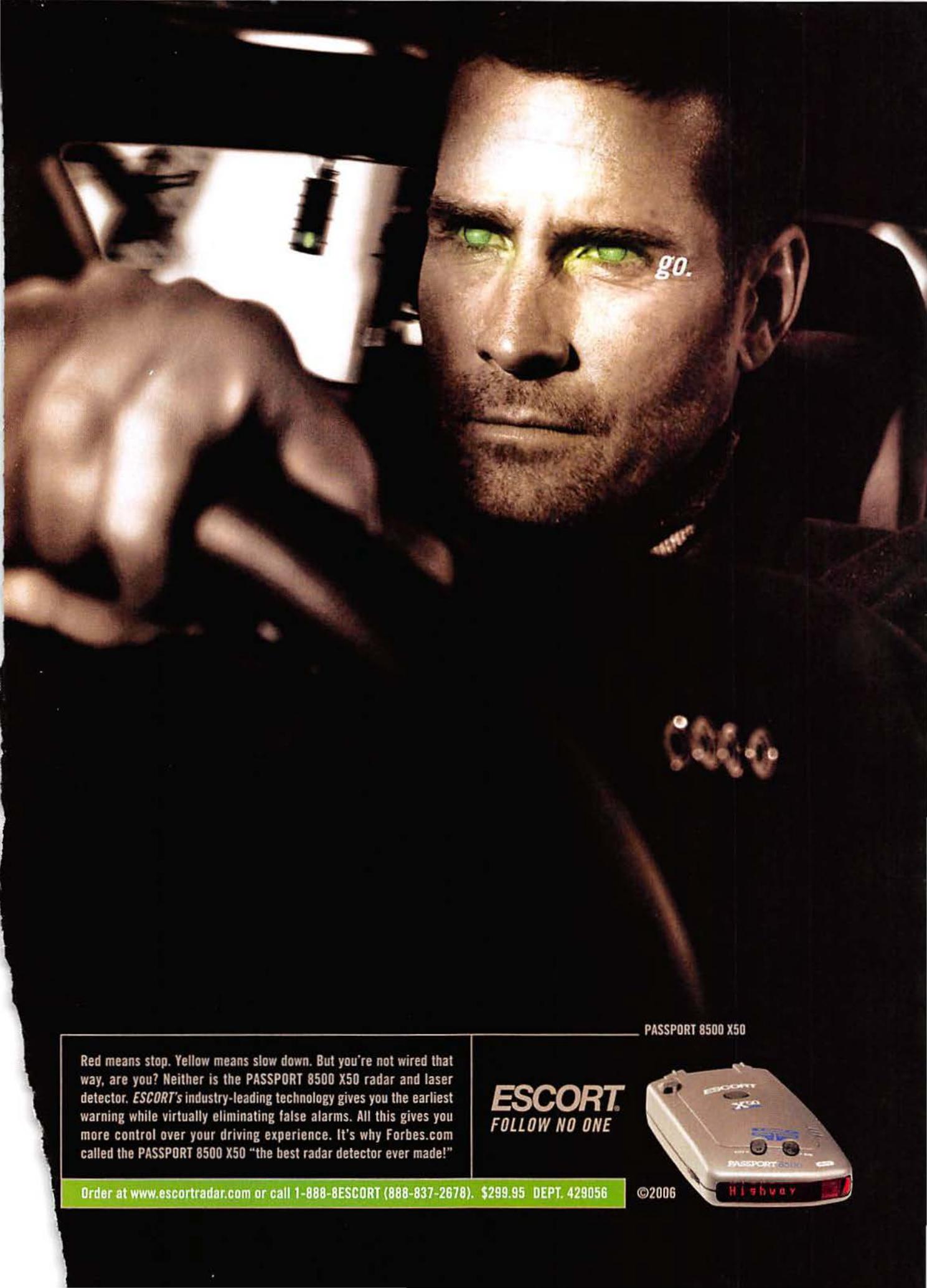
And he fell for that?

He let me go, didn't he? ■

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TELEPHONE



THE

BEAST

UNLEASHED!

His second wife was a stripper. His half-brother was killed by a shark. He played TV's most irritable intellectual. For Kelsey Grammer, the Beast in *X-Men 3*, there's no such thing as normal.

Where were you when you found out you got the role of the Beast in *X-Men 3*?

I was down at Disneyland doing this promotional thing for their 50th-anniversary celebration—it was the same time I fell off that stage. The bruise ran the length of my quadriceps, from the middle of my butt cheek down to the top of my knee. There was one on the inside of my other leg, too. I got beat up. **Yeah, that video is still a crowd-pleaser at work.**

Well, Disneyland is very nice to me now. But I still have an indentation [points to hip] right here a year later. So it was a pretty severe wound. It was painful, so I didn't have time to think about whether it was embarrassing or not. Besides, every great theater actor has a tale of falling off the stage.

So did you and Ian McKellen sit around and discuss iambic pentameter on the set of *X3*? Actually, yes. Ian and I did talk a little bit about Shakespeare. Mostly about *Richard II* and *Macbeth*, and how Macbeth knows he's out of line from the get-go and has a conscience, which makes him a little more tragic, whereas *Richard II* had to discover his humanity.

Our thoughts exactly!

Describe your reaction when you first saw yourself transformed into a big blue fur ball. It was horrible. The makeup didn't look very good—it was way too light, and I was all pale and pasty—so we went darker, and he became very blue and big and powerful.

Who would win an IQ test, Sideshow Bob, whose voice you provide, or the Beast?

Surely, the Beast. Sideshow Bob's pretty close, but he's a very specific kind of smart—he's Cole Porter smart, he's musical-theater smart. He understands innuendo and irony and is long on opera but short on relationship skills. On the latest episode of *The Simpsons*, he was singing at the La Scala opera house, and I must say, I was moved.

True or false: You want to run for political office.

It's a notion I have about the future—to run for office, to do the world some good. Well, the idea that we can do the world some good is a little nuts; the world tends to take care of itself. But as I get older, in maybe 15 years or so, there may be a run for office. But I don't know what I'd run for. **Do you think your rather wild past will hurt your chances at getting elected?**

Everyone knows about that. The opposition would hope it would harm me, but my frankness and openness about it would probably benefit me. **Is it really true you started drinking when you were nine?**

Oh, gosh, I said that? I don't think that's accurate. I used to get a taste from the onions in my grandfather's Gibson.

When Gary Busey hit bottom, he snorted coke off his dog.

When did you hit bottom?

Well, you snort cocaine off a dog because you spilled it on him; you don't do it intentionally. And since I know that, I'll say it was probably around the same time. The old warnings that surface in our lives hold true if you give it enough time. The seven deadly sins are pretty deadly, especially pride.

Is that the sin you struggle with the most?

It has certainly been one of mine, but I've tested all of them. See, it's not that the Bible says you *can't* do it; it's that you *shouldn't*. The wages of sin is death. And they're not talking about physical death—they're talking about spiritual death. And when you overindulge in those things, your spirit ends up destroyed.

Speaking of spiritual death, what do you think of the fact Kid Rock and Scott Stapp have a sex tape...together?

With each other? Was it a gay thing? [Ed note: No.] I've got to tell you, I love Creed and I

think Kid Rock is very talented, but seeing either of them naked is not something I had in my plan.

'I LOVE CREEED, AND I THINK KID ROCK IS VERY TALENTED, BUT SEEING EITHER OF THEM NAKED IS NOT SOMETHING I HAD IN MY PLAN.'

You sued to stop a sex tape. Why do famous people even make them, anyway?

That's the real question. Whether or not you're a celebrity—even if you're just an old slob with a video camera—you don't realize you shouldn't do it. So you throw the tape in the back of a dark closet until your old girlfriend remembers it's there because you're famous now and she's not. But if you're not prepared to do the time, don't do the crime.

Give us some advice. How do you marry a gorgeous woman and not get jealous?

My second wife was a stripper, and I did get jealous. Every guy I've ever known gets jealous, at least in the first year of a relationship. Period. I don't know many women who would like it if you weren't. But after a year or two, you kind of relax. **Your father and sister were murdered, and your half-brother was killed in a shark attack. How did you manage to overcome so much tragedy?**

Frankly, the tragedy wasn't so much my tragedy as it was the tragedy that befell others I cared about. Surviving all these years has been a blessing, though. I can miss the people I loved without mourning them fresh every time.

How long did that take?

Twenty years. But things have been good the last couple of years. It's as though I have a new childhood now. **So how old does that make you?** Six. **■**



I DATED A NYMPHOMANIAC

ATTACK OF THE INSATIABLE WOMEN!
KEEP UP OR YOU'RE HISTORY!

As told to **Apryl Lundsten**
Photographs by **Yann Dandois**

THE VICTIMS BACKBREAKER!

Sex with Audrey was so hot it threw my back out. She was really cute—Eurasian with this kind of beachy, casual style. She was shy, so I thought that meant she was probably prudish too. I was dead wrong. She had her tongue pierced, and when I commented on it she said, "That's not all I have pierced." Turned out she also had her clit done.

She always wanted me to pull her hair while we were doing it. She also liked to talk dirty and role-play. We used to do it so hard that we'd shove her bed halfway across the room. She liked to do it a lot. I'm talking three or four times in one night. I didn't even know I could do it that much until her. For a year we had these sex marathons three or four times during the week and then on the weekends.

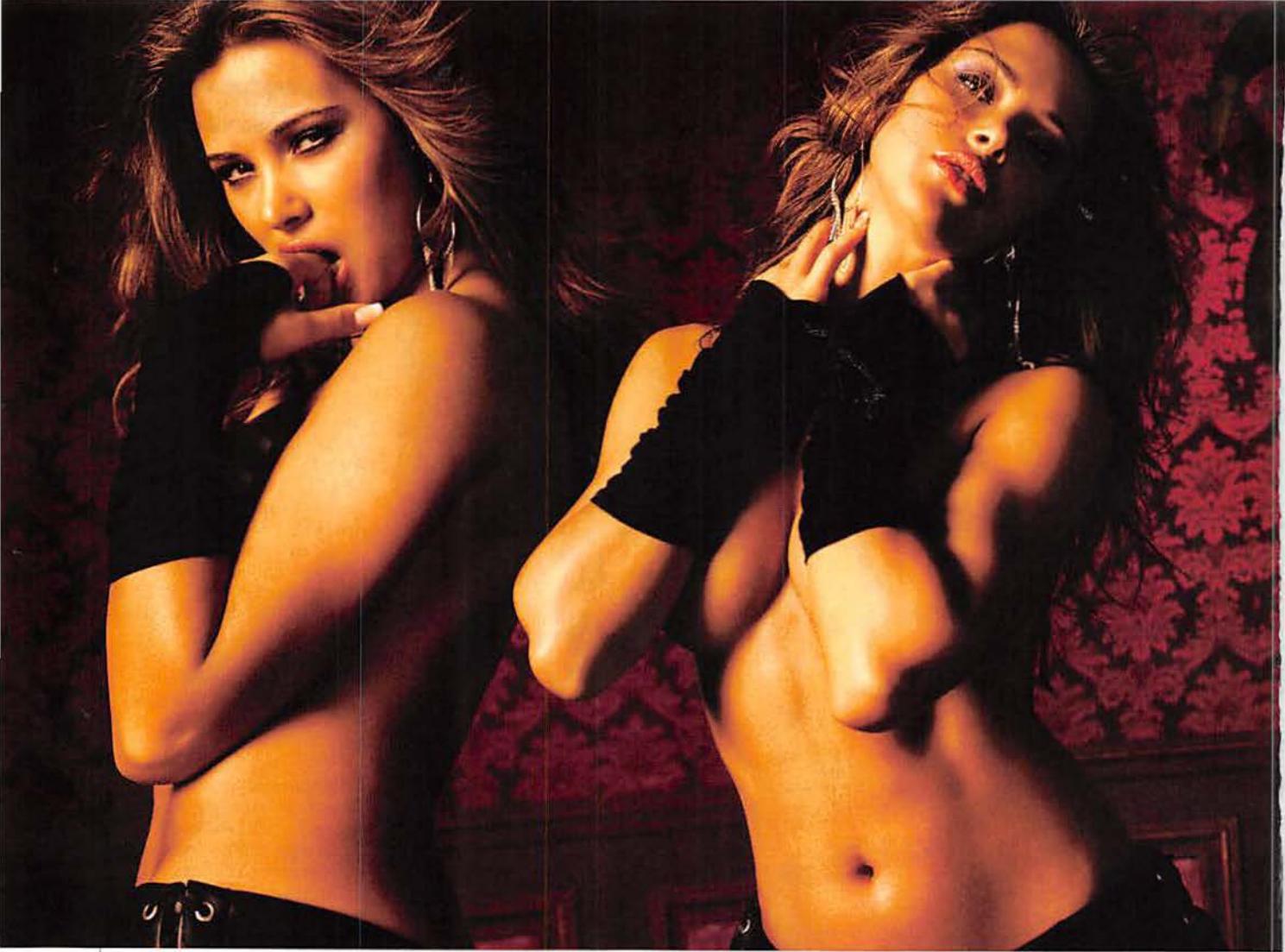
We were doing it so much my back started killing me. So I had to see a chiropractor. I could barely drive to work, it hurt so bad. I was also tired all the time. I'd go to her house at, like, 11 P.M., we'd watch a movie, and then spend the rest of the night screwing. The next morning I'd be totally exhausted and would sneak away from my desk to take naps in one of the out-of-the-way rooms that had a sofa in it.

We broke up after a year. I've dated a few girls since then, but none of them liked sex nearly as much as Audrey. I definitely felt pressure to perform with Audrey, but at the same time I never wanted to say no. **Matt, 26, Tampa**

CARIBBEAN QUEEN

Kate has this perfect petite body and big brown eyes. I was the first and only person she ever had sex with—until she was 20. That's when she went on a trip to the Caribbean with a couple of girlfriends. While she was there she hooked up with an older guy. She later admitted they had sex almost round the clock for two days. After that she became a nympho. She loves to take risks location-wise, and she has a fetish thing with other girls' underwear. Used

[+]



[ASK US ANYTHING]



What's the difference between a nymphomaniac and a girl who's just horny?



A: Does it really matter as long as you're getting laid pretty much anytime you want? Well, when you're drained from making dirty five times a day every day for a month with your Energizer sex bunny girlfriend, you might reconsider that keep-it-coming attitude. Laura Berman, Ph.D., author of *The Passion Prescription*, says extreme sexual activity "very often has to do with a psychological addiction to sex for reasons that have little to do with sex itself," such as abuse or childhood trauma. A healthy woman differs from a sex addict in that "she controls her sexuality, her sexuality doesn't control her." Though since sex has a funny way of making you blind—what the hell were you thinking with that girl in Cabo?—you won't be able to tell the difference, anyway. *Carolyn Kylstra*

underwear. We've had sex six times in a day, and she's not satisfied. On the downside, she cheated on me a dozen times that year after going to the Caribbean. I didn't find out until I went home for lunch one day and there she was screwing a friend of ours on the kitchen floor. She started bawling and told me that she still loved me.

I almost broke up with her. But Kate is an angel. Plus, thinking about her with other guys actually turns me on. So we stayed together and recently got married. She still gets home late smelling of sex. Since we got married, she's mostly been with girls. Our sex life is great; we do it about four times a week. But Kate probably has sex more like 12 times a week. We never officially agreed to have an open relationship. I just turn a blind eye. I think she is definitely addicted, but I could never leave her.

Paul, 27, Boston

TEN HOURS STRAIGHT

Samantha and I worked together. I was 26, and she

was 29. She was married; I was, too, but my wife and I were pretty close to breaking up. It happened when a group of us went out to a Mexican restaurant after work. Sam and I sat next to each other and polished off a pitcher of margaritas. She seemed a little kooky, and I wasn't particularly attracted to her. But we had a very intense connection and ended up making out in my car for an hour.

The next day at work I figured we'd both say it was a drunken mistake and leave it at that. But the second we saw each other, we wanted it bad. We made a plan to "work late" that night and went to a motel, where we had sex for 10 hours straight. I'm not kidding. We may have nodded off for half an hour in there somewhere, but it was at least eight hours of actual sex in 10 hours. I'd been with only two women up to that point in my life, and I did stuff with her that night that I'd only fantasized about—she had me all the way down her throat the very first time. I almost fainted. By the end

of the night, I'd come in her mouth and had anal. This was our first time, and it was like a porn flick!

We began to have sex in semipublic places, like her sucking me off while driving up Interstate 94 toward Wisconsin. I have no idea how much sex she had every day between her husband and me, but she and I did it nearly every single day—sometimes three times a day—for a year before we broke up. She told me that sex with her husband was good, that his performance was not why she slept around. She was just a nymphomaniac, and it would have happened no matter what.

Dave, 43, Chicago

MILITARY AFFAIRS

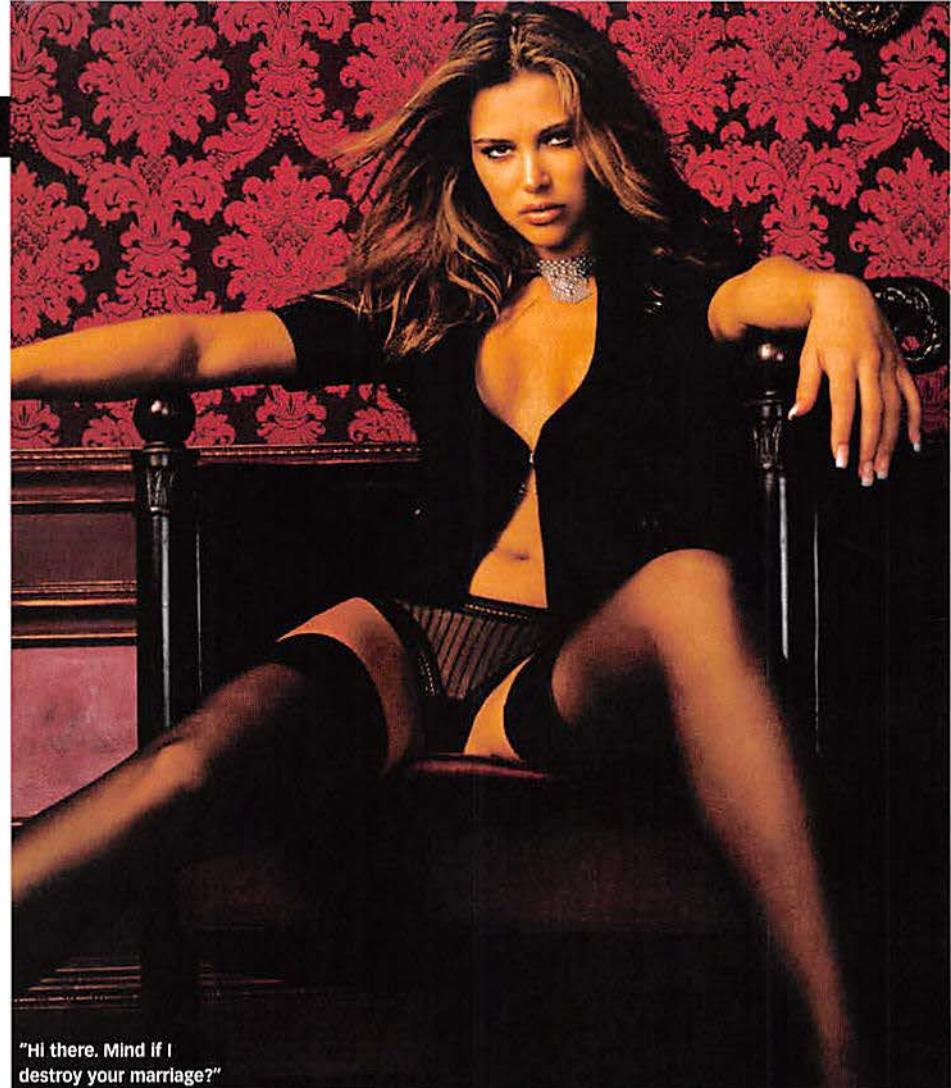
The first thing I noticed about Missy was her great ass. She was 23 and in the Army. I was 28 and worked in a car stereo shop. She brought her car in to get a stereo installed. I asked her out immediately. Missy was totally into different positions, oral sex, and doing it for hours on end. We did it at least twice a day—in the morning and at night and sometimes at lunch—but her sexual appetite demanded more than that. Often I'd get home and she'd be in the bedroom watching porn and playing with herself.

We moved in together and got married, and our sex life got more creative. One time she and a girlfriend went down on each other while another guy and I watched. The girl wanted Missy and me to have anal sex in front of her—we did. Another time I did the wife while Missy did the husband. I thought it was all good fun...until I found out she was months into an affair. I also learned they were doing drugs. Not cool, because by that time we had a young son. We'd been married eight years, but for my son's sake I had to leave her.

Michael, 36, Atlanta

GREAT OUTDOORS

Within an hour of meeting Joyce, we were in the women's bathroom at Dusty's Bar mak-



"Hi there. Mind if I
destroy your marriage?"

ing out. She was gorgeous, with this amazing body, long strawberry blonde hair, and deep blue eyes you couldn't help but stare at. She'd just been supersized—gotten a boob job—and was in great shape. This is not California. If you walk down the street here, we don't have women who look like this. She's, like, a size two, 5'6", with big boobs.

We didn't end up having sex that first night, but made plans to get together soon. A few days later I met her at this nature preserve

and there was a cop! He was pretty cool—just gave us a warning and took off.

After that the sex was off the charts. We'd travel for business, and it was three times at night, three times in the morning. I'd been with 30-plus partners and thought I'd been with women with very healthy libidos until I met Joyce. It was like an unlimited supply of the best wine you'd ever had.

Thing was, she was married. At first that was OK, but eventually I wanted a real relationship with her. When she found out I'd been dating around, she became furious. She broke up with me, saying she couldn't

'He was into it, but he couldn't keep up with my sex drive. So he let me bring girls home.'

just outside the city. She was waiting for me with a picnic lunch. We got a little drunk, started kissing, and were in the middle of having sex when we heard someone. We looked up

trust me. And sadly that was it. Still, I think about her all the time—in the morning when I wake up, before I go to bed at night. And while I'm sure I'll fall in love and have great sex again, nobody will be as good as Joyce.

Alan, 49, Madison, WI

THE NYMPHOS PROFESSIONAL DEFLOWERER

When I was 15 my mom sat me down and said, "You know it's true that boys only want one thing, right? So watch out for them, OK?" I grinned to myself, thinking, *Whatever—boys had better watch out for me!*

My first boyfriend once said, in an accusing way, "You really like sex, don't you?" That was the first inkling I had that I was different. In college I became kind of a professional deflowerer. Friends would ask me to sleep with their virgin friends. I wanted to make that experience a good one for guys. I'd cuddle, I'd spend the night, I'd teach, I'd moan. It was great—for them and me! My most outrageous experience was a threesome with two guys with sexy-slow Texas accents. I picked them up at a bar and took them home. I thought they'd chicken out since they were super-straight and had been best friends since childhood, but they were totally into it.

I've definitely been called a nympho. I've heard [+] maximonline.com / MAY 2006 / MAXIM



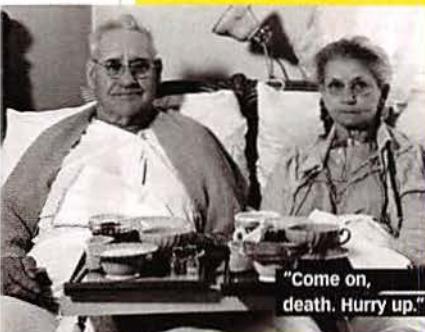
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everything: "You're a sex freak, aren't you?" "You love dick more than any girl I've ever seen." "You're going to be a porn star when you grow up." I'm the crazy girl who's always ready for sex, who has to beg her boyfriend for sex instead of vice versa, like my friends. **Vix, 25, Dallas**

[STOP MAKING SEX]

Ball Breakers

Some people would appreciate it if you didn't have sex.



"Come on, death. Hurry up."

BOYS, GIRLS, BOYS AND GIRLS

I was born sexual. I've seduced pretty much every one of my girlfriends. I never thought sex was something to be ashamed of. I lost my virginity at 15. The guy was 10 years older than me and knew what he was doing. It still ranks as one of my top five

sexual experiences. As I got older and had more sex, I realized there was no way I could have a "normal" relationship. Then I got married.

My husband and I were adventurous before we got married. He let me bring girls home. Even though he was into it, he couldn't keep up with my

HEAVEN'S GATE

And you thought the Nike-sporting, UFO-crazed cultists were deranged for committing mass suicide in 1997. Turns out several of the group's male members had themselves castrated as a means of maintaining their enviable lifestyle. That worked.

SHAKERS

An offshoot of Quakerism, this sect of crying, trembling fundamentalists adheres to strict celibacy, even for married couples, which is likely why its members have shrunk...to a handful of disciples.

COACHES

Early Olympic superstar Ikkos of Tarentum refrained from beating the baton, believing that absti-

nence would enhance his athletic vigor. For centuries sports coaches have followed suit and preached against pregame nooky, all of them tragically proven wrong by Wilt Chamberlain.

U.S. DEPT. OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

In the past five years, our priggish government agency has blown \$600 million on abstinence programs. One student manual warned: "Females need to be careful what they wear, because males are looking!... Girls have a responsibility to wear modest clothing that doesn't invite lustful thoughts." **Rob Bernstein**

sex drive. We got divorced after 12 years. Then I really went on a sex spree. I did it with girls, boys, girls and boys, boys and boys, and girls and girls.

During that time I met Gary. He's the first guy I've met who could keep up with me. We've been together just over a year, and our sex life hasn't slowed down at all. I'll admit I'm probably a nympho, but I don't think I'm unhealthy. I just love my body, and I love sex. What's wrong with that?

Shawna, 35, Los Angeles

STARVED FOR IT

I was 31 and had been married for 11 years to a guy who wasn't into sex. So once we divorced I became kind of a sex fiend. I was like a starving man looking for a steak. I'd been sex-starved, and all I could think about was sex. I screwed guys I knew, I screwed guys I just met. The more sex I had, the more I wanted. I had sex for six hours straight once and still wanted more.

I lived with a boyfriend and had five fuck buddies on the side. I'd meet my buddy for "lunch," we'd have sex, clean up, and go back to work. At the end of the day, I'd go home and my boyfriend was none the wiser to my daytime exploits. I felt guilty, but I couldn't stop myself from doing it.

After about a year and a half of cheating, the craziness finally got to me. I went to a therapist and learned I'm a sex addict. I realized that the sex was meaningless, and afterward I felt like crap. I stopped having so much sex. Now my life is pretty calm, but I struggle every day. When I get stressed, sex is how I cope. So I'm often fighting the urge to pick up some random guy and screw his brains out.

Kathy, 43, Phoenix

EVIL SPELL

You're Breaking Up

Dumping your girl? Wrecked your buddy's car? How do you text painful messages? Send your best bad-news texts to 62946*—start with "Dude"—and we'll post 'em at maximonline.com.



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- Bodog.net Founder and CEO Calvin Ayre

bodog.net

POKER. PLAY HARD

Sore Losers



FOR TWO DECADES SADDAM HUSSEIN'S MANIAC SON UDAY USED TORTURE TO MOTIVATE SOCCER PLAYERS. GUESS WHAT? IT DIDN'T WORK.

Eor the better part of the 20th century, soccer stadiums throughout Iraq provided a refuge where fans could scream their lungs dry, safe from prying informers and secret police. Not only was soccer the national sport, but it also provided a rare emotional outlet in a country where for decades, even before Saddam Hussein, it was an offense to complain about the government or make a joke about an important person—under penalty of jail, torture, and even execution.

So when Saddam seized power in July 1979, he fully understood the importance of soccer to the Iraqi people, and he vowed to control it. One of his first acts was to have the head of the Iraqi Football Association (IFA), Faleh Akram, removed and subsequently executed.

Five years later, as part of his drive to ensure that key positions in Iraq were occupied by family and close friends, he appointed his eldest son, Uday, as head of the National Olympic Committee of Iraq and the IFA. Almost immediately, Uday saw the potential benefits of such a position, and he hired a famous sportswriter to help build his public image with the people of Iraq. For the country's athletes, it marked the beginning of a nightmare. It also signaled the dawn of one of the most bizarre coaching experiments in the history of sports, as Uday's preferred method for inspiring victory was not extra training or innovative playing strategies. It was torture.

Iraqis were terrified of Saddam—although many also respected him. And they were scared of his younger son, Qusay, who was a quiet, calculating killer. But Uday was in a league of his own when it came to violence: Iraqis whispered that he was the devil in human form and probably mad.

From the day he was born, Uday was groomed for the possibility that he would someday inherit rule over Iraq. And from an early age he enjoyed displaying his obsession for power. As a child

growing up in Tikrit, he took pleasure in torturing and disemboweling live animals. When he was a teenager, he threatened a math teacher, saying, "For the offense of boring me, when I become the ruler of Iraq, I'm going to have you shot!" By the time he earned his degree from the University of Baghdad's College of Engineering, pretty much every Iraqi knew to do whatever Uday asked of them.

Uday's appetite for money, women, Cuban cigars, and Italian suits was insatiable. It was said that he owned more than 1,000 cars—Ferraris, Rolls-Royces, Lamborghinis—worth tens of millions of dollars. He kept an enormous library of torture videos showing people having their eyes gouged out or their limbs being hacked off with axes. And he was quite happy to act out his brutal fantasies. When one of Uday's spies overheard a sports journalist named Tariq Abdul Wahab tell someone over the phone that there were, perhaps, problems with Iraqi soccer, Wahab was jailed for a month. His right arm, which had held the phone, was smashed with a sledgehammer. His right leg was cracked, and his right ear, which he had used during the phone call, was mutilated.

According to Saad Qeis, who played soccer for the Iraqi national team in the 1988 Seoul Olympics, Uday's tyranny chiefly served to fuel his enormous ego. "He used sports, Iraqis' last resort to entertain themselves, as a tool to stamp his mark on life in Iraq," says Qeis. "Uday established himself as a ruthless lord of the black market with a finger in every pie, from the media to soccer. Before him the soccer team was one of the Middle East's strongest. Under him it became nothing."

Uday ran his empire from the Olympic Committee's seven-story building on Palestine Avenue in Baghdad. The seventh floor was reserved for his "parties," where he drank himself senseless, viciously raped women, and ordered guests to stage orgies. On the bottom floor was a 15-cell prison to hold athletes who irritated him. It was in his office in the Olympic building that he shot and killed a man who came to complain that Uday had raped his daughter. And in 1989, after the Iraqi boxing team returned from a competition abroad, Uday famously called one of the [redacted]

»

**'YOU KEPT YOUR
MOUTH SHUT OR YOU
WERE KILLED. YOU
TRUSTED NO ONE.'**



TORTURE IN SPORTS

losing boxers into his office, then jumped out of his chair and began punching him in the face. "This is how you box!" he yelled, before shaving the boxer's head and jailing him.

Fortunately for Iraqi soccer players, Uday's interest in the game was purely for the profile it gave him. "He knew nothing about it," says Latif Yahia, who spent five years as Uday's double, working as a decoy for potential assassins. "I doubt he even knew how many players were on a soccer team."

Nick Ask, who played for two of Iraq's top club teams, agrees. "Uday knew nothing about sports," he says. "The only incentive for players was to avoid being tortured. He believed you could pick

players at random, terrify them, and they would beat Brazil. It was like Saddam in the first Gulf War, thinking his army would beat America because Iraqi soldiers were afraid of him."

Uday never let his ignorance of soccer hold him back. High-profile games were the most dangerous for players because Uday was likely to take a more serious interest in them. He'd shout ridiculous tactical instructions at the players and tell them they were a disgrace to Iraq. Even if he wasn't actually at a match, he would watch on television and rage at the players over a telephone connected to a loudspeaker in the locker room.

"Uday treated us as his property," says Sharar Haydar, a powerful defender who played for the national team 40 times between the late 1980s and 1997. "He used to summon us at 2 A.M. to the field at his palace because he wanted to play a game against Iraq's best players. Of course, he wasn't any good—he had funny legs—but everybody was terrified of tackling him."

When the Iraqi team lost a game, Uday would often punish players by throwing them in jail. In 1993, after Jordan beat Iraq 2-0, Uday had four men jailed, including Haydar. "We were beaten for four days," he says, "sleeping for no more than 30 minutes at a time on the floor with no pillows or blankets. One time the guards woke us up and said, 'We want you to catch a fly, and we want it to be male, not female.' One of my teammates caught a fly and showed it to the guards, who said, 'No, that one's male. It needs to be female.' So they beat him. Then they told him to catch the same fly that he had just released."

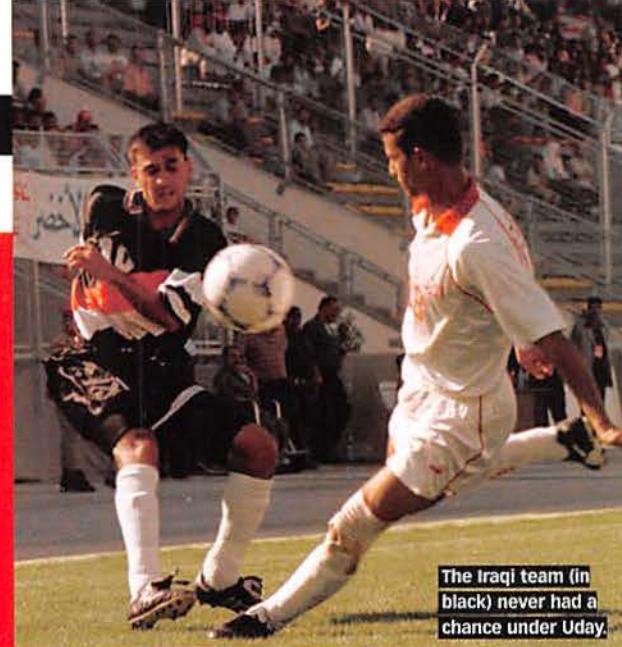
Haydar was jailed again in 1994 after he told Uday he wanted to retire from international soccer.

"I said to myself," Haydar recalls, "Why should I be beaten and put in prison for playing the game I love?"

He was driven to the Olympic headquarters, where he was handed a walkie-talkie. Uday was on the other end.

"So why don't you like playing for the great Iraq?" asked Uday.

"I've been playing for the Iraq national team for five years now," Haydar said, "but I don't feel very well. I've got an ulcer—a bleeding ulcer—so I can't continue."



The Iraqi team (in black) never had a chance under Uday.

**I SAID TO MYSELF,
"WHY SHOULD I BE
BEATEN AND PUT
IN PRISON FOR
PLAYING THE
GAME I LOVE?"**



Uday used many torture techniques to motivate players.

"I will show you what you can and can't do," Uday said.

Then Haydar was taken to prison, where the guards whipped his feet—a traditional Arab punishment called *falaka*—20 times a day for three days. "They took my clothes off, laid me down on my back, and dragged me by my legs across hot pavement until my back was a bloody mess," he says.

"Then they made me roll in the sand. And just to make sure the wounds got infected, I had to climb a 15-foot ladder and jump repeatedly into a pit of sewage water filled

with blood and who knows what else." When Haydar was released a month later, Uday told him he was banned from playing soccer in Iraq for life.

Uday made every decision for his players. He told athletes whom they would play for and where they would live. Players never knew if or when they would be paid, and if they played well perhaps Uday would give them money or maybe a sheep. No one ever protested about any of this. They couldn't.

"You kept your mouth shut or

you were killed," says Haydar. "You trusted no one."

Another player, Habib Ja'far, was jailed five times by Uday. "I was like a hostage," says Ja'far, who played for the club team, al-Rasheed. "My teammates called me Prisoner of Uday."

Uday jailed him twice in 1989 after his team lost important matches. Ja'far's voice breaks when he talks about what happened. "They put me in a cell that was so small I couldn't breathe," he says. "I thought about committing suicide to find release from the pain because there was no other salvation. There was a smell of death in every corner, and in my heart there is still a lot of pain."

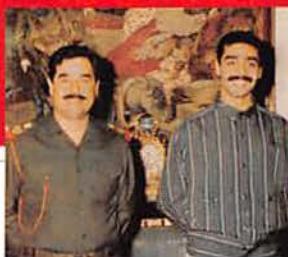
[AN EVIL LIFE]

Time Line of Tyranny

Saddam Hussein taught his oldest son well. Perhaps a little too well.

JUNE 18, 1964

Uday is born. His father is in prison for plotting to overthrow the Iraqi government.



CIRCA 1972

At age eight Uday proves to a young friend that he's already a practiced torturer by disemboweling a live sheep.

1984

Uday graduates from the University of Baghdad, achieving a 98.5 grade average—the highest average in the school's history. During his time at the university, professors who grade him poorly are fired from their jobs and killed.



Today he remains haunted by the humiliation that he faced. "The guards enjoyed their work," he says. "They would knock on the door of my cell and shout, 'What are you doing?' I said, 'I am trying to sleep.' They shouted, 'You are not allowed to sleep.' At that moment I really hated life, the world, even myself."

Samir Kadhum was also jailed five times, twice when he was playing for Iraq and three times when he was with the Air Force club. When the national team returned to Baghdad after losing in Jordan in 1992, Kadhum and five other players were held for three days in a cell so small they couldn't sit down properly.

He was punished again in 2000 when he was playing for the Air Force. He and his teammates had been to a preseason training camp in a small city, 240 miles north of Baghdad, and decided to do some shopping at one of the markets there. They bought the kinds of things that made life in Iraq more bearable—CD players, TVs, blankets. "It was simple stuff," Kadhum says. "When we returned, we were accused of buying satellite receivers, which were banned. I said it wasn't true. I said I had bought two chairs for a barbershop I owned and that I'd bought them to earn extra money because players weren't paid much in Iraq."

The inevitable came three days later. Uday's henchmen forced Kadhum to sit on a chair with his bare legs extended into the air. "They started lashing my feet," he says. "But they weren't hitting me hard. Their boss, who was from Tikrit—Saddam's town—got angry. He said, 'Why aren't you hitting him hard?' The bodyguards said, 'He is Samir Kadhum. He has done many good things for Iraqi soccer.' The boss said he would show how to beat someone. He started hitting me very hard. I said, 'Why are you treating me like an animal?' He said, 'This is Uday's order. We must carry it out.'"

No one was safe from Uday. When the players couldn't guarantee a win, Uday turned elsewhere. Furat Ahmed Kadoim was an Iraqi Kurd, an engineer who was prosperous, happily married, and proud to be one of Iraq's top referees. In 2000 Uday's bodyguards told him that the al-Zawraa team had to beat the police in a match he was refereeing. Kadoim refused to alter the outcome of the match, and the game ended in a 2-2 tie.

There had been interference in soccer under Saddam—usually when the regime wanted a certain team to prosper for political reasons—but Uday's arrival changed everything. Referees were regularly told how a match should end. "It was always about gambling," says Kadoim.

Uday's bodyguards went to Kadoim's house and violently con-

Habib Ja'far
was jailed
five times
by Uday.



Uday would use cells like this one to punish players when he was angry with them.

fronted him about refusing orders from the son of the president. "They took me to prison, and they beat me up for 10 days," says Kadoim. "They'd make me run in 120-degree heat. They made me crawl through a pool of filthy water. They burned my feet with cigarettes. I still have the scars. They shaved my head, which was humiliating."

Six months later Uday's men once again ordered Kadoim to fix a match, this time between al-Karkh and al-Zawraa. "They wanted Zawraa to win. Who knows why? A bet maybe," says Kadoim. Despite the beating he had already endured at the hands of Uday's bodyguards, Kadoim couldn't bring himself to fix the match. Al-Zawraa lost 1-0. "I couldn't do what they wanted," says Kadoim. "I would have lost my reputation."

He was arrested again and spent a week in jail. "One guy was beating me and counting up to 100," says Kadoim. "He would get to 98 and say, 'Oh, I forget where I am, so I must start again.' And then he laughed."

Kadoim was shattered. He soon lost his status as one of Iraq's top referees because everyone knew that Uday was unhappy with him. "They were afraid of him," he says, "and they wanted to show him they did not want me."

Now Kadoim is 40 years old and he says that he can't find a job as an engineer in post-Saddam Iraq because he refuses to bribe the right people. "They destroyed my life," he says. "I am refereeing again, but there is no respect from the players and the crowd."



When a victim was placed in Uday's iron maiden, spikes would pierce his skin.

NOVEMBER 1988

At a state dinner, Uday gets drunk and bludgeons his father's food taster to death. As punishment he is exiled to Switzerland, but he returns to Saddam's side after a few months.



LATE 1994

Uday establishes the Fedayeen Saddam (Saddam's Men of Sacrifice) militia, which is used for smuggling, bullying, and, eventually, to oppose American forces.

DECEMBER 12, 1996

Uday drives to a Baghdad ice cream parlor in one of his Porsches. After his bodyguard enters the shop, a car pulls up, and a gunman fills Uday's body with eight bullets—five of them to the groin.

JUNE 18, 1998

Uday makes his first public appearance after being shot. He is clearly depressed, and will walk with a cane for the rest of his life.





An Iraqi Olympic Committee employee demonstrates a finger vise used by Uday.



Chain whips, steel barbs, and cigarettes were just a few of Uday's favorite torture devices.



day Hussein was killed along with his brother, Qusay, in a gunfight with American forces in July 2003. Soccer lives on in Iraq, but, like so much else, it's on the verge of ruin. The Iraqi Football Association final held in Baghdad this past July was attended by just 15,000 people—far fewer than the 55,000 who would have been there if Iraq had been at peace or even if Uday was still in charge of the sport. After the game the bureaucrats of Iraqi soccer, many of whom had served

Saddam, rolled out clichés like "Sport is the face of hope for the new Iraq" before scuttling back to their offices to make money by swindling it from whomever they could. One British official says today that money given by Western governments for the development of soccer often "goes missing."

The Iraqi national soccer team has also fallen apart. In 2004, when the national team reached the semifinals at the Olympics in Greece, it was ranked 40th in the world. By December 2005, it was ranked 54th and falling. American journalists were eager to find a feel-good story about Iraq, and hailed the performance in Greece as remarkable. But soccer writers from around the world pointed out that Olympic soccer is a low-grade event. It is not, they said, top-class, and the decline in Iraq's stature was predictable. Many of their best players have fled to play abroad, where there isn't the

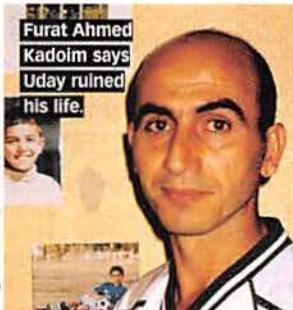
everyday risk of being killed. The national team has had to play many "home" games in Jordan because opponents refuse to travel to Baghdad.

Several club teams have not turned up for matches because it has been too dangerous to travel or because they had no money to pay for gasoline. One match in Baghdad had to be abandoned when mortar shells crashed onto the playing field. Other games were called off after teams protested about the officiating. And when the games do happen, fighting often breaks out between players and the crowd. By midseason last year, Iraq and its soccer league were fighting a seemingly uncontrollable chaos, but to most that chaos was preferable to the hell they had come from.

Since retiring from playing soccer in the summer of 2003, Samir Kadhum has become chairman of the Air Force club team. "We used to get money from the government," he reports, "but that has stopped now."

Still, despite all the problems soccer has to overcome in today's Iraq, and despite the fact that looters recently destroyed his team's stadium, Kadhum insists he's optimistic, if only for the fact that life is better after Saddam.

"I thank God every day," he says, "that Uday has gone." ■



Furat Ahmed Kadolim says Uday ruined his life.



Furat Ahmed Kadolim says Uday ruined his life.

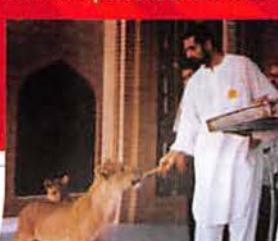
THEY BURNED MY FEET WITH CIGARETTES. I STILL HAVE THE SCARS.

1999

Two 19-year-old men are abducted from the Baghdad Academy of Fine Arts after they're seen talking to a woman Uday wants for himself. The men are brought to the presidential compound, where they are fed alive to two of Uday's caged lions.

MARCH 2000

Uday is elected as a member of the Iraqi National Assembly with 99.9 percent of the vote.



APRIL 4, 2003

Saddam promotes Uday to brigadier general of the Iraqi forces. Three days later the new general goes into hiding.

JULY 22, 2003

Uday and his brother, Qusay, are killed after a six-hour gunfight with American soldiers.



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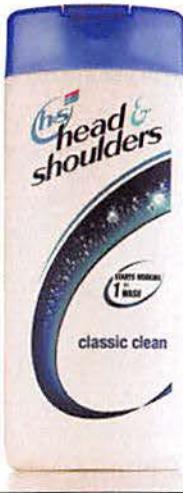


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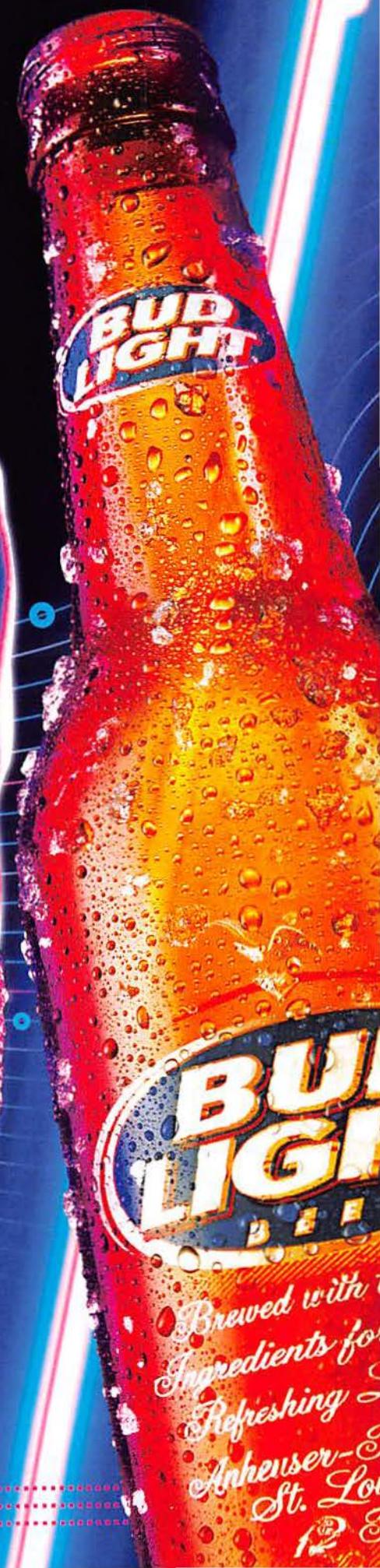
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Looking for Trouble?

Our favorite Mob princess is muscling in on new rackets (Tony's very proud).

WHAT MORE CAN we say about Meadow Soprano? The boss' daughter has all her dad's virtues and none of the beer gut, proving a woman can be smart, sexy, and from Jersey. Two thousand six finds Jamie-Lynn Sigler breaking into the movies and dating again. "This year's about starting a new life," she declares. Your loss, Mafia.

By Sean Cunningham
Photographs by Russell James







I've never really been
picked up to go out
and been nervous
about the date.
I'm looking forward to it

JAMIE-LYNN SIGLER

Why the hell are the gaps between *Sopranos* seasons so long?

I don't have an answer. A couple of months after filming they're still editing, and a couple of months prior they're beginning to write. This past season allowed them to have a full year off. It was worth it. They came back with a vengeance.

How tough is it to get into character after a year and a half?

It's second nature when you've been doing it so long. It's like muscle memory. You have the same crew, the same set, the same hair and makeup, the same wardrobe. You just snap right back into it.

One person who will not be snapping right back into it is former cast mate Lillo Brancato, who was involved in a cop killing in 2005. How did you find out?

Robert Iler and I were on our way into the *Sopranos* Christmas party, and a reporter said, "Would you give us a comment on Lillo?" I feel awful for that officer and the officer's family. I feel bad for Lillo's family, but it's his own fault. Just because he was on my show doesn't mean I have to take his side. He got what he deserved.

Given any thought to how you'd like the series to end?

No, because I have no idea where it's going. I know it will be something spectacular. I'm sure somebody will die. That's pretty much a given with our show.

Do you think Meadow might wind up running the family? Face it, A.J.'s weak.

She's capable. You never know.

You were almost replaced on *The Sopranos* in the first season. What were they thinking?

We shot the pilot in August '97. We didn't start filming the series until June. So it was a year between shooting the pilot and doing the show, and during that year I experienced my eating disorder and was in therapy. When I went back to filming, everybody was in shock. Robert was like, "What the hell happened to you?" My mom and I had a private talk. She said, "They're worried about you being healthy enough to handle this, so you have to prove that you're better. Until then they're going to hold other auditions." I was literally eating anything that came within two feet, just to prove to everybody that I was OK. When I came back for the second season, I looked much heavier, and I know there was a reaction from the public. Only in the past two seasons have I really found my balance.

You've cited both "College" and "Pine Barrens" as your favorite episode. For the record, which is it?

It's still "College" [the fifth episode, where Tony spots a rat during Meadow's college visits]. That really defined Tony's situation. It put him in a more extreme position than normally is, having his daughter wait in the car while he's trying to kill a guy. It also defined for me Meadow and her [+]



JAMIE-LYNN SIGLER

and Edie Falco and all these people coming to see me, worried. The doctors told my dad, "She may never walk again." Not for one day did I think I wasn't going to get up. I was having my friends bring me Cheesecake Factory and my brother bring me breakfast in the morning and watching my soap operas and just waiting it out. I'm definitely an optimist.

How have you been handling the end of your marriage to A.J. DiScala?

You have to let yourself go through the extremes. I went through every emotion possible. Once I did that I started to open my eyes. I remember a couple of months after I separated from my husband. I went out with my girlfriends, and I was checking out cute guys, but not telling myself, "It's OK to check them out. I'm single."

DiScala was your manager. Will you be mixing business and pleasure again?

I think it's important for a relationship—mine in particular—that you have your own life before you have one together. It's very important to have that independence. You need to feel like you're an established person, they're an established person, and then you can establish what you are together. When it mixes too much, there are too many lines that are crossed. You never want that feeling of resentment. I still have respect for marriage. I think it's very romantic and beautiful when people want to make a pact to stay together. Unfortunately, it didn't work out for me. I know we're better off without each other.

Have you been celebrating your freedom with your also suddenly-on-the-market friend Jessica Simpson?

We've been out twice since we've been separated, because she lives in L.A. and I live in New York. We're not on-the-town party girls. But I know that A.J. and Nick [Lachey] have been going out quite often together.

They do make an adorable couple. What are you looking for in your next guy?

Somebody who's confident. Everyone has to go through finding out who we are and what we want to do with our lives. I'd like to find somebody that's almost there.

What do men do that makes you say, "We have no future together"?

The way you treat people is so important. If I see you being an asshole to a waiter, that's such a turnoff to me.

Knowing there are quite a few assholes out there, how do you feel about dating?

I met my ex-husband when I was 19, and though there was no physical relationship for almost two years, he was the man in my life. Before then it was high school boyfriends. I've never really been picked up to go out and been nervous about the date. I'm looking forward to it. **M**

'I'm sure somebody will die. That's pretty much a given with our show.'

father's relationship. No matter what, she has this incredible affection for her father. And her father feels the same.

Who would you rather be remembered for playing: Meadow or madam to the stars/Maxim columnist Heidi Fleiss?

Meadow. But Heidi was a great role for me. I learned how to handle myself on the set. Even though I was the star of the movie, I didn't want to make demands. I was put in a lot of situations that I've never been in before, even in my real life. Being in a bed with multiple people, snorting cocaine, these are things I'd never done. I felt so compromised. One day I wound up having to say, "Listen up, I'm taking a break." There's a fine line between respect and being a bitch. It's very hard to walk. I have a lot of respect for Heidi. To play her I had to have understanding for her. It was not as hard as I thought it'd be.

Would you date a guy who's one of Heidi's clients?

I understand men do it. I'm not a fan. You have three new movies coming up: *Homie Spumoni*, *Lovewrecked*, and *Dark Ride*. What drew you to them? I want roles that challenge the way people

see me. At the same time, I want fun. In *Homie Spumoni*, with Whoopi Goldberg, I play a nice Jewish girl from Queens, and I laughed for six weeks straight. *Lovewrecked* is with Amanda Bynes, and that's the one teen movie I can do before I get too old. I play her evil nemesis. It's about big eyes and overreacting. I grew up obsessed with horror movies, so I wanted to do a horror flick. That's *Dark Ride*. I learned on the shoot I'm an awful screamer. They'll have to put somebody else's voice on the screen. You've had some real-life traumas, such as being paralyzed from Lyme disease. It was for almost two weeks. Everybody around me was terrified. I had David Chase

MAXIM ONLINE



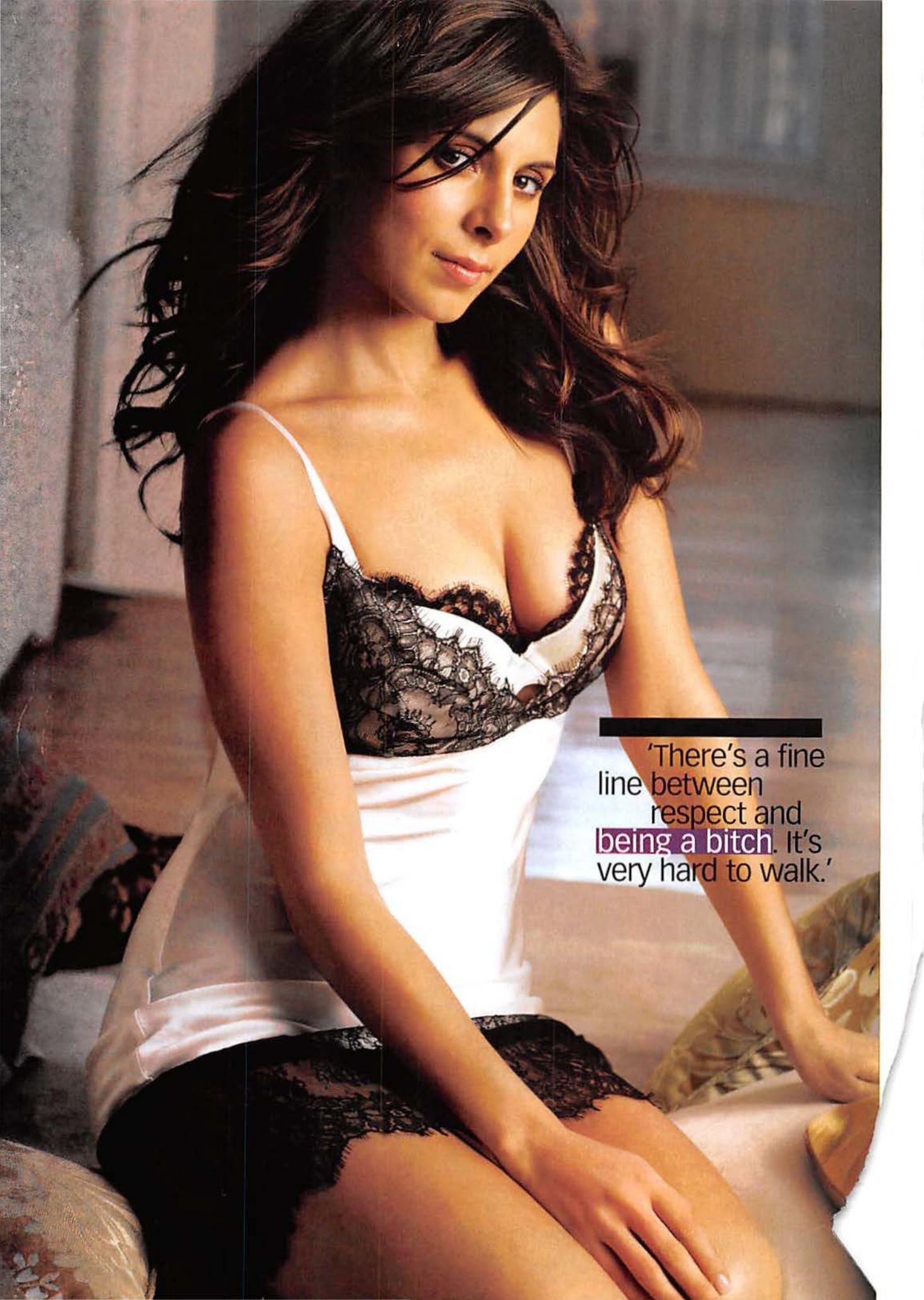
Want to see more of Jamie-Lynn? Drive by maximonline.com for additional pics of the Mob boss' daughter!



YOU STINK, IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF YOU WERE THE LAST GUY ON EARTH.

Next time, use the strongest Old Spice clear gel on the planet.
New Red Zone Clear Gel.



A full-page photograph of a woman with long, dark hair, sitting on a bed. She is wearing a black lace and white fabric bra and matching lace and white fabric bottoms. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting.

'There's a fine
line between
respect and
being a bitch. It's
very hard to walk.'



the BLACK EYED PEAS

the BLACK EYED PEAS

MONK SPRINT



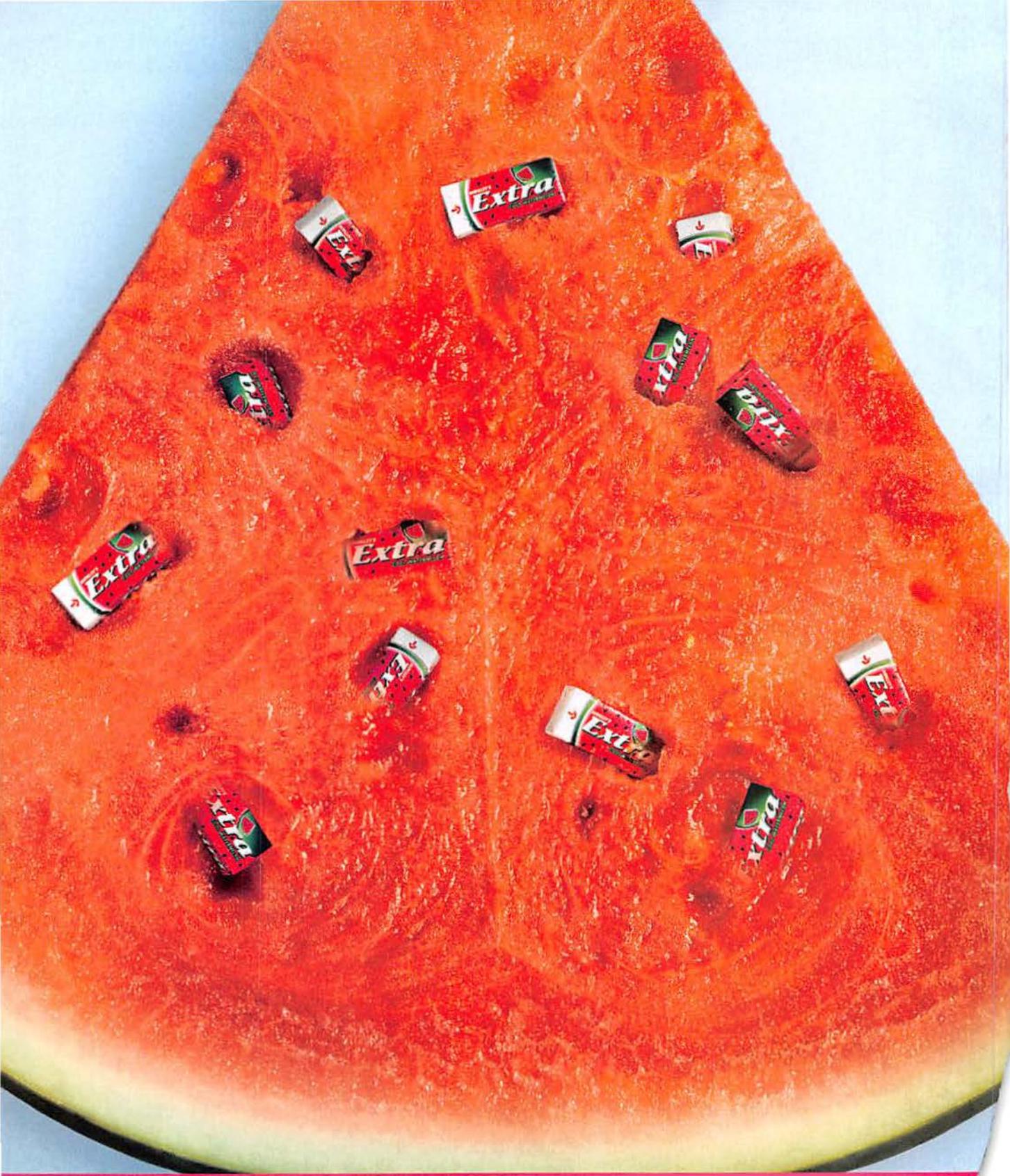
Looking for a ride with a planet-friendly vibe?
Check out the all-new, Ultra-Low-Emission
gas/electric Civic Hybrid.



 This year, the hands-down-choice band for the Honda Civic Tour was The Black Eyed Peas. Their funky style and off-the-hook energy are a perfect match for the 2006 Civic, redesigned with more spirit, performance savvy and flat-out fun than ever. As part of the tour, The Peas got to add their unique flair to shiny new Civic Hybrid. To view their customized ride and get info on when The Peas will be driving their groove to your town, go to hondacivictour.com.

March 23	Fresno, CA	April 14	Gainesville, FL	May 04	Detroit, MI
March 24	Sacramento, CA	April 15	Atlanta, GA	May 06	Chicago, IL
March 25	Reno, NV	April 18	Cary, NC	May 07	St. Paul, MN
March 26	San Diego, CA	April 21	New York, NY	May 12	Oakland, CA
March 28	Los Angeles, CA	April 22	Columbia, MD	May 14	Portland, OR
March 29	Los Angeles, CA	April 23	Camden, NJ	May 15	Everett, WA
March 31	Phoenix, AZ	April 25	Amherst, MA	May 16	Spokane, WA
April 07	Dallas, TX	April 26	Fairfield, CT	May 19	Boise, ID
April 08	Houston, TX	April 28	Verona, NY	May 20	Salt Lake City, UT
April 09	San Antonio, TX	April 29	Boston, MA	May 21	Denver, CO
April 11	Tampa, FL	April 30	State College, PA		
April 13	Sunrise, FL	May 02	Columbus, OH		

Dates subject to change. © 2006 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



NEW MOUTHWATERINGLY
COOL WATERMELON
REMARKABLY LONG LASTING



WEBSITE



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"You promised me:
'No more porn!'"

50

Things You Didn't Know
You Could Do With
Your Cell Phone!

com)

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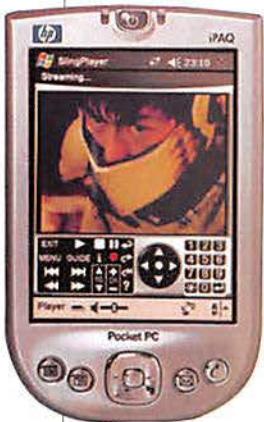


01 SCORE WOMEN

Q: Can a mobile help me pick up girls?
A: Sure. Snap a pic of your lady-target using your phone's camera, but make sure it's a lousy shot—crop off her head, capture her devouring pasta, whatever. She'll insist you take a better one. You're so in, sleazebag.

02 Stare at it

Enjoy last night's 24 while hiding in a bathroom stall at work with the new Slingbox, a slightly unwieldy device that sits on top of your set and beams shows from your TV or TiVo straight to your phone. Now you'll never miss an episode of *Family Feud* again! (slingmedia.com)



03 Score a commission

Making PowerPoint presentations from a laptop is so 2002. The new 1-View lets you beam hard drive files from your computer onto a Windows Mobile device for a sales presentation. Or just access your porn collection. (1-view.com)

04 Lie better

Cell phone software like SounderCover (my-symbian.com) and LightWav Pro (toysoft.ca) can insert background noises into your calls—say, a construction site or a circus—so whoever's on the other end will buy your shoddy alibi. "I swear, honey, it was a clown making those slurping noises."

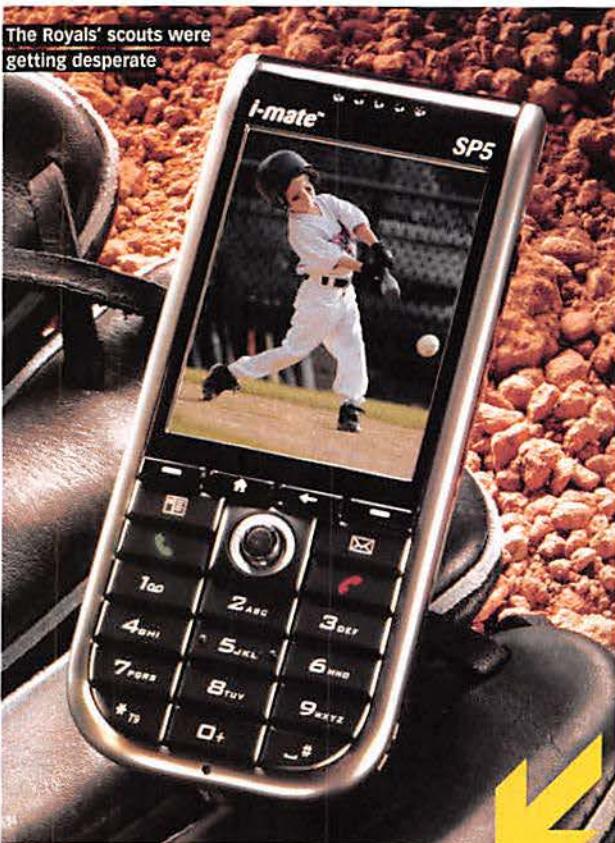
05 Watch women in bikinis when Mom calls

Until smell tones become a reality—and, yes, they're on the way—music video ringers from Sprint (which work only with specific phones) are where it's at. Imagine having MTV in your pocket—if MTV still played music videos. (sprint.com)

06 Be stealthy

CallWave's free call-screening download lets you listen in on your caller as he leaves his message. Take the call if you like what you hear, hang up if the loser can't stop whining about his parents upping his rent. He'll continue recording a message, unaware that you hate him. (callwave.com)

The Royals' scouts were getting desperate



07 Capture Little League errors on film

Not only does the i-mate SP5 smart phone run the brand-new Windows Mobile 5.0 OS, but its camcorder function can record in multiple formats, like MPEG-4 and AVI. (imate.com)



08 Make some quick cash

Web sites like oldcellphone.com and ripmobile.com will actually pay cash for your old *Saved by the Bell* squawk box, while some savvy "marketing" could net you even more cash on eBay. Hey, no one can prove it wasn't blessed by the pope.

09 But what if I want to pick up college girls?

Audible.com, a Web site that delivers audio books digitally, now offers the simple-to-use Audible Air, which allows you to download *War and Peace* and listen to Tolstoy's entire slog through your earpiece. The existential coffee shop banter is up to you, Oprah.

10 Get divorced

Until 2001 men in Malaysia were free to end their marriages via text message. How come Asia's always ahead of the curve?



11 Download celeb mug shots

Honor silver-screen stars by wallpapering their jail pics on screen. Will it be Vince Vaughn, arrested for his part in a barroom brawl? Or James Brown, post-domestic-violence arrest? (celebritymugshotcalendars.com)

12 Find the dog

Sparky give you the slip again? The PetsCell phone from PetsMobility is waterproof and two-way voice-enabled, so the mutt can bark in your ear while you pinpoint his location with built-in GPS, and you can listen to him rolling in dead possum no matter where he is. (petsmobility.com)

13 See better

Can't make it to the light switch? Use your mobile's glowing LCD screen to guide your way, and avoid tripping over that penis pump.



14 Humiliate RAZR owners

The yet-to-be-released credit-card-size Samsung SGH-P300 measures an astonishing 8.9 mm thick, besting the sleek Motorola RAZR by 5 mm! Magically, this slender number integrates Bluetooth, an MP3 player, and a 1.3-megapixel digital camera. Thin is in. (samsung.com)

18 ANSWER KEYS

Q: Can it make me smart?
A: That's like asking how many peanuts it takes to make an 18 oz. jar of peanut butter.* Win your next bar bet by texting a query to either 4Info (44636) or Google (46645). (*850)

15 Become a photographer

The 1.3-megapixel digital camera on the LG CU320 may not be the biggest, but it's what you tell young hotties it can do that counts. Included on the phone is a photo editor that lets you resize, rotate, crop, and add effects, like speech bubbles. You'll be like a *Maxim* photographer, without all the talent and money. (lgusa.com)

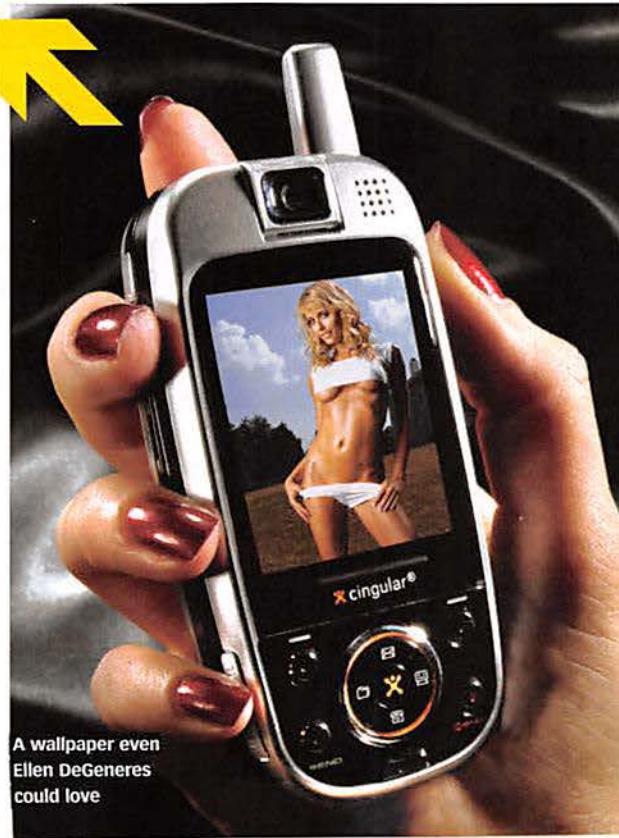
16 Blog harder

SplashBlog lets you upload photos to your blog directly from your PDA. Dork. (splashblog.com)



17 Absorb gambling losses even faster

She wants to drag you to Gap to watch her try on pirate pants, so you're going to miss the game? Have no fear, Miss. Check out sportsalert.net and get updated scores and sports news sent to your phone while you contemplate eating a gun.



19 Give a text massage

With VibeTonz callers can reach out and virtually touch someone. Only Samsung SCH-N330 and VI-A820 phones work with VibeTonz, though a new force-feedback mobile called m.pleasure is in the works. (vibetonz.com)



20 Pretend you're in shape

Into enjoying life on a treadmill at the gym? Check out Sportsdo's Rundo, a telemetry system that uploads to your Windows Mobile device and calculates your speed, distance, gradient, pace, and calories. We'll still be here on the couch when you get back. (rundo.info)

[WIN A PHONE!]

Help us help you. Just don't call us. Your ancient phone keeping you from getting calls from the parole officer? E-mail pics of it and your contact info to bustedcell@maximmag.com. The man with the most-ghetto cell scores a special-edition \$1,300 i-mate JASJAR phone.



22 Locate both of Des Moines' cool places

Download Vindigo's CityGuide to find the money spots in even the lamest burbs. Enter your location and this handy application spits out the best restaurants, bars, museums, movies, nearby ATMs, and even the closest public shitters. (zingy.com)

23 Survive

Used to be, striking out into the wild meant eating bark before dying lost and hungry. But products like MapQuest's Find Me software, with its point-of-interest GPS locator directing you to the nearest Burger King, mean you'll at least be plump and well-fed when the bears find you. (mapquest.com)

**24 Clean up**

Mo' money, mo' problems; mo' gadgets, mo' cords. But Discovery headset from Plantronics juices up via your phone's charger—no need for extra plugs. (plantronics.com)

25 Get some

Bluetooth and text-based dating services are the new wingmen. Your phone alerts you when available hotties are near, then exchanges pics and profiles with them. The next move is yours to bungle. (bedd.com, sixsense.com, proxidating.com)

26 Start a virtual boiler room

In addition to borderline legal behavior, stockbrokers are known for ingenuity. So it's no surprise the Feds recently uncovered price-inflation schemes coordinated and executed entirely by cell phone rather than in a sleazy cellar somewhere on Long Island.

**27 Save a life**

If they were available here, downloadable first-aid programs like Germany's M-Aid and the U.K.'s MobiMedic could tell you how to respond, step by step, next time some lardo at Applebee's gets a chicken bone stuck in his throat. (m-aid.de, dynamocomputing.com)

28 BRAT PATROL

Q: Can it help me buy a child's love?

A: Your nephew not ready for the scary world of mobile communication? Cingular's Firefly has only five buttons, but tech-savvy punks can call Mom, Dad, 911, and anyone else in their 20-number phone book.

29 Reveal Paris

Hilton's ugly side You're a scumbag—why not profit from it? Online photo agencies will buy and sell your hastily snapped photos of a doubled-over Lindsay Lohan, making you an active, paid participant in our celeb-obsessed culture. (scoop.com, celljournalist.com, splashnews.com)

30 Get the 411 on cellular numbers

By the end of this year, cold-callers could be able to access a directory for cell numbers. But militia-founding privacy freaks can relax—the directory service will only include the digits of customers who have opted in. (qsent.com/wireless411)

**31 Referee bar competitions**

Use your mobile's stopwatch function to time how quickly one drunk friend can shotgun a gallon of pancake batter.

32 Surf the Net at space-age speeds

The 700w is the first Treo running Windows Mobile, but more exciting is that it uses Verizon's EV-DO, a wireless Internet network running at DSL speeds. (verizon.com)

**33 Uncover her secrets**

Is your girl talking about you to her sycophantic fat friend? Give her a Nokia that's been made into a spy phone, then dial the secret number. The cell silently picks up so you can listen in. (endoacustica.com)

34 Waste time

in a better way It's time you stopped settling for the broke-dick trial version of JAMDAT bowling that shipped with your phone. Instead download our favorite productivity killer, Zuma. It's best described as Snood with spirals—a reference that all but the most geriatric should get. (sorrent.com)

35 Spend more

Services like Mobile-Lime let you make purchases without cards or cash, while Web-enabled phones can access Mobile Box Office, which turns your cell into a movie ticket, and PayPal Mobile, for transferring cash while on the go. (mobilelime.com, mbo.com, paypal.com)

36 Be a backdoor man

Love playing phone tag? T-Mobile and Verizon let you call customers' voice mail boxes via secret numbers. For T-Mobile users, call 805-637-7243, then dial the person's number. For Verizon users, find the local number at bridog.net/cellvoicemail.txt.

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37 Stop losing your stuff

Working in conjunction with stamp-size RFID tags, the Loc8tor handheld tracking device sets off an alarm whenever you wander a preset distance from your phone. The tags can be used to track other things, like your wallet or secret stash of plush toys. (loc8tor.com)

38 Order Domino's...from inside cellular dead zones

Three must-haves when traveling in Appalachia: a hair-trigger crossbow, a luxurious two-ply roll of TP, and an emergency satellite phone capable of reaching the outside world from the remotest locations on Earth. Iridium and Globalstar are leading services offering always-connected mobiles. Phones start at \$625 each, and plans run at least \$50 per month—but that's a small price to pay to summon a chopper when a posse of shotgun-toting mountain men come callin'. (iridium.com, globalstarusa.com)

39 Perfect the art of creepiness

Breathing heavily into a phone is for one-trick pervs. Vemail gives you the ability to send voice e-mails from your cell phone. Record your message, then send it to that girl you've been stalking for years. Now, she's got mail, and you've got five to 10. (vemail.com)



40 Call home from the grave. Or Europe. The Samsung SCH-i830 is a globetrotter's best friend, since its dual CDMA/GSM modes mean it works in both the U.S. (Verizon) and overseas.

41 Make it your personal assistant

Never let a call interrupt your lap dance again. With Boo! Interactive software, your mobile phone will screen specific contacts and respond to their calls with a personalized text. Might we suggest for the wife: "Working late. Be home soon. XO." (boointeractive.com)

**43** Keep track of old friends

Are your thumbs already starting to chafe at the thought of entering every number from your old cell's address book into that phone you just bought? Treat yourself to a CellStik—a flash memory gizmo that does the dirty work for you. (sparktech.com)

44 Neutralize a stranger

With more than a billion people crammed into China, eventually someone's just gonna get on your nerves. One MacGyver-esque native remedied the situation by creating a cell phone Taser. Do him one better by finally perfecting your cell phone/chain saw combo.

45 Punk pals: phone prank #673

Slip the battery cover off your pal's phone, insert a slice of ham, then close it up. Soon it'll smell like Bobcat Goldthwait's pits.

**46** Save the Earth, you hippie

Going off the grid? Scour eBay for the iSun solar-powered phone charger, a bulky yet energy-efficient replacement for wall sockets. Or, buy a few Cellboosts, which each provide an hour of power for your mobile. Never be without bulgar wheat again. (cellboost.com)

47 Sport a prêt-à-portable costume

Next Halloween, abstain from yoking yourself to a buddy as the ass end of a donkey. Instead, enjoy the taste of glory as a shoddy yet totally original mobile phone from the early '90s. (animalmascots.com)

48 Stop forgetting to remember

Your years of systematic debauchery may finally be catching up to your gin-soaked brain, but that's no reason to live like that dude from *Memento*. Instead let tothecell.com send you free text reminders, and never forget to call the clinic for test results again.

**49** Get busted

Cell phone cams snagging small-time thieves is just the beginning of mobile crime fighting. In Queensland, Australia, pharmacy computers alert Down Under police by text message whenever a possible perp purchases armfuls of certain drugs from several different stores.

**50** Stay in your basement forever

Aluminum siding and rebar-laden concrete kill indoor cell signals. Fight bad reception at home with a wireless extender, and boost coverage up to 2,500 feet. Downside: no more missing calls from the clingy single mom met at the bar. (wirelessextenders.com)



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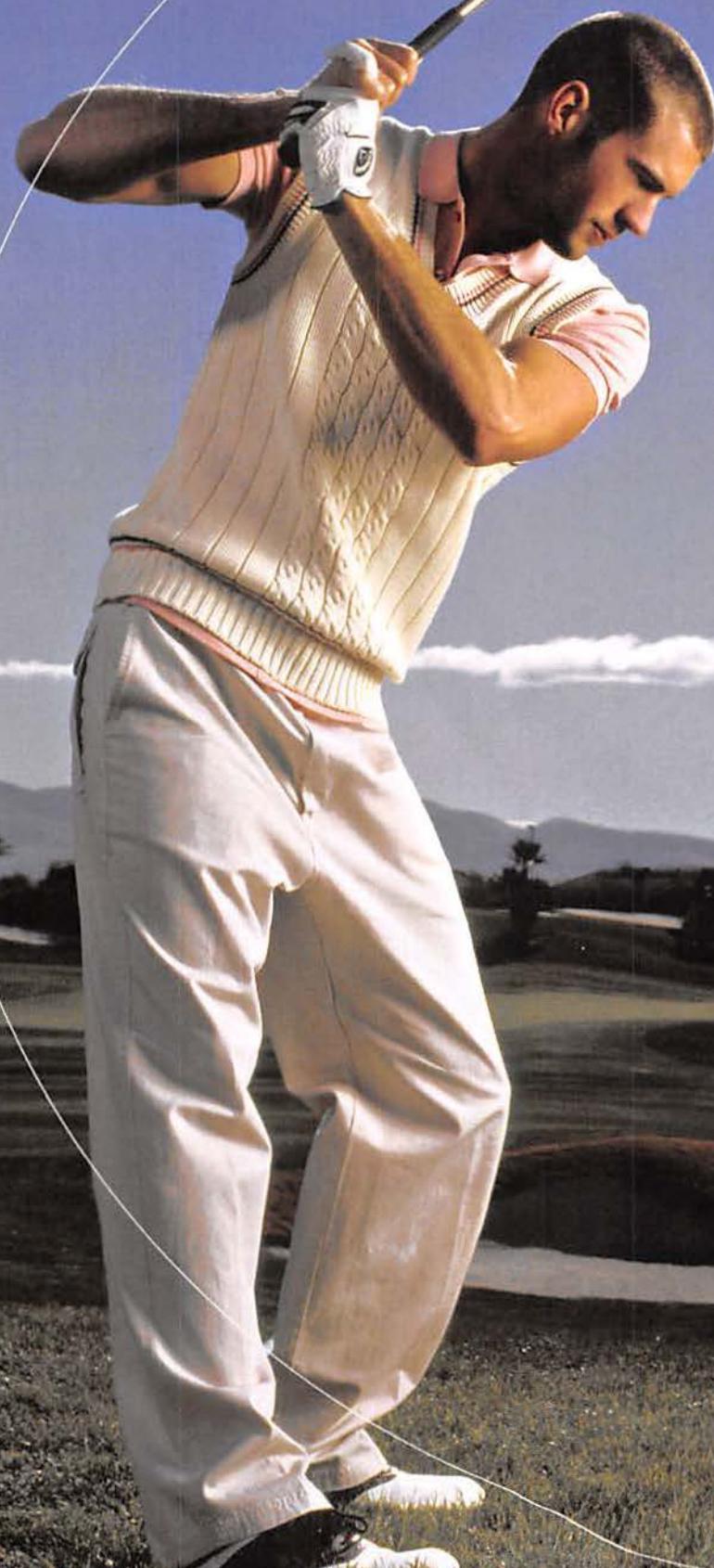
Hail a hole in one
with a brand-new
spring-fresh wardrobe.

Photograph by **Bradford Noble**
Styling by **Maria Ruocco**



ated microfiber twill

\$110, by Greg
gan Collection;
shoes, \$160,
Puma.
www.Greg
gan.com



(from left) Penn polo shirt, \$69, by J.Lindeberg; V-neck vest, \$220, by Crosby Hallen & Cobb; G-Advantage pants, \$50, by IzodG; Pro Series glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf; shoes, stylist's own. Rafe polo shirt, \$88, and polka-dot sweater, \$156, by Rosasen; flat-front pants, \$52, by Dockers; belt, \$125, by Nike White

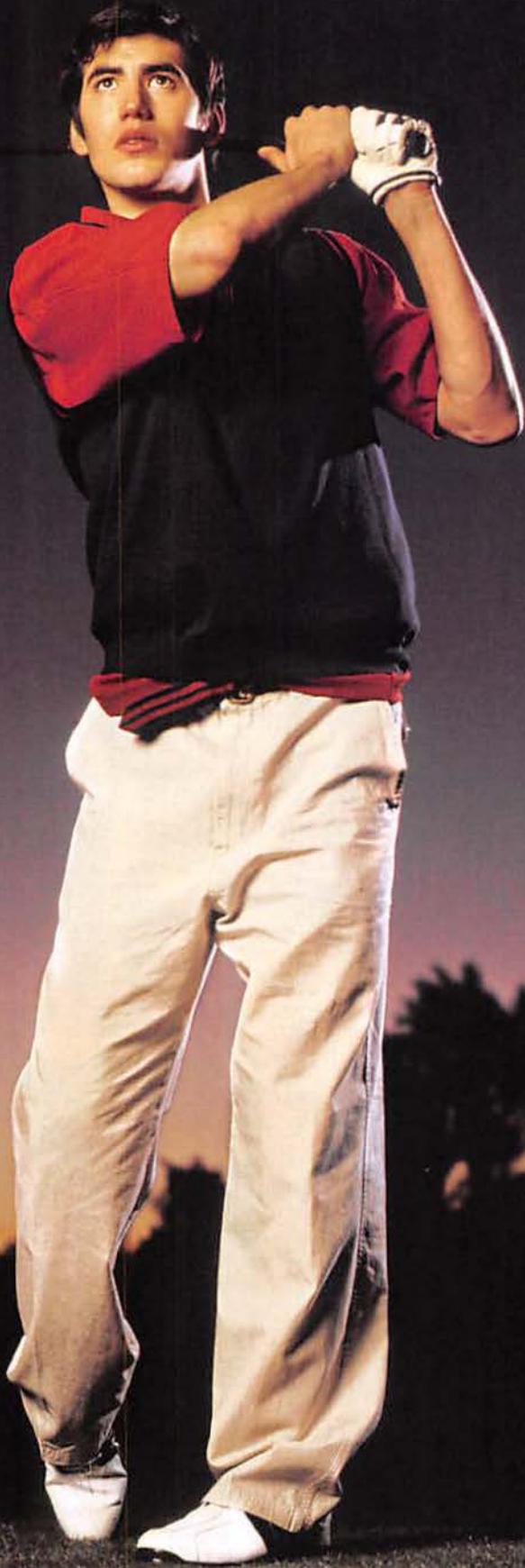
Label; Pro Series glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf; PG GTX shoes, \$160, by Golf Puma; Polo shirt, \$55, by Golf Puma; Broken Argyle T-shirt, \$48, by Rosasen; herringbone khaki pants, \$200, by Crosby Hallen & Cobb; Tour 360 shoes, \$180, by Adidas Golf; Pro Series glove, \$22, and visor, \$19, both by Callaway Golf.

THE MISSING LINK

Tee off in golf clothes your dad wouldn't dare wear.

Photographs by **Bradford Noble** Styling by **Maria Ruocco**



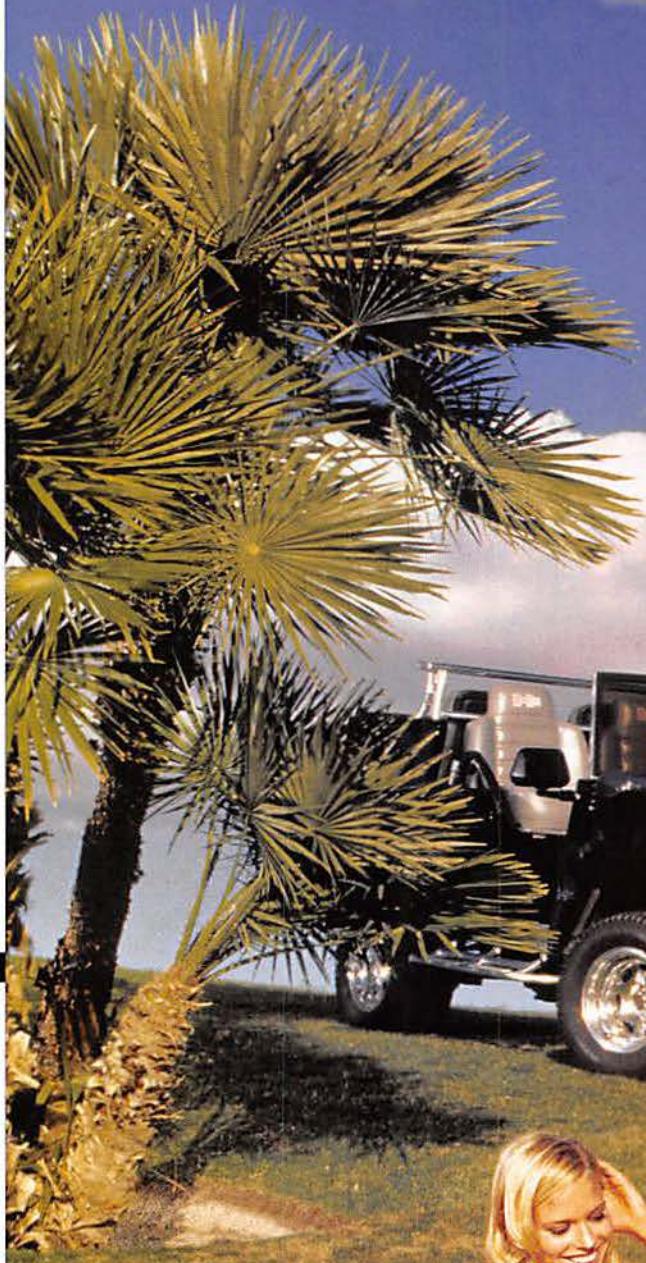


CB DryTec Solid Runner polo shirt, \$64, and Sport Zip mock vest, \$68, both by Cutter & Buck; G-Advantage pants, \$50, by IzodG; ribbon belt, \$25, by J. Press; Pro Series glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf; Tour 360 shoes, \$180, by Adidas Golf.

MAXIM STYLE



Reversible Glen golf jacket, \$125, by Tommy Hilfiger Crest Collection; G-Flex polo shirt, \$39, by IzodG; plaid pants, \$130, by Rosasen; ribbon belt, \$25, by J. Press; visor, \$19, by Callaway Golf. On her: (from left) Polo shirt by Tommy Hilfiger; plaid shorts by Rosasen; G-Comfort sweater vest by IzodG; skirt by Rosasen. |





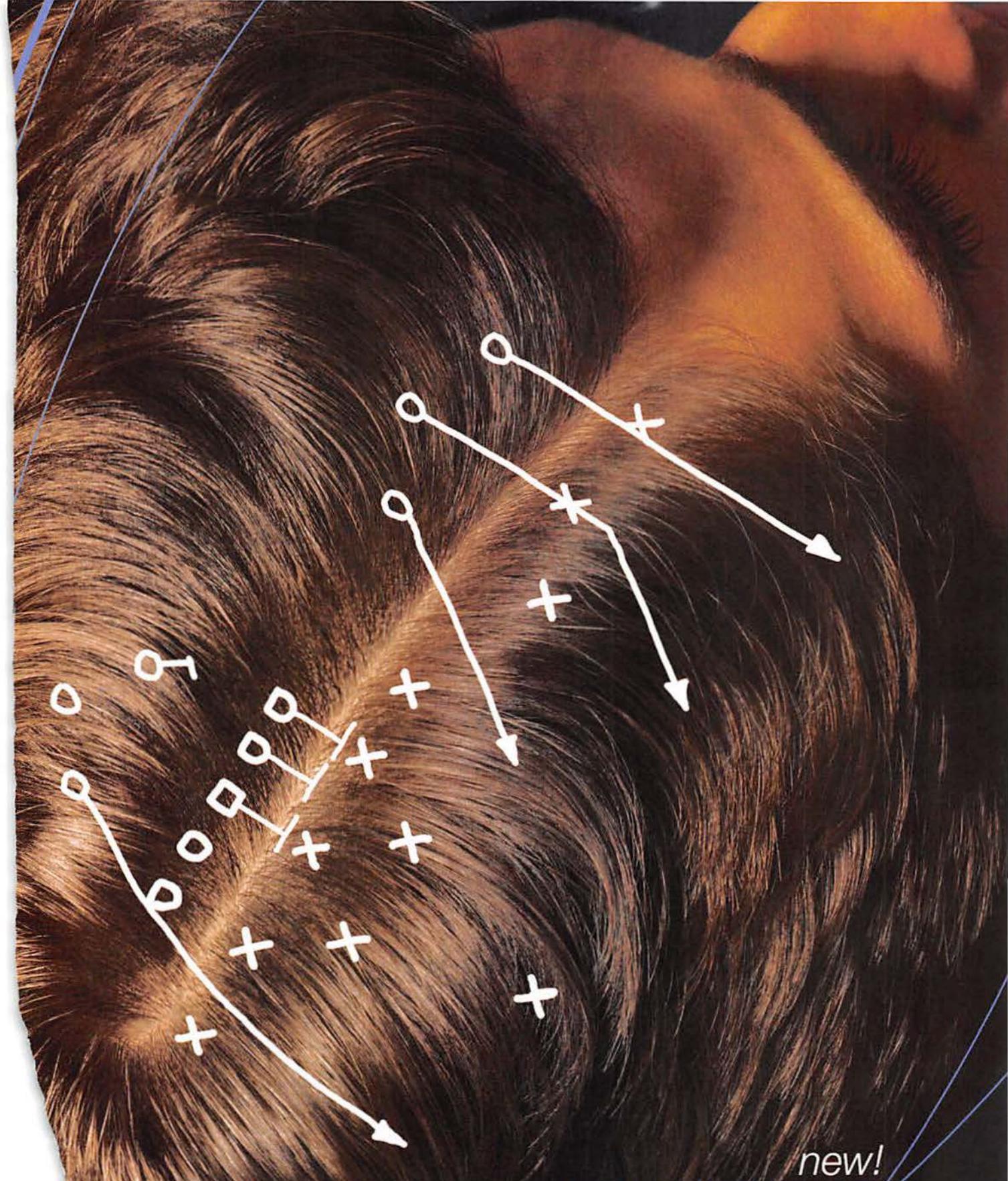
(from left) V-neck sweater, \$110, by J. Press; gingham shirt, \$114, by Rosasen; Authentic khaki pants, \$60, by Dockers; PG GTX shoes, \$160, by Golf Puma; Polo shirt, \$36, by Dockers; short-sleeve shirt, \$175, by Crosby Hallen & Cobb; Driver shorts, \$52, by Paul Frank; Pro Series glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf; Tour 360 shoes, \$180, by Adidas Golf; G-Flex Polo

shirt, \$39, by IzodG; argyle vest, \$145, by J. Lindeberg; Pro Series glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf; Tour 360 shoes, \$180, by Adidas Golf; pants, model's own; On her: (from left) Polo shirt by Tommy Hilfiger; shorts by Dockers; Driver Isabelle shoes by Adidas Golf; Polo shirt by Rosasen; shorts by Golf Puma; ribbon belt by J. Press; Driver Isabelle shoes by Adidas Golf.



Ed polo shirt, \$72,
by Rosasen; Pass
smart shorts, \$59,
by Ben Sherman.
On her: Deep V-neck
shirt by Anchor Blue.

Styling assistance: Sophia Ioannidis; hair: Armani
Cosmetics; Location: Palm Beach, FL
Concept Cars: For buying information, see page 160



when the goal is healthy hair,
start at the line of scrimmage.

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FACE PAINT

Make it in the shade with these color-packed sunglasses.

Photograph by Koji Yano





1. Bauhaus sunglasses, \$70, by Smith Optics
2. Sunglasses, \$115, by Ben Sherman
3. Papa G sunglasses, \$80, by VonZipper
4. Bindis frames, \$315, by L.A.Eyeworks
5. Plastic frames, \$199, by Persol
6. Sunglasses, \$150, by Diesel
7. Liquid frames, \$695, by Chrome Hearts
8. Montana sunglasses, \$315, by Oliver Peoples by Harry Leight
9. Acetate frames, \$380, by Philippe Starck Color Collection
10. Plastic sunglasses, \$75, by ck Calvin Klein Eyewear

DENIM NEWS

TEDDY SMITH

Watch for these super-straight rocker jeans, \$195, ready to hit stores. Call 212-764-0496.

CORPUS

A new body of work in the land of denim is lean and mean, \$215; visit corpusclothing.com.

Jeanjunkies

Photographs by Brian Klutch

Flawless jeans for denim connoisseurs to fight over.

PEOPLE OF THE WORLD

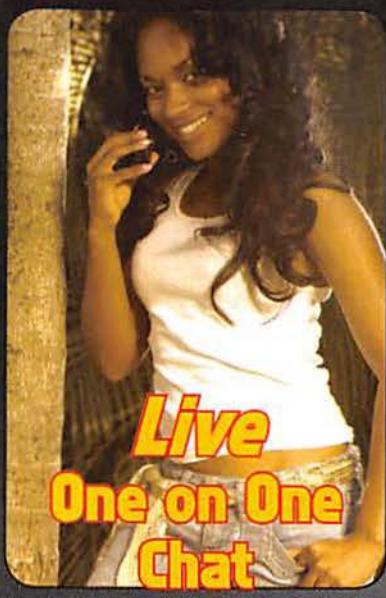
Go global with these embroidered and stitched jeans, \$264, at Fred Segal Santa Monica and Kitson, L.A.

CITIZENS OF HUMANITY

Join the race of Hollywood types who wear these jeans, \$196, at Nordstrom and Macy's West.

GILDED AGE

The price tag (\$595) may shock, but these jeans of Japanese denim are hand-finished; at Barneys New York.



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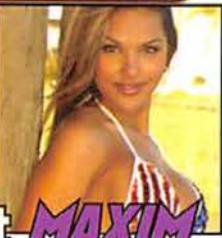
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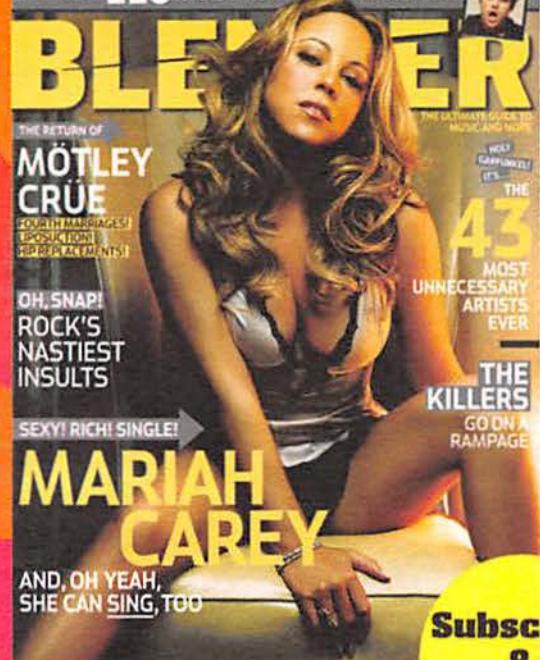
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- 35648 Black Eyed Peas - My Humps
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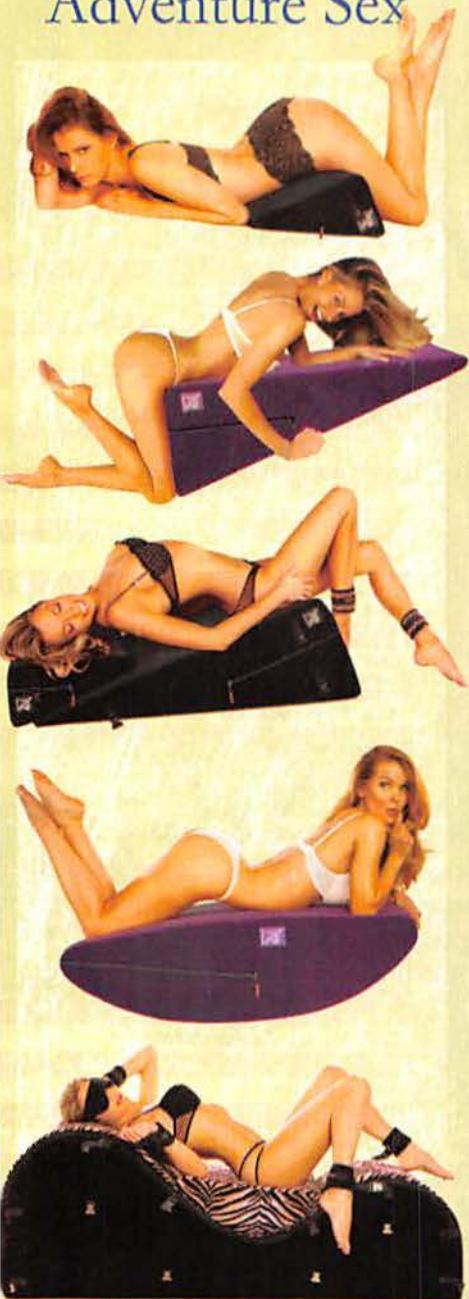
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THE MISSING LINK

Pages 146-147: (from left) Shirt, \$69, by J.Lindeberg, at J.Lindeberg, N.Y.C. and L.A., or visit jlindeberg.com. Vest, \$220, by Crosby Hallen & Cobb, at Stel's, Boston, MA; Ian, Seattle, WA; and Stephen Tuttle, Salem, NC. Pants, \$50, by IzodG, visit izodg.com. Glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf, visit callawaygolf.com. Shirt, \$88, and sweater, \$156, by Rosasen, at Atrium, N.Y.C., and American Rag, L.A.; or visit rosasen.com. Pants, \$52, by Dockers, visit dockers.com. Belt, \$125, by Nike White Label, at Nike stores. Glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf, visit callawaygolf.com. Shoes, \$160, by Golf Puma, at Puma store, or call 888-565-PUMA; or visit puma.com. Shirt, \$55, by Golf Puma, at Puma store, or call 888-565-PUMA; or visit puma.com. T-shirt, \$45, by Rosasen, at Atrium, N.Y.C.; and American Rag, L.A., or visit rosasen.com. Pants, \$20, by Crosby Hallen & Cobb, at AX Riks, Grand Rapids, MI; Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and S2 at Fred Segal, Santa Monica, CA. Shoes, \$180, by Adidas Golf, visit adidasgolf.com. Glove, \$22, and visor, \$19, both by Callaway Golf, visit callawaygolf.com.

Page 148: Polo, \$64, and vest, \$68, both by Cutter & Buck; call 800-713-7810, or visit cutterbuck.com. Pants, \$50, by Izod G, visit izodg.com. Belt, \$25, by J. Press, at J. Press,

N.Y.C.; or visit jpressonline.com. Glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf, visit callawaygolf.com. Shoes by Adidas Golf, visit adidasgolf.com.

Page 149: Jacket, \$125, by Tommy Hilfiger Crest Collection, visit tommy.com. Shirt, \$39, by IzodG, visit izodg.com. Pants, \$130, by Rosasen, at Atrium, N.Y.C., and American Rag, L.A.; or visit rosasen.com. Shorts by Rosasen, at Atrium, N.Y.C., and American Rag, L.A.; or visit rosasen.com. Vest by IzodG, visit izodg.com. Skirt by Rosasen, at Atrium, N.Y.C., and American Rag, L.A.; or visit rosasen.com.

Pages 150-151: (from left) Sweater, \$110, by J. Press, at J. Press, N.Y.C., or visit jpressonline.com. Shirt, \$114, by Rosasen, at Atrium, N.Y.C., and American Rag, L.A.; or visit rosasen.com. Pants, \$60, by Dockers, visit dockers.com. Shoes, \$160, by Golf Puma, at Puma store, or call 888-565-PUMA; or visit puma.com. Shirt, \$36, by Dockers, visit dockers.com. Shirt, \$175, by Crosby Hallen & Cobb, at AX Riks, Grand Rapids, MI, and S2 at Fred Segal, Santa Monica, CA. Shorts, \$52, by Paul Frank, at Paul Frank, and Nordstrom. Glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf, visit callawaygolf.com. Shoes, \$180, by Adidas Golf, visit adidasgolf.com. Shirt, \$39, by IzodG, visit izodg.com. Vest, \$145, by J. Lindeberg, at J. Lindeberg, N.Y.C. and L.A.; or visit jlindeberg.com. Glove, \$22, by Callaway Golf, visit callawaygolf.com. Shoes, \$180, by

Adidas Golf, visit adidasgolf.com. On her: (from left) Shirt by Tommy Hilfiger, visit tommy.com. Shorts by Dockers, visit dockers.com. Shoes by Adidas Golf, visit adidasgolf.com. Shirt by Rosasen, at Atrium, N.Y.C., and American Rag, L.A.; or visit rosasen.com. Shorts by Golf Puma, at Puma store, or call 888-565-PUMA; or visit puma.com. Belt by J. Press, at J. Press, N.Y.C., or visit jpressonline.com. Shoes by Adidas Golf, visit adidasgolf.com.

Page 152: Shirt, \$72, by Rosasen, at Atrium, N.Y.C., or visit rosasen.com. Shorts, \$59, by Ben Sherman, at Ben Sherman, N.Y.C., or visit benshermanusa.com. On her: Shirt by Anchor Blue, visit anchorblue.com.

FACE PAINT

Pages 154-155: Sunglasses, \$70, by Smith Optics, call 208-726-4477, or e-mail smith@smithoptics.com; or visit smithoptics.com. Sunglasses, \$115, by Ben Sherman, at Ben Sherman, N.Y.C.; or visit benshermanusa.com. Sunglasses, \$80, by VonZipper, visit vonzipper.com. Sunglasses, \$315, by L.A. Eyeworks, visit laeyeworks.com. Sunglasses, \$199, by Persol, at select Sunglass Hut stores, or call 800-786-4527; or visit persol.com. Sunglasses, \$150, by Diesel, at Diesel Stores Sunglasses, \$695, by Chrome Hearts, at Optical Shop of Aspen; or call 800-647-2345, or visit osinternational.com. Sunglasses, \$315, by Oliver Peoples by Harry Leight, at Oliver Peoples, N.Y.C.; or visit oliverpeoples.com. Sunglasses, \$380, by Philippe Starck Color Collection, at Alain Mikli, N.Y.C. Sunglasses, \$75, by ck Calvin Klein Eyewear, visit marchon.com.

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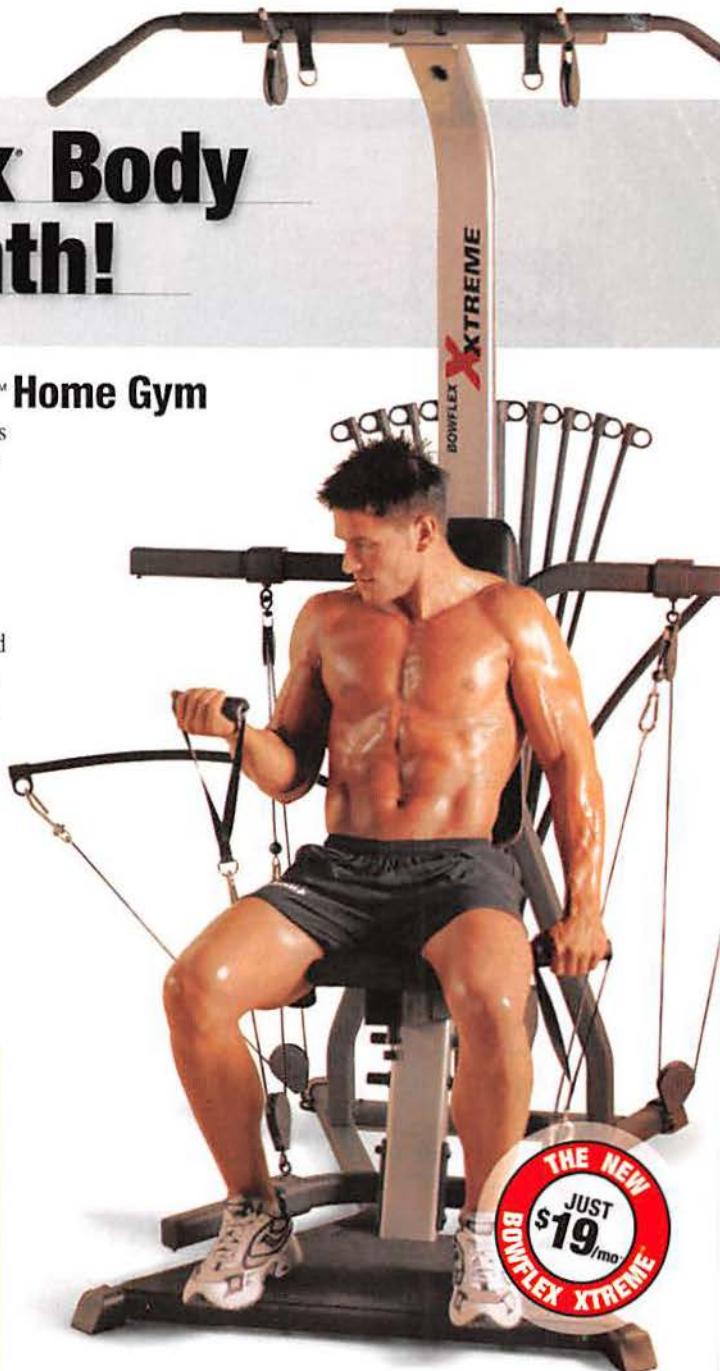
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BFM0415 (0506)

IDIOT NATION



OHIO

AUTO UNDERTAKER

An Akron man buried his 1997 BMW, reported it stolen, and collected \$20,000 in dirty insurance money. The genius, Matthew Mueller, rented a backhoe and methodically dug a hole on property owned by his father, and then buried the sucker. Police found the car after receiving an anonymous tip. "It looked like a pancake," an obviously hungry Portage County assistant prosecutor said of the ride. In addition to getting a year in the clink, Mueller has to pay back the insurance company and owes the cops \$15,500 for the cost of digging the Bimmer back up.



NEW JERSEY

PRETTY BOY

The American Civil Liberties Union scored one for freedom by securing a 17-year-old Hasbrouck Heights boy's right to wear skirts to class. The student, angered by his school's policy forbidding shorts between October 1 and April 15, started wearing dresses and skirts in protest. He was eventually sent home and banned from school for continuing to dress so prettily. The obviously underworked ACLU intervened, and the school agreed to let the student wear skirts—yet refused to change its no-shorts rule.

JACKASS OF MERIT

WISCONSIN

A 39-year-old Northwest Airlines flight attendant was arrested after a crack

team of tweezers police spotted a grenade in her luggage. The grenade, which deputies say was purchased at an Army surplus store, was inert, but as signs the woman sees every day at work state, bombs—real or fake—don't fly. The dingbat faces fines up to \$1,500.



[NATION]

"Inspector Gadget ain't what he used to be."

OREGON

A state trooper claims he was attacked after he stopped an SUV that was driving in the wrong direction. According to the police report, the trooper detained the driver, then quickly gave chase to the passenger, who fled the scene on two prosthetic legs. The trooper easily caught up to 53-year-old Joel Kackstetter, using his flesh-and-blood legs to kick the suspect to the ground. Kackstetter then allegedly pulled off his falsies and chucked them at the officer. The guy missed with the first one but bounced the other square off the trooper's chest. Since cops don't have a sense of humor, Kackstetter's bail was set at a robust \$45,000.

TENNESSEE

WEE TYKE GONE WILD

A seven-year-old stole his parents' truck and led the fuzz on a seven-mile low-speed chase through Shelbyville. Police say that when they saw the truck weaving through traffic, they assumed it was a drunk driver, and since there is evidently no other crime in Shelbyville, nine cop cars joined the chase. Police finally nabbed the brat—who never actually hit anything—when he parked in front of his house. Cops charged the scofflaw with driving without a license, eluding police, and potty mouth.

MICHIGAN

KILLER MUTT

An 81-year-old man driving on a freeway was freakishly killed when a dog flew through his windshield. Police thought the Labrador retriever, which weighed about 65 pounds, was most likely dodging cars on an overpass when it somehow toppled over the side. Fido plummeted 16 feet and smashed through the car's windshield. The dog died almost immediately, but the old man was as tough as he was unlucky. He soldiered on long enough to stop his car without causing an accident.

FLORIDA

GRANNY PUNCHING BAG

A 16-year-old Bradenton boy is accused of slapping around his grandmother after she apparently refused to buy him some delicious beer. According to police, the scamp held a razor to the 60-year-old's throat, then gave the old gal a pummeling with a two-by-four and a piece of PVC pipe. He's no doubt going to be in big trouble with his folks...in about 15 years; his mom is in prison on drug charges, and his dad is in the slammer for throttling a hooker to death.



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of Steven Seagal's colon

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GK

THE GAMEKILLERS

BY JON, AMIR AND ADAM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW WELCH



Guys tend
to pay more
attention to
me than the
girl they're
with.

THE PACE CAR

**Why do they call you
The Pace Car?**

Ever watch a car race and see the beautiful prototype vehicle that isn't actually competing, but everyone is chasing anyway? That's me. Except, instead of a car, I'm a woman.

**How can you kill a
guy's game?**

Well, look at me: I'm hot. Guys tend to pay more attention to me than the girl they're with. That's dating suicide. No girl likes to play second fiddle. At least that's what they tell me. I wouldn't know.

**Have any of your
"victims" ever had a
chance with you?**

(LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY) No. Well, there was this one guy in Ann Arbor, but that was just a dare.

**So what do you
recommend all the
guys out there do when
they're on a date and are
confronted by your sheer
beauty?**

Keep your cool. And it also helps if you keep your eyes, and attention, pointed towards the girl you're with.

Otherwise?

You will go home alone feeling blue.

**Ouch. What's your idea
of a fun night out?**

Dancing!

**How about you and me
go bust a move?**

(LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY) That's so funny.

That wasn't a joke.

It should have been.

Keep Your Cool. Axe Dry.

Learn more at gamekillers.com



leet: THE PACE CAR

ne incidental
ook can cause
huge wreck.

e's a Gamekiller of
highest degree: An
erwhelmingly hot girl who
eds the pack and whom you
n't help but look at as her
-24-36 curves have most
ys rubbernecking so hard
at their dates overheat. O.K.,
t's a lot of analogy, but
n again, The Pace Car is a
of woman.

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Axe Dry